

The background of the cover is a detailed illustration. A man in ornate, dark armor with a skull on his chest and a plumed helmet stands in a dark, rocky landscape. He holds a long, multi-pointed spear in his right hand and a glowing purple orb in his left. Purple energy or smoke swirls around him. To his left, a small, light-colored cat with large ears sits on a gnarled tree branch. The overall color palette is dark with purple and orange highlights.

# 서울역

진설우 장편소설

# 네크로맨서

# **Seoul Station's Necromancer**

— Seoul-yeog Nekeulomaenseo —

**- Volume 3 -**

**-Author-**

진설우

**[ NaughtyOtter (Wuxiaworld) ]**

# Chapter 61

## Shout from Pyongyang (1)

Sahdahng Station's Cafe Angel Angel.

"Uh?"

Even Do-jiwon wondered if she had heard wrong.

"Where are you going?"

"Pyongyang."

"...in North Korea?"

"That's right. I'll be back after I smash a Dungeon. That's not the important thing. Should we do a meet and greet with our families?"

"Uh?"

How did going to Pyongyang become an unimportant matter? Moreover, he wanted our families to meet and greet...

Jiwon was confused as to how she should accept this request.

"Let's just eat some food. I heard you quit work?"

"Uh? Yeah. I've already repaid most of my debt..."

"You have debts?"

"It was from the hospital fees incurred when I was hurt."

The Dungeon Shock happened when she was 19 years old.

Her parents passed away, and she had received a big injury... She didn't know how the

world worked, so she incurred debt from various places. If her face hadn't been hurt, then she could have probably earned the money easily. However, she would have been led down a bad path.

"Is that so? Then what are you going to do? Do you want to come work for me in my guild? I'm also thinking about setting up a cafe. Are you interested?"

"Huh? Cafe?"

Woojin was the hottest Roused right now yet he suddenly wanted to go into the cafe business? If he just went around the low rank Dungeons, he would make much more profit than running a cafe.

"It seems my mother is bored."

"Ah, it's ok. I always wanted to do something in particular when I pay back all my debt."

"What is it?"

"I want to become an author of a romance novel."

"Huh?"

The words came out of no where, so Woojin momentarily lost the ability to speak. At his awkward silence, Jiwon's cheeks turned red from embarrassment.

"It... it's just a hobby I want to try."

"Cool."

"Huh?"

"It's cool. I'll read it later."

Jiwon's cheeks became redder when he said he'll read the words she had written. She was embarrassed, so she changed the topic.

"Oh yeah. The alumni association called me not too long ago... They were asking for your phone number, but I haven't told them yet."

After Jiwon lost her face from the accident, she became alienated from her friends. After she finished recuperating, she started working, so she didn't have time to meet up with them.

However, Woojin had become famous after he was shown on TV. When both Woojin and Jiwon showed up on the airwaves, her former classmates must have heard about it.

The missing boy, and the monster girl had morphed into a handsome man and a beauty. Some of her alumnis saw them when their pictures were decorating the internet portal.

"Really? I guess I'll see my friends after a long time. Jeez. I'm not sure I'll be able to remember their names. I'll contact them once I return from Pyongyang."

He'll probably have some time before he had to go to the US.

Jiwon was surprised by Woojin's words.

"Uh? You want to go together?"

"We'll go see them together. Why?"

He vaguely remembered several faces and names. However, he couldn't match the names to the faces. He'll be able to meet his friends after 20 years.

It was less than Woojin, but Jiwon would be meeting her friends again after 5 years. She had a bit of a different reason from Woojin as to why she was shaken.

"Nothing. Let's go meet them together."

Jiwon had a lot of close friends. No, she had thought she had a lot of close friends. Jiwon's beauty made her the center of attention before, and there used to always be a lot of people around her.

When she hurt her face, her friends left one or two at a time. Several people looked at her with pity in their gazes, so Jiwon cut herself off from them by her own choice.

When she looked back at her high school days, she realized she hadn't really been close to anyone. Now only Woojin was by her side. This was why he was her benefactor, who



had found what was precious to her.

“I’m sure you are busy. You should go now.”

Woojin looked at his watch, and it was already 11 o’clock. His meeting was at 12, so he should start heading out.

“Do you want anything?”

“Huh?”

“I’m going to Pyongyang. At the very least, I should buy some souvenirs.”

“Poot.”

Jiwon couldn’t help, but laugh at Woojin’s words.

If one only heard Woojin’s words, one would think this trip was a trivial matter. No matter how close the land was, North Korea felt very far away to the people of South Korea.

“What was Pyongyang famous for...”

Woojin tried to sort through his memories, but he couldn’t remember the names of his friends nor could he remember the famous specialty products of Pyongyang.

“Please come back without getting hurt.”

Jiwon stroked Woojin’s face. His wound was completely healed.

“It was just a scratch. I guess I’ll just buy whatever I see.”

Maybe it was because he was too used to escaping death, and receiving wounds. He was indifferent at the prospect of getting injured.



Roused Management Bureaus’ Lieutenant Che-haesol of the Special Defense Brigade was meeting Woojin once again in matter of days. She pleasantly greeted him.

“It is an honor to see you again. I’ll be your guide all the way to Pyongyang.”

“Well, I would prefer someone I’m used to.”

Haesol smiled at Woojin’s words.

This man’s name came up daily on the ranking of the most searched words. Kahng-woojin’s down to earth personality was fascinating. It made her wonder if this person was really the figure in the news.

“I’ll be giving you a briefing on your schedule. After lunch, we will travel past Panmunjom to head towards Pyongyang. We should arrived at Pyongyang by dinner time. After some rest, you will enter the Dungeon in the morning.”

(TLN:Panmunjom-it’s where the DMZ is. If you are interested search youtube for Conan Stars In North Korea’s First Late Night Talk Show. He goes there.)

“That’s it?”

He thought he would have to go through complicated procedures to be able to enter North Korea. He guessed this wasn’t the case.

“We’ve already received permission to enter from North Korea’s delegation. We’ll arrived at Pyongyang tomorrow. If Mr. Woojin succeeds in clearing the Dungeon, there will be great profit for both the North and South Korea.”

Depending on whether Woojin could succeed clearing the Dungeon, the content of the negotiations would change drastically.

“You take care of the complicated stuff. Do you mind if I head into the Dungeon as soon as I arrive there?”

He didn’t feel the need to spend the night in North Korea.

To be honest, he would feel safer sleeping inside the Dungeon than sleeping in North Korea.

“Chairman of the National Defense Commission, Kim Jong-un wants to have a meeting with you...”

“Meeting my ass.”

“It would be preferable if you accede to...”

Che-haesol saw it on TV. She had seen Woojin’s fierce kick and the beating he administered.

She had worried over several dozen times whether his inappropriate behavior might get everyone in trouble. Woojin wouldn’t be the only one in danger. His companions would also be in danger.

“Well, let us head out first. We’ll talk when we get there.”

“.....”

Woojin and Haesol got into the official vehicle that had been readied for them, and they headed towards Panmunjom. The view around the Panmunjom was unfamiliar, so when the car drove on to North Korean soil, he felt kind of restless.

“Huh... I thought this place would be full of army facilities and soldiers. There isn’t much here.”

Woojin mumbled as he saw the fields after the harvest.

Their car was surrounded by escorts in the front and back. The landscape was basically the boondocks if the military personnel were ignored.

Che-haesol, who was sitting by Woojin’s side, laughed as she spoke.

“Only a very limited locations in North Korea is developed. Otherwise, it is like looking at our country 70 years ago. It is so bad that they only have subway stations in Pyongyang...”

“If they have so few stations, then why can’t they take care of their own business? Why call for assistance? Doesn’t North Korea have any Roused?”

Woojin didn’t really care. He’ll be given a chance to clear a Dungeon. He’ll also be able to monopolize EXP and Achievement Points. Still he couldn’t help being curious.

“There are a relatively low number of Roused in North Korea. It is hard to make a team



made up of only Rank A roused. Moreover, the Roused population in North Korea has a high mortality rate...”

He didn’t need an explanation to know why the mortality rate was high. Woojin was curious, so he followed up with a question.

“Then what did they do when 6 star Dungeons blew up in the past?”

If they didn’t have enough power, then he wonder how they were able to last for so long. It had been 5 years since the Dungeon Shock. It would be weird if a 6 star Dungeon hadn’t reset during that time.

“To my knowledge, the 6 star Dungeon has reset 6 times. There had been two Dungeon Breaks, and they were all handled by China.”

“So that means China couldn’t take care of this Dungeon, and they used the portal 3 times? Was this the reason why they asked for help from South Korea?”

“Mmm. It isn’t like that. North Korea failed after trying to take care of the problem by themselves. China tried to set make an example out of this situation, so they stood by idly. This spurred North Korea to put out an ad through the World’s Roused Organization to gather Roused, who will raid the Dungeon.”

“I see what’s going on.”

The bloodstones coming out of Dungeons was the energy needed for new growth.

The gap between the 3rd world countries without subway stations, and the nations with subway stations were widening even if only 5 years had passed.

Even if it was only few stations, North Korea possessed subway stations. When they received help from China, they had to give up all rights to the Dungeon as the price for their help.

Every time China helped, North Korea chafed under what they considered to be unreasonable treatment. This was why North Korea had tried clear the Dungeon with their own forces, and they had failed.

China was indignant by North Korea’s independent actions, so they decided not to help this time. This lit a fire under the feet of North Korea, and they desperately requested

the Roused of the world for help.

Jung-minchan had seen this just in time.

“Well, let’s leave after we finish our business quickly. Please keep your promise about giving me 15 days.”

“Yes. We will most definitely uphold that condition.”

He had to clear a Dungeon in North Korea.

There was the issue of clearing a Dungeon in North Korea with the help of South Korea. Moreover, when Woojin’s guild succeeds in clearing the Dungeon, the two nations had to negotiate on how the Dungeon would be shared.

Woojin gave a simple condition. After clearing the Dungeon for the first time, he would be given free reign over the Dungeon for a 15 days period.

He didn’t have any other demands.

The first person to clear it received the most profit. Since Woojin could ask for a concession without giving a concession, it was considered fortunate that he only requested those conditions. However, the negotiations between the North and South Korea over the Dungeon hadn’t even started yet.

North Korea would be able to decrease their reliance on China in dealing with high rank Dungeons. North Korea was also focused on securing bloodstones, and South Korea wanted some diplomatic benefits. The negotiations between North and South Korea would start a day after they arrived.

However, the success of Woojin’s Dungeon raid was more important right now.

If Woojin failed, he would die in the Dungeon. However Lieutenant Che-haesol, who came here with him, would also be put in an awkward situation.

If a break happened, a part of Pyongyang would be destroyed, and North Korea would take a huge financial loss.

“Everything rests on Mr. Woojin.”

Woojing grinned at Che-haesol's solemn words.



Kumsusan Palace of the Sun.

This place was more commonly called the Memorial Palace, and Woojin was impressed when he stepped inside the building.

He was surprised by the large plaza, and he was more surprised at the place filled with weapons and soldiers. It seemed they weren't the parade troops they showed normally on TV.

They were armed with real guns. Machine guns and tanks were also dispatched. They were positioned in the traditional formations used to deal with the Dungeon Breaks.

Lieutenant Che-haesol was also surprised. She came back after talking to an officer of the North Korean army. She spoke in a serious manner towards Woojin.

"The reset Dungeon is called the Gwangmyong Station. They have to stop the Break at any cost, so I understand how they are feeling."

If the Gwangmyong Station breaks out, then the Memorial Palace would be put in danger. The palace basically symbolized North Korea, and to protect the palace, they were going to stop the Dungeon Break at all costs.

"Comrade. Follow us."

Woojin and Haesol was led by a commissioned officer of the North Korean army, and they arrived at a meeting room. There were several desks set up for dining, and several North Korean officials were sitting there.

Woojin sat on the seat he was guided to with an apathetic expression on his face. If anything, Haesol was the one sitting in her seat with a stiff expression. In the meeting room, several reporters were filming the scene.

"Aren't you nervous, Mr. Woojin?"

"Why would I be nervous?"

At Haesol's stiff question, Woojin answered indifferently. This was a typical method used by a politician. After inviting the guests, the host would stall to increase the psychological pressure felt by the guest.

This was a method he enjoyed using as the emperor of his empire on Alphen.

Well, it didn't result in him making any good relationships.

It happened when Woojin propped his hands beneath his chin out of boredom.

“Chairman of the Central Military Commission has arrived.”

The reporters, who were taking a brief rest, started busily pressing on the cameras' shutter. Woojin was amused as he saw the other man enter.

The man with the peerless hairstyle. It was his first meeting with the third generation dictator.

# Chapter 62

## Shout from Pyongyang (2)

The pointless waiting filled Woojin with anger.

‘Who is this pig?’

This was Woojin’s first impression after seeing Kim-jongun, who was the successor of Kim-jongil. The young dictator had a weird hair style, and he pushed his hand out towards Woojin, who was younger than him.

“Nice to meet you, comrade. I’ve heard a lot about you.”

“Yeah. Nice to meet you.” (TLN: Lost in translation. He is talking as an equal. Informal.)

When Woojin shook hands face to face with Kim-jungun, the North Korean officials, who showed up with him, frowned in anger.

“Comrade. He is the chairman. Be careful with your words...”

At his words, Woojin raised his hand to cover his mouth.

“Nice to meet you, Jungun-ah.”

“.....”

Kim-jungun, who was directly involved, froze. The North Korean officials, who came with him, and Che-haesol, who came with Woojin, also froze.

‘Ah, it was a mistake. This was a mistake.’

Che-haesol was regretting everything. Woojin hadn’t cared about the recording cameras when he slapped Hwarang’s guild master’s cheeks. She hadn’t prepared for such a situation.

She was in the wrong in thinking he would show some manners towards North Korea’s

supreme commander.

No, she wasn't in the wrong.

She had assumed such matters would be dealt with common sense. A normal person would have been careful all on one's own. Che-haesol's only fault was forgetting Woojin was a human, who would go past the boundaries set by a normal person.

The faces of the officials from the North Korean Army was filled with anger.

"You son of a bitch. Where do think this is? How dare you play with us??"

Instead of being cowed by their agitation, Woojin grinned.

He said to cover it, so Woojin covered his mouth. (TLN: This is something that was lost in translation. The word in question has two meanings. First definition is to pick and choose carefully. The second definition is to cover/hide something.)

So why was he angry?

Woojin taunted the official with an amused expression on his face. Kim-jungun, who was looking on, laughed.

"Ha-hat. As expected, he is very heroic. Please sit."

When Woojin sat in his seat, he spoke in a blunt manner.

"Let's just talk about business. I want to go into the Dungeon right now..."

The North Korean officials bristled in their seat at Woojin's terse words. If they were able to, they would have immediately slapped Woojin's face. The reporters from the foreign press continued to press the shutter to their cameras.

"Haha. You are very straightforward. As expected, you sound like South Korea's best veteran warrior. Huh-hut."

Kim-jungun laughed heroically at Woojin's rudeness.

In the first place, Woojin didn't have much to negotiate.

A day after he clears the Dungeon, he'll be able to raid the Dungeon for 15 days. He had all the rights to the items found in the Dungeon during this time.

He just wanted a definite answer agreeing to those terms.

"If you end this properly, then I' will keep my promise."

"Then I don't want to wait any more. I'll go right now."

"Haha. Let us take one picture before you go."

Woojin and Kim-jungun stood in front of the reporters, and they took pictures. At Kim-jungun's orders, the reporters from North Korea took numerous pictures.

"Comrade. I'll wish for your safe return."

Was he worried about Woojin? Or maybe he wanted Woojin to come back alive, which would mean he had been able to prevent the Dungeon Break.

"Now I've heard everything."

The meeting ended before 30 minutes could pass. The time it took to take the picture actually lasted half of the meeting. The actual meeting ended way too fast.

Che-haesol had been ill at ease more than anyone else in the room. She was sitting with sweat coming down her ghastly face.

"Really. I thought I would die from my heart being squeezed. This place is Pyongyang. Mr. Woojin should be a little bit more careful with your words..."

Woojin grinned at Haesol's request, and he patted her on the shoulder.

"Didn't you just see me being careful?"

"What?"

"Then I'll be heading out first. I'll see you in a couple days."

"I'll pray for your safe return."



Woojin waved his hand as he strode towards the Dungeon.

There were no portal.

The North Korean Roused, who attempted the Dungeon, chose death over using a portal to escape. He didn't know if someone made them do that or it was on their own volition, but it meant that there weren't any information on this Dungeon.

"Hooo. Really..."

Haesol shook her head. At the very least, his confidence was the best in the world. He was outspoken even in North Korea where there was an unreasonable authoritarian regime.

After Woojin entered the Dungeon, the barrier formed in front of the entrance to the Gwangmyung Station. He had 8 days until the Dungeon Break. If he didn't come back out then it would be impossible to mount another attempt.

North Korea had tried to gather the Roused of the world in the beginning, but no team accepted North Korea's offer.

Kim-jungun watched Woojin enter the station from a different location from Che-haesol. He had a satisfied smile on his face.

"Wasn't he quite straightforward?"

"Yes."

"It would be great if one Roused like him would show up from within my people."

"It is quite unfortunate. I had heard all heroes were lustful, so we readied a lot of beautiful women. It seems we won't be able to use them against him."

"It's ok."

At Kim-junun's word, the official carefully asked a question.

"Does chairman think that man will be able to succeed?"

"He'll succeed. He can do this."

Kim-jungun's eyes watched Woojin disappear into the Dungeon. His eyes and voice indicated he was sure Woojin would succeed.

'Break a leg.'

Kim-jungun gave a cautious support for Woojin, and his face held a hint of envy. How great would it be if an extraordinary hero like him existed among his people??



"Ah, this is so annoying."

He had to enter the Dungeon from the start instead of using the Portal. He'll have to defeat the monsters in the outer Dungeon first. It was problematic since North Korea's Subway Station was very deep underground.

The escalators wasn't working. He had to descend using the stairs, and the monsters kept rushing up towards him. It delayed his progress.

After he defeated all the monsters, he added more souls to his leveled up Spirit Armor. After he subjugated the souls, he passed through the portal that formed near the entrance.

Jeeeeeeeeng.

The space distorted. The scene that spread in front of his eyes made Woojin feel a sense of danger.

The trees and the land was dead. The ruins were covered with viscous moss-like substances.

"Isn't this a colony?"

This was a first.

These weren't beings from Alphen. It seems Trahnent's main force had shown up.

"Kae-rook. Kae-rook."

Accompanying a bizarre sound, a fat praying mantis looking monster showed itself

from atop the mountain ridge. It was about 1 meter tall, and it was around 1.5 meter in length. Its front appendages were as sharp as swords. They were menacing weapons.

The most problematic part was several dozen of them always traveled in a group.

They were the most commonly seen, and the most troublesome low rank monsters under Trahnet.

Baejik.

“It’s been awhile since I fought a large group.”

Woojin summoned golem Dolsae and succubus Bibi.

“Hoo-ah. I’ve finally escaped-nyahng!”

He had barely convinced the disappointed Sooah, and he was able to bring Bibi along with him to work. Bibi covered her nose when she smelled the battlefield.

“Ooh-ook. Whose colony is this?”

“I don’t know yet.”

Trahnet’s 72 Commanders.

He didn’t know who this colony belong to. No, it didn’t matter who it was.

He’ll get rid of everyone who steps on to earth.

“Go Dolsae.”

“Weeeeng.”

Dolsae absorbed the dirt in his surrounding. He made a body with the dead dirt, and a horrible stench came off of him.

Even seeing Dolsae’s large body, the Baejiks bravely ran forward.

The battle with Trahnet’s fearless troops started.



He put Dolsae in the front. After he defeated all the Baejiks, he used the corpses as medium to summon the Skeleton Soldiers. He summoned 50 of them at once. There were only that many Baejik corpses.

The sticky moss-like substance covered the forests, roads, plains, mountain and the abandoned city. It was spread everywhere. Since this was a dead land, there were countless number of monsters in existence at this location.

Trahnet's favorite tactic was attacking with overwhelming numbers.

More Baejiks were rushing over when they heard the sounds of battle. Woojin grinned as he heard their horrible shrieks.

"We aren't pushovers either."

Level : 50

Name : Kahng-Woojin

Class : Necromancer(Advanced), Warrior

Rank : Middle Rank

Achievement : 273219

Magic : 201/250 Energy : 34/60

Strength : 45 Agility : 39 Stamina : 51 Wisdom : 32

Magic : 250 Energy : 60 Recovery : 42 Heal : 40

Control : 250

Unassigned Point : 0

Reinforcement Stone Re-Absorption Delay Time

Strength : 12 Agility : 31 Stamina : 7 Wisdom : 480

Magic : 27 Energy : 6 Recovery : 11 Heal : 5

Control : 3

He had invested most of his bonus points into Control and Magic. He was increasing his Stat with the Reinforcement Stones, but as he continued to absorb the Reinforcement Stones, the delay time kept increasing.

Every Stat had different absorption time. In the case of a Stat like Wisdom, he was reaching a limit. He had taken a Reinforcement Stone couple days ago yet it wasn't fully absorbed yet.

Currently, Woojin could control 250 of his summoned beings.

If he blended the Skeleton Soldiers and the Skeleton Magicians, he could put forth a large troop.

If he wanted to maximize the power of the Skeleton Soldiers then he needed commanders. This would require the presence of Death Knights. Still, Woojin was quite good at commanding the Skeleton Soldiers himself.

Diversity wasn't a strong point in Woojin's troops.

"Keh-kehk."

The Baejiks ran towards him, while letting out horrible shrieks. Monsters that seemed to be a hybrid between a spider and ant lifting its head was seen behind the Baejiks.

"It's a Launcher."

These bastards spat thorns that was akin to tentacles. It had a long range, and its power puts a bullet to shame. They were quite troublesome to deal with.

"There are also Rantoes."

There were only one in sight right now. It was as big as an elephant, and it was surrounded by an enormous carapace. It had a high resistance to magic, and the carapace had outstanding defensive power. The Skeleton Soldier's swords, and the magic of the Skeleton Magicians wouldn't work against this opponent.

Either a Death Knight's Dark Blade or Lich's magic could threaten this monster. Woojin couldn't summon these familiars, so he would have to use the powerful attacks of the Warrior Class.

"Dolsae make a path for me."

Goo goo goo.

Dolsae caused vibrations as he charged towards the center of the enemies.

The Skeleton Soldiers stood in lines as they readied to charge. In the back, the bones of the Skeleton Magicians appeared, and they raised their hands to create and maintain their magic. They readied themselves to fire.

Soo soo sook.

Woojin summoned his Phantom Steed. He got on then he changed his Warrior's Weapon into its Axe form.

These were the Warrior Class skills that had been unsealed after he reached level 50.

When his weapon changed into an axe, he could use 'Smash' and 'Whirl'. The destructive power was increased by a notch.

"Let's go, kids!"

"Kee kee keek."

Woojin spurred his Phantom Steed to gain some good momentum, and Dolsae caught up to him from behind. He summoned Bone Spears, and he threw them towards various locations. When the time was right, he erected Bone Walls to restrict the movements of his enemy's forces.

Hooong, kwahjeek!

"Gguehhhhk!"

As blood flew everywhere, Woojin charged between the monsters, and he cut down the Baejiks with his deadly axe. Every time he split an enemy open a new Skeleton Soldier was summoned.

The number of Skeletons following Woojin kept increasing, but the number of Trahnet's monster gathering in this location was much larger.

Woojin burst into laughter when he saw the enemies swarm towards him.

"I guess my level will increase by a fair amount."

Trahnet would invade earth sooner or later. He just had to get stronger quickly to oppose Trahnet.

He watched his Achievement Points increase continuously, and Woojin's axe danced.



\*In the middle of the colony.\*

Woojin watched the bizarre creatures that wriggled together to form a shape.

"I'm curious which bastard is here-nyahng."

"They are all the same to me."

"Hmmm. It seems earth will start to see Trahnet's subordinates-nyahng."

"It's about that time."

Woojin headed towards the center of the colony as he looked around with an indifferent gaze. If this had been allowed to be completed then one of Trahnet's commander would have shown up.

Even now the Baejiks and Launchers were continuously being born from the hideous hatcheries.

"Let's end this and go out."

It took him 12 days to wipe out the entire colony. Three days should have passed outside. It was about time for him to go out.

"Nyahong. I wanted to go sight seeing in North Korea. Too bad-ahong."



Woojin grinned, and he marched forward the corpses of Baejiks and Launchers he had readied near the colony.

The level of Resurrection was still low, so the corpses had only 50% of their original abilities. However, he hadn't raised them, because of their ability to fight.

The corpses latched themselves on to the headquarter and the hatcheries. When this was done, he let out all his magic at once.

Kwah-kwah-kwah-kwahng!

The Corpse Explosion caused a storm of blood. Woojin covered his face to block the aftermath of the Corpse Explosion.

"Hooo. This brought me up two level."

During the 12 days of hunting, he had leveled up twice. He still had the 15 days he would be able to use this Dungeon, so it would be possible for him to reach level 60.

A crater formed from the effect of the explosions, and the Return Stone was floating in the middle. However, besides the green Return Stone, there was another purple gem that looked similar to a Return Stone.

"There are two Return Stones?"

Woojin took the two gems.

"Uh?"

Woojin was confused, so he used his Identification magic to find out the gem's sealed information.

# Chapter 63

## Shout from Pyongyang (3)

It is a miraculous fragment making up the material world.

It is an ingredient used to make the Dimensional Domain.

“Mmmm.”

Woojin stroked his chin. He held up the bright purple gem, and he looked it over. However, no more information popped up.

“Bibi. Do you know anything about the Dimensional Domain?”

“Oing? I have no idea.”

This was the first time Bibi had heard about it, so Woojin didn’t ask any further questions. He wouldn’t get any answer from worrying over it, so he decided it would be better to ignore it.

He put the Dimensional Fragment into his inventory. Then he walked away with the Return Stone in his hand. It was time for him to exit the Dungeon.



The barrier was disappearing.

The eyes of the two North Korean soldiers guarding the entrance to the Gwangmyung Station widened.

“Hey, look at that. What is that?”

“Uh-hook. The barrier is disappearing.”

“That son of a bitch from South Korea really succeeded. Hurry up and report it to our superior.”

While the North Korean soldiers moved busily, foreign reporters were hiding nearby. They took pictures of Woojin walking up the stairs. They raised their telephoto lens.

“Shit. This doesn’t make any sense.”

“This is crazy. He soloed a 6 star Dungeon. This will be a huge topic.”

“An amazing Roused has appeared in Korea.”

“This right here... Won’t this Roused be hot as Melody, who showed up in America?”

“Hurry up and contact the headquarters.”

While the reporters busied themselves, Woojin looked at the person coming towards him after he left the Dungeon. The soldiers were still manning the line of defense, but Woojin could see reporters scattered amongst them.

Unlike South Korea, the reporters didn’t run forward to ask aggressively for an interview. They just watched him.

After receiving the urgent message, Lieutenant Che-haesol had come running over to the Dungeon. She didn’t hide her elation.

“I knew you would succeed. Good work.”

“Well, didn’t we come here knowing I will succeed?”

“Ha ha ha. Of course. However, I am still surprised you were able to pull this off.”

There had been no volunteers who wanted to go into this Dungeon yet Woojin cleared the Dungeon in triumph. Moreover, the access to this Dungeon had been restricted, so no one was able to gather information on it. It took a brave person to attempt this Dungeon, and it was more surprising that someone had succeeded in clearing it.

“Did the negotiation group arrive?”

“Yes. Both the North and South delegations are waiting for the news as to whether the Dungeon was cleared or not.”

She didn’t tell him they were getting ready to start the negotiations assuming there

was a 70% chance he would fail.

“Then you guys take care of the negotiations. I’m going into the Dungeon again. Since there won’t be a Dungeon Break any more, tell the army to back off.”

“What? You are going to re-attempt it without taking a break?”

Che-haesol was very surprised. Three days had passed. He would have spent 4 times the amount of time inside the Dungeon. He spent an incredible amount of time in a tense battlefield, yet he wasn’t going to take a break? He would instead re-enter the Dungeon?

“Well, this isn’t difficult work, so why would I need to rest?”

“.....”

He spoke of going into the 6 star Dungeon as if he was going to a playground. What was Woojin’s true ability? What ability would allow him to clear a Dungeon so easily?

“Do your best then.”

Woojin immediately turned around, and he went back into the Dungeon. If he wanted to reach his target level of 60 then he would need to run a tight schedule for the next 15 days. He had to use the least amount of time, so it would be possible for him to run an extra Dungeon run.

He would be able to sleep inside the Dungeon. Whether it was rest or filling his stomach, it was all possible within the Dungeon. He also had a very useful means of getting supply called the Point Store.

Soon after Woojin left, an out of breath North Korean Soldier came running to the Dungeon. Just from looking at the bars on his shoulders, one could tell he was a high ranking officer.

When he saw the barrier blocking the Dungeon entrance, he looked around his surrounding.

“What the hell? Didn’t you say the barrier came down?”

“Yes. He just went in again not too long ago.”

“What? That crazy bastard went back in without taking a breather?”

“Yes.”

He looked around his surrounding, and all the soldiers on standby backed up what was said. The Dungeon raid had been successful. However, the hero Kahng-woojin went back in to the Dungeon.

He couldn't help, but be taken aback at this unexpected situation.

“This is no simple matter.”

The chairman told him to bring comrade Kahng-woojin at any cost yet he didn't have any way to contact him...

He had no choice, but to give his report. He quickly walked away.



In a room inside the Memorial Palace, Kim-jungun was stroking his plump chin with a serious expression on his face.

“It's tilted to the left.”

“Yes, comrade.”

The soldier hurriedly fixed the tilted framed picture. Kim-jungun smiled in satisfaction.

The large framed picture on the wall was the printed photo of the picture he took with Kahng-woojin.

“What should I do with this framed picture?”

Kim-jungun looked at the framed picture that was originally hung there.

It was a photo of him shaking Dennis Rodman's hand affectionately.

It was a picture of a basketball player he had once liked. However, Kim-jungun wasn't interested in him any more.

“Throw it away...”

At Kim-jungun’s cold words, the female servant carefully stepped out of the room with the framed picture in her possession.

He possessed a NBA regulation ball used in a game during the season. This room used to be decorated with basketball equipments like basketball shoes, and headbands. Now the items that came out of the Dungeons lined the room instead.

At the end of the wall with the framed photo, there was something akin to a small Dungeon museum. The room was filled with Artifacts, and stuffed low ranked monsters.

Kim-jungun looked at Woojin inside the framed photo, and his face was filled with envy.

Ddok ddok.

“Come in.”

Kim-jungun looked towards the open door with a large smile on his face yet the person he was expecting wasn’t there.

“What is it? Where is comrade Kahng-Woojin?”

“That is... He entered the Dungeon again.”

“What did you say?”

The North Korean army officer tried to explain the situation, but it was a waste of time.

“Why didn’t you stop him?”

“He had already entered when I got there.”

“Do you think my words are a joke?”

He desperately begged, but not a single lash moved on Kim-jungun’s face. Cold sweat started running down the officer.

“Comrade. I think you will need to self criticize your actions.”

“P... please spare me.”

At Kim-jungun’s words, the officer immediately got on his knees.

“I have no business with you. Get out.”

“C... chairman. Please...”

He begged, but it was a waste of time. No, the ruckus he caused was driving the nail into his coffin.

“I guess you won’t even need to reflect on your own action.”

The guard from the Security department, who was standing behind Kim-jongun, took out his pistol. Then he immediately shot the man in front of them.

Tahhng!

The North Korean army officer died for such an absurd and groundless reason. However, the guard didn’t show any surprise. He merely noted such an event had happened again.

“Now listen to me. Go wait for Kahng-woojin with both your eyes open, and bring him when he comes out.”

“Yes.”

The unlucky guard, who was chosen for this task, couldn’t show any signs of complaint. His heart was being charred black inside.

“Ha-ah. I should be the one to treat the hero, who saved Pyongyang.”

Kim-jungun touched the Skill Books on display on top of his desk. He wasn’t a Roused, so the Skill Book didn’t respond to him at all.

Kim-jungun looked at the framed picture on the wall and his eyes were filled with envy and admiration.





“Hooo.”

At the same time as his level up, his low magic and energy was recovered. It sent a charge up his spine, and he felt a refreshing sensation. The pleasure given by drugs couldn't even compare to this sensation.

“I'm level 60 now.”

He had started off with the Baejiks. Then he killed the six legged spider-like monster called Launcher, who shot tentacle spears. He even took down Rantos, which had stronger magical resistance than the Ogre. It was a horned monster equipped with tough leather. Then there were the Tudons. They were earth moles, who dug tunnels through the ground, to approach a prey in stealth. They attacked by suddenly popping out of the ground.

These were the basic underlings that composed Trahnet's army. Woojin indiscriminately hunted them down, and he destroyed the hatcheries in various locations. The colony headquarters that had existed in the first run wasn't present in the second run. He guessed the colony headquarters was the Dungeon boss.

He repeatedly hunted down the monsters in this endlessly large Dungeon, and the Return Stone appeared randomly if one destroyed the hatcheries. When Woojin found the Return Stone, he would take care of the monsters that were visible to him, then he would go out to re-enter the Dungeon again.

Instead of hunting down all the monsters, it was better to re-enter the Dungeon to hunt large groups of monsters again. This method was advantageous in earning more EXP.

He repeated this method. This was the 7th time he had re-entered the Dungeon.

He had finally reached level 60.

First, Woojin learned all the Warrior Class Skills.

<Warriors' Patience>

Warrior's Patience was a passive skill, and it would allow one to endure pain. All the

other skills were related to the bow. Woojin immediately took out his Warrior's Weapons, the Steel Staff, to change its form.

The staff started to curve, and a light made out of magic started to elongate to make the string for the bow. Woojin searched through his Necromancer Class skills, and he learned.

It was something he hadn't learned since it was weaker than the Bone Spear. However, he thought this skill would work synergistically with the bow.

After summoning a Bone Arrow, he fit it on the string. He pulled back then he tried firing it.

Shweeeehk.

It flew much faster than throwing a Bone Spear, and the arrow also flew a longer distance. Woojin smiled in satisfaction.

If he had enough magic, he could summon an unlimited supply of Bone Spear and Bone Arrows. This wouldn't be of any use in summoning more Skeletons, but it could be used as a medium for summoning Bone Walls. It would give him a great tactical advantage.

Woojin learned the level 60 restricted Necromancer Skills he had bought.

Through one's shadow, a parasite ghost of the host will be summoned.

It will read the emotions and gather information about the host. If the host is a corpse, then the ghost will be able to control it. If the corpse is revived with Resurrection, then the ghost can bring out a little bit more of the corpse's original ability.

Depending on the Summoner's Loyalty and Trust, the Required Control is decreased. The summoned being needing control by the Summoner may be reformed into a true companion.

Number of Shadow : 1

Corpse Amplification : +10%

Needed Control 1(-99 Loyalty, -99 Trust)

If he had Ggaebi, then he could amplify the power of the zombies revived using Resurrection. Since they were just corpses, they didn't have the agility or intelligence they possessed when they were alive. It was a different story if Ggaebi was controlling them.

"Come out, Ggaebi."

Woojin immediately called out his familiar, Ggaebi. Woojin's shadow suddenly stood up, and a being with the appearance of Woojin showed up in front of him.

If he didn't have a transparent body like the Phantom Steed ShingShing, Ggaebi would look exactly like Woojin.

[Kee keek. I can finally hear master's voice.]

"I still feel creeped out by you."

[Kee kee keek. Isn't it about time you got used to it?]

It was as Ggaebi said. He should have been used to it by now, but Woojin was still not used to him. Ggaebi was like another cloned version of himself.

They were fundamentally different existences, but they shared the same thoughts, sights and feelings. Even though they were different beings, he felt a sense of repulsion.

[If you don't like this form, then why don't you give me a new body?]

Woojin looked around his surrounding. It was in ruins from the battle. There were a lot of corpses that could host Ggaebi. However, he had already finished clearing the Dungeon, so it was unnecessary.

"I'll call you when I need you. Return back into my shadow."

[Keekeek. This place called earth has a lot of fun stuff.]

It seemed he had read Woojin's mind without permission. Woojin frowned, and he glared at Ggabi, who had returned into his shadow.

"Chet."

He felt creeped out by him, but Ggaebi wasn't a bad being. He had save Woojin's life several times. He was a loyal familiar.

"Do I have around a day left?"

In real time, only a little less than 14 days had passed. He still had a day and couple hours left. If he was quick about it, then Woojin could probably run the Dungeon one more time.

Woojin took the Return Stone, and he headed back out of the Dungeon.

# Chapter 64

## Shout from Pyongyang (4)

Che-haesol had been on standby.

Woojin's eyes widened when he saw her. As soon as she saw saw him, she got on her knees.

"Huh? Why are you being like this?"

"Please heed my request."

"What is it?"

"Even if it is one hour, could you not rest for a little bit before you go?"

"What?"

Every time he came out of the Dungeon Lieutenant Haesol tried to grab him. However, she clung to him more desperately today.

"Jeez. I told you I'm fine."

"The political climate right now isn't good. Please think about your home country and rest a little bit."

What nonsense is she talking about? When Woojin tilted his head in confusion, Haesol looked around her surrounding, then she approached Woojin to speak into his ears.

"North Korea wants to extensively advertise this successful Dungeon raid. South Korea wants to package it as a North & South joint operation."

"Then just go with that."

Woojin had a "So what?" expression on his face.

“Please come with me.”

“I have to return to the Dungeon. You take care of the politics...”

Che-haesol had an almost tearful expression on her face.

The most important person in these proceedings wasn't showing his face at all. Couldn't he at least take couple pictures with the others?

Woojin decided to be considerate of Che-haesol's situation, so he decided to vacate one hour of his schedule.

“Jeez. This is quite tiresome.”

The Memorial Palace became busy when they heard Woojin was coming.

The high ranking North Korean officials and the negotiation team from South Korea all gathered at the banquet hall. Several of them had dissatisfied expression on their faces since they had been waiting on Woojin for 2 weeks. However, it didn't both Woojin one bit.

All kinds of delicacies were prepared in a grand fashion in the banquet hall. Woojin ate some food, then he stood with Kim-jungun and the representative of the South Korean negotiation team. The three of them took pictures.

“Please smile a little bit.”

At the reporter's request, Woojin made an exaggerated smile. The high ranking officials North Korean officials were displeased when they saw this.

“Well, I'm really busy, so let's wrap this up.”

Woojin was about to leave when a Major stopped him. He was a bodyguard affiliated with the Security Department.

“Comrade. Please sign your name on here for me.”

Woojin stared blankly at the white paper handed to him by the guard.

“You are the greatest Roused in South Korea. It would be an honor to receive a

signature from you.”

“I was wondering what you wanted.”

Woojin grinned, then he signed his name on the paper.

“Good luck.”

“Thank you, comrade.”

When the guard received his signature, he let out a sigh of relief. The guard even secretly looked towards Kim-jungun to give him a wink.

Woojin felt something was off, so he summoned Ggaebi.

‘Ggaebi. Do you see that pig over there?’

‘I see him, master.’

‘Try latching on to him.’

‘Koo-kook. Finally, my first mission on earth.’

He felt Ggaebi exit his shadow. Ggaebi secretly slipped into Kim-jungun’s shadow. When Ggaebi entered inside Kim-jungun’s shadow, he would be able to share in the experience of the host’s movements, and feelings.

Moreover, when he returned to Woojin, Woojin would be able to experience what Ggaebi experienced.

“It’s going to be tight.”

He had only 1 more day left to use the Dungeon. If he wanted to gain a little bit more Achievement Points, he would have to move more diligently.

A man with sharp features was eyeing Woojin as he disappeared from the banquet hall.

Republic’s Supernatural Force Commander Ri-pyunggahn.

Another man approached him, and he quietly whispered to Ri-pyunggahn.

“Commander. We are ready. Are you sure about this? Do you really want to take him head on?”

“Carry it out with the utmost stealth.”

“Understood.”

When the man he ordered disappeared, he let out a twisted laugh.

“That bastard dared to look down on the Republic.”

A mere Roused from South Korea was being pushy inside the heart of North Korea. He was extremely unhappy about it. It also bothered him that Woojin put on a dignified appearance, and he didn't show any deference towards the chairman.

The chairman admired the Roused.

He had established North Korea's Supernatural special forces, and Ri-pyunggahn was named the commander of this force. Their Roused population was small, so whenever the high rank Dungeon reset, they had to receive help from China. Their loss was quite substantial.

China was mining gold in their front yard, yet they couldn't prevent them from doing so. To clear this 6 star Dungeon, they had sent in a team of Roused they had ambitiously cultivated.

There had been 2 A Rank and 8 B Rank.

This group represented almost half of the high ranked Roused of North Korea. The Republic even gave them their only two Return Portal, yet the whole team was wiped out. No one knew what had happened to them.

Since they died before being able to use the Return Portal, they didn't have any information on the Dungeon. Moreover, they had lost the Roused they had cultivated with much difficulty.

In a flash, the confidence in the Supernatural special forces was lost, and commander Ri-pyunggahn's position was also shaken.



With only the North Korean forces, they weren't even able to clear the 6 star Dungeon. Moreover, they still had to worry about the Dungeon Break. China ignored North Korea, and the other nations of the world also ignored them.

In the end, a pompous Roused from South Korea had come to raid the Dungeon. Ri-pyunggahn had snorted at the time. However, Woojin had cleared the Dungeon in 3 days, and he experienced a sense of crisis.

He knew the chairman was trying to appease the Roused named Kahng-woojin. If he joined the Republic, then his post as commander of the Supernatural Forces would immediately be in danger.

The Dungeon had already been cleared, and the negotiation on how they would divvy up the Dungeon had been resolved. North Korea still had 2 Rank A Roused and several dozen skilled Rank B Roused.

The first clear was difficult, but the subsequent raids significantly decreased in difficulty. Moreover, they had been able to learn a significant amount of information about Dungeon from the negotiation talks.

‘That son of a bitch.’

Since the hunt was done, it was time to put down the hunting dog.

Woojin was able to solo the Dungeon by himself, but in the end he was still a human. If a Roused got shot or blown up then death was inevitable.

If it happened inside the Dungeon, then there wouldn't be any evidence. Before one clears the Dungeon of monster to use the portal, one could still use items from earth.

‘He will become the fertilizer for the growth of our strong and prosperous country.’

Everything he did was to make his country strong and prosperous. The chairman had a brief lapse in judgement. This was for his comrade. Ri-pyunggahn looked towards Kim-jungun, with eyes filled with ambition.



Woojin walked past the soldiers still seriously guarding the Dungeon, and he headed towards the Dungeon entrance.

“You are going back in again?”

“Of course.”

“This will probably be your last run. We wish you good luck.”

The soldiers opened a path for him as he headed toward the Dungeon entrance. He just needed to work hard for 1 more day. No. He just needed to work hard for 4 days inside the Dungeon then he'll be able to go back home.

Woojin entered the Dungeon with a light heart. Right before the barrier could form, another person jumped into the Dungeon. The soldiers weren't surprised by the extra person, who had entered.

“He was able to enter.”

He had entered before the barrier could form.

If the barrier dissipated, it either meant one cleared the Dungeon, or all the people who went into the Dungeon had died.

This time they were hoping for the latter situation.

“Well done, comrade Nahm-josun.”

A single soldier departed to make a report on the situation.

However, they didn't see one foreign reporter taking pictures of these events from afar.



Four hours had passed since Kahng-woojin had entered the Dungeon.

Ri-pyunggahn was worried.

“Did we fail?”

The agent, who had followed behind Woojin, was a Rank C Roused of the Supernatural Forces. The man's loyalty to the Republic was extraordinary. He had strapped bombs on his entire body, and he had entered the Dungeon.

This was a plan where his life was forfeit from the start.

As soon as he entered the Dungeon, he was supposed to hug Kahng-woojin and blow himself up. Even if he wasn't able to grab Woojin, it didn't matter. The entrance of the subway station was narrow, so an explosion from a short distance would be just as deadly.

So why hadn't the barrier disappeared yet?

If he came back alive...

"Shit."

Ri-pyunggahn felt irritated just from thinking about it. He had sent in enough explosives to blow up an entire building. How likely was it that Woojin would come back out alive?

"Yes. Even if he wasn't killed, he would have received a critical wound. He's probably on his last breath. He probably received a critical wound, so how will he be able to find and use the Return Stone?

The Roused had abilities well beyond the imagination of humans. Kahng-woojin must have had some trick up his sleeves to be still alive. However, he was sure Woojin had received a critical wound.

One needed a Return Stone to break through the barrier.

Even if he was alive, his life would probably end at any moment. He felt frustrated since he had no idea what was going on inside the Dungeon. However, Lee-pyunggahn kept his hope alive as he waited for Woojin to die.



It had been over 2 days and 1 hour since Kahng-woojin had entered the Dungeon.

"Something is wrong."

"What?"

At Lieutenant Che-haesol's words, the leader of the negotiation group, General Lee-

soonchae, replied in a gruff manner.

“If we take into account of Mr. Kahng-woojin’s personality, he wouldn’t attempt something he wouldn’t be able to do.”

“Something must have gone awry.”

Lee-soonchae’s voice was filled with strained emotions. It had been over 2 days since Woojin had entered the Dungeon. He was given 15 days to use the Dungeon for himself, yet an extra day had passed.

The South had agreed to pay for cost of Woojin staying for an extra day, so Lee-soonchae couldn’t help but feel worried.

“Woojin’s last clear time was 1 day and 17 hours. Normally, he should be out by now.”

“Ughh. So what else do you want to say?”

“Don’t we have to launch an investigation?”

“Do you realize where we are? What can we do over here?”

This was Pyungyang.

There were dozens to hundred eyes watching them in secret. What could a mere dozen people making up the negotiation group do in this situation?

“Please look at this.”

Che-haesol had received a photo from one of the foreign reporters. She held it out. It was a picture of an unknown man following Woojin into the Dungeon.

Lee-soonchae’s expression turned serious when he saw the photo.

“When did you obtain this?”

“I received it around 30 minutes ago.”

After Che-haesol obtained the photo, she came to report with a worried heart.

“We’ll have to investigate immediately. We’ll have to make a formal complaint towards North Korea.”

“Are you crazy?”

At Che-haesol’s agitation, Lee-soonchae coldly berated her.

If someone had hatched a scheme, then it would be North Korea’s doing. Still, how could they lodge a complain against them? Should they ask them to just reveal their plots?

It would be like throwing oil onto a fire. This was the heart of North Korea. When they turned their backs for a moment, it would basically be like jumping into a tiger’s maw.

“Let’s just observe for now.”

“.....”

If they hatched a plan to kill Kahng-woojin, they were basically handing the negotiation team a huge bargaining chip.

Even if they were going to lodge a complaint, they would have to do it after they return to South Korea.

They would handle it through diplomacy...

Only Che-haesol had a face full of anxiety and concern.



It had been over 2 days and 18 hour since Kahng-woojin had entered the Dungeon.

“What is this?”

Kim-jungun saw the news article on the tablet, and he vented his anger.

It was an article from a French news agency. It was a picture of an unknown man slipping into the Dungeon entrance after Woojin.

“Who is this bastard?”

“We are trying to find that out right now.”

“Hurry up and find out about it. Tell me who this mother fucker is right now!”

“As you command.”

Kim-jungun’s face became red. His ample chin fat trembled. South Korea’s greatest Roused might die this day. No matter how he thought about it, he would come out at a loss. He had to find the bastards who hatched this plan.

It was always the excessively loyal bastards who gave him the most problems.

“Damn bastards!”

Kim-jungun brought his fist down. His gaze landed on the white piece of paper inside the framed picture. It was the paper with Kahng-woojin’s signature.



It had been over 3 days and 5 hour since Kahng-woojin had entered the Dungeon.

“Uh? It’s disappearing.”

The barrier was disappearing. Whether Woojin came out alive, or died as the Dungeon reset, this would be big news.

The foreign reporters pressed their camera shutters busily.

A foreign reporter had photographed an unknown man entering the Dungeon, so it had been shown in the news. It caused the atmosphere inside North Korea to turn serious. The activities of the officers in the North Korean army started to pick up.

Lieutenant Che-haesol from South Korea stood in front of the Dungeon everyday for all hours except when she had to sleep.

“Please.”

Was it because she had wanted to hear it? She heard footfall coming up the stairs.

Tuk, tuk.

Each step was deliberate and slow. As he reached the top of the stairs, she saw his face and hair.

There were wounds all over his body, and his face had wounds as if his skin had been scraped off. His face was blotchy, and his skin didn't look too good.

After Woojin ascended the stairs, he looked around his surrounding. Numerous gazes were fixed on him.

"Hoo hoo."

He was laughing.

Woojin, who had a blank expression, twisted his mouth.

He had to applied a lot of Regeneration Salve. His face and body was still recovering, but he didn't care about that. The wounds on his body would heal completely in couple days.

The problem was the dirty feeling he felt. His chest was filled with so much rage that it was stifling him.

The twisted laugh that came out of Woojin stopped, and the smile on his face disappeared.

"Do you all want to die? Is that what you wish?"

Woojin looked around his surrounding with heartless eyes.

# Chapter 65

## Unexpected Loot (1)

The atmosphere was grave. When Woojin took a step out of the entrance, the soldiers took a hesitant step backwards.

“Tell that pig bastard to come out.”

“.....”

At Woojin’s words, the North Korean officials, the members of the South Korean delegation, and the foreign reporters all thought of a single person in their head.

Moreover, they felt shocked by the conviction behind his words.

Woojin’s words were basically a declaration of war. Moreover, he said it in the heart of North Korea.

“If he doesn’t come out, then I’ll go to him.”

When Woojin took another step forward, the soldiers reflexively got in his way. Their eyes were filled with terror, and Woojin’s indifferent eyes swallowed their terror.

Woojin was about to raise his hand when a cat jumped out from behind him.

“Uh-whew. Master uses too much brute force-ahong.”

Bibi stood ahead of Woojin, and she wave her cute pink paw. Bibi’s body shuddered, and black flower petals scattered like snow towards the people gathered around the site.

“Mmmm.”

All the soldiers and the reporters slowly closed their eyes, and they slid to the floor.

“That wasn’t necessary.”



“Nyahng. This is more effective. What if you get sued after you killed them without any cause-ahong? This is earth-ahong. Earth. Stop creating complicated situations-nyahng.”

Well, if he killed everyone here then being sued wasn't the only thing that would happen... Is it because she watched a lot of tv? Bibi was more sensitive to how society worked on earth.

If he could avoid annoying situations, then he wouldn't object to it. Woojin didn't want to kill indiscriminately. He just had to kill the one who dared to order a terrorist act of bombing on him.

He'll cool his anger by chewing on the person's soul.

He planned on walking past all the sleeping people, but it seemed not everyone had fallen asleep from Bibi's ability. These existences had magical resistance. They were Roused.

“Hey, ass hole. Do you think our Republic is a pushover?”

“I knew it would eventually turn out like this. We shouldn't have let a South Korean brat into Pyongyang.”

These were the North Korea's Roused in the Supernatural Force.

At commander Ri-pyunggahn's orders, they had blended into the groups of soldiers.

.....

There were one Rank A and nine Rank B.

This was probably the team who would have tried to clear the Dungeon after Woojin came out. They had been placed here on standby.

They blocked Woojin's path.

Woojin looked at them one by one.

“What? Asshole.”

“.....”

Who cares if he stared at them? At Woojin’s words, the Roused started activating their abilities.

When Woojin saw this, he grinned.

“Yes. This is how it should be.”

He wanted to cut off the head of the snake. It would be more absurd if the underlings ignored such an act. Before they could ready themselves, Woojin summoned Bone Spears.

“Hoong.”

As expected of high rank Roused, they easily avoided his attack, but Woojin was aiming for something else.

Jiing.

Woojin took couple spirits out of his Spirit Armor, and he shot out several Spirit Spears. The Spirit Spears chased in pursuit until they hit their targets.

“Hut! What is that?”

Some used barrier magic to block the attack. Some used attack magic to break the Spirit Spear instead.

While they were distracted for a moment, Woojin had already let fly his bone arrows.

Poo-shook!

“Ooh-ook!”

Woojin continuously shot out his arrows. The Warrior Class’ Archery skill allowed Woojin to be very proficient in shooting the bow. It let him shoot the bow like an expert.

However, several Roused immediately counter-attacked after blocking the arrows.

This Roused had a very fast and sharp attack.

His quick sword was on par with Lee-yunhwee. He remember being stunned when she had injured his face.

However, his current level wasn't comparable to before.

This was only a Rank A Roused's attack.

Kah-ahng.

The bow in Woojin's hand immediately morphed into an axe. With the change, he whirled the axe head around towards the lower body of the charging foe.

Kwahng!

The whirling blow made the opponent stagger from the impact, and Woojin immediately sent a Bone Spear towards him

"Koohk!"

Hoo-ooooohng, toohk!

Woojin took another step forward. The blade of the axe took off the opponent's head from his body, and the head flew into the air. Woojin grinned and he attempted a Resurrection.

The battle knight with a severed head.

Dullahan has superior in ability compared to the normally resurrected corpse. The condition is fulfilled if the opponent is a 6th Circle Rank A, and the Resurrection is used when the Roused's head has been cut off in battle.

It is a cumbersome requirement, but the result is surprising.

It isn't a clumsy corpse.

"Koohrahhh."

His movement was similar to how he moved before death, but his strength and

destructive ability increased substantially.

Dullahan, who was still wearing the North Korean army uniform, grabbed its own head. Then it charged towards the North Korean Roused, who had been comrades only few seconds ago.

“Ooh-ahhhhhhk.”

When had they ever had the chance to fight with a dead corpse? No, this person used to be their comrade, but now they had to fight against his corpse. The battle was resolved pretty fast, and Woojin absorbed the Roused souls into this Spirit Armor for storage.

Puhhhng!

Several corpses exploded. Several Skeleton Soldiers and Skeleton Magicians appeared.

Weeeeeeng.

Dolsae was summoned in his light form, and he circled around Bibi's head. If given the command, Dolsae could pull the rubbles to himself to form a body.

“Let's go.”

Woojin moved his feet towards the Memorial palace. He didn't care where Kim-jungun was hiding. If he moved towards Ggaebi's energy, he'll be able to find Kim-jungun.

He dared to attack an opponent from the back. Woojin would praise his boldness as he gave Kim-jungun a miserable death.

This time Che-haesol blocked Woojin's path.

“Please stop.”

At the unexpected situation, Woojin eyes was filled with curiosity.

“You were a Roused?”

She didn't have much of a presence, so he hadn't checked before. When he activated his Warrior's sense to observe Chae-haesol, she was a level 11. She had barely reached

the 1st Circle. She was a Rank F Roused.

Normal people were between lvl 1 to lvl 9.

She had a trifling amount of magic resistance, yet she was able to resist Bibi's sleep curse. Her mental toughness was commendable.

"Please stop. We can still salvage this situation..."

Woojin grinned.

"You always speak as if I made some accident."

She is going to salvage situation? Well, Woojin could only be dumbfounded at her words.

"But the accident will start now."

"....."

Ten high ranked Roused of North Korea's Supernatural Force had died. In the middle of the Memorial Palace's square, 300 soldiers were put to sleep alongside the reporters.

'An accident that is bigger than this...'

Che-haesol's head suddenly throbbed. She knew he wasn't kidding from the look in his eyes. Moreover, she had witnessed him kill 10 high rank Roused, who had been helpless against Woojin.

"Koorahhh."

The corpse held its head by its side, and the eyeballs rolled around the socket. The sight was more than grotesque. Even the Skeleton Soldiers, who had shown up after the corpses exploded, felt unreal to her.

Haesol swallowed her saliva.

She had never seen someone who was this stubborn.

“Please stop. I beg of you.”

“Why?”

“It’ll be war. This might erupt into a war.”

This was an armed conflict inside Pyongyang.

It was an unprecedented event.

This was going to cause a huge ripple effect.

The problem was it wasn’t necessarily a good ripple effect.

“What war? I just have to teach that pig a lesson.”

“.....”

Does this mean he can’t punish the pig?

At Woojin’s indifferent answer, Haesol stared blankly as she lost the ability to speak.

“I hate bastards who stab me in the back. I can’t forgive him.”

Stabbed in the back? Then the mysterious man, who entered the Dungeon, was a North Korean agent sent to attack Woojin?

Still, he had to hold himself back.

“Please think about your homeland. You can’t start a war.”

“Jeez. Stop babbling. You talk too much. I won’t start a war.”

Woojin walked deliberately towards Haesol, who was blocking his path. Every time Woojin took a step closer Haesol’s heart thudded in rhythm with his footsteps.

When Woojin was right in front of her, her heart was beating so fast that she wondered if her heart had escaped her body.

“If you don’t want to die then get out of my way.”

“.....”

She felt a chill run up her spine at Woojin’s words. Che-haesol bit her lower lip.

“Then please kill me instead. You have to restrain yourself. I don’t know what happened in the dungeon, but please curb your anger. This isn’t the way to do this.”

At Haesol’s words, Woojin quietly looked at her.

Yes. He could hold himself back. However, didn’t he need a reason to do so? He had no reason to hold himself back. The pig sent a suicide bomber to him, so why should Woojin spare him?

“Please...”

Woojin’s fist planted itself into Haesol’s stomach. Haesol’s body folded into itself like a shrimp from the single blow, and she slumped to the floor. It would be painful, but the blow wouldn’t kill her.

Woojin looked around his surrounding. No one was awake to block Woojin’s path. He saw voyeurs watching from a distance. They moved busily, but he didn’t really care about them.



\*The tunnel leading to an underground bunker beneath the Memorial Palace.\*

Do-rooroorooroo!

Tee-riiiinnng!

A gun emplacement placed in the wall fired, but the Spirit Armor blocked everything. It couldn’t hit Woojin.

Kwahng!

Woojin’s hammer hit the wall, and the gun emplacement twisted, and it collapsed with the wall.

“Heeek!”

When the thick wall protecting them disappeared, the two soldiers, who weren't Roused, was filled with terror.

"Nyahng!"

Bibi immediately casted her sleep curse, and Woojin just shrugged his shoulder.

"Why bother with doing that?"

"Nyahng. It's all right-ahong."

Woojin looked around the hallway filled with smoke. The smell of gun powder was quite strong. There was only one steel door left.

"Hey, Jungun. Why don't we talk for a moment?"

"....."

No answer came from inside. He was sure there was someone in there. He could feel Ggaebi's existence across the door.

Maybe, he couldn't hear Woojin's voice?

Kwahng, kwahng!

It was a steel door that could withstand an explosive. Woojin struck it with his hammer, but it didn't budge.

"Chet. Hey, Dolsae."

"Weeeeeng"

Dolsae was already level 27.

His basic form could use dirt to make his body. At level 10, he could use stones. Moreover, he was able to use metal at level 20.

Koo koo koohng.

The entire steel door was ripped away, and it started to form a shape. Dolsae formed



in a crouching stance, and he immediately got out of Woojin's way. The underground bunker shook as pieces of concrete fell from the ceiling.

"Heeeeek!"

The door itself turned into a golem. He could see a frightened Kim-jungun and his bodyguards from the Security department inside.

Woojin grinned when he saw them.

"Should we have a little talk?"

His smile was crueler than a smile from a devil.

"You dare try to kill me?"

"Comrade. I've never gave such an order."

Kim-jungun replied with a shaky voice.

Monster.

He was a monster among monsters. The Supernatural Force's Roused demonstrated for him couple times, but none of them were like Woojin. Woojin was outspoken, and he was an impossible opponent to beat. Kim-jungun really felt the threat to his life.

He had hidden himself yet Woojin knew where he was like a wraith, and Woojin had come after him.

"Well, there is a way I'll be able to find out the truth."

When Woojin grinned, a paper thin shadow exited Jungun's shadow, and Ggaebi was reabsorbed into Woojin's shadow.

'Mmmm.'

He experienced what Kim-jungun's shadow felt and experienced, while Woojin was inside the Dungeon. Then Woojin's eyebrows furrowed.

'He really didn't do it?'

Bibi shook her head at his embarrassing situation.

‘Master made an accident again-ahong. Just resolve it in an amicable manner-ahong.’

He had already ran wild once, so his anger had lessened a little bit. Still, he wasn’t planning on forgiving anyone. Kim-jungun wasn’t the only one who needed to receive his punishment.

“Hey, Jungun.”

“Please speak, comrade.”

“Find me the man who ordered the suicide bombing on me. I never let live someone who stabbed me in the back.”

“I give you my word, comrade. I’ll find the one pulling the string from behind at all cost. I will hand out an exemplary punishment.”

At Kim-jungun’s words, Woojin grinned as he raised his hand for a handshake.

“This was my misunderstanding. Sorry.”

He had turned Pyongyang inside out. Woojin didn’t know if an apology would be enough, but...

“No. It is my fault for not keeping my subordinates in line.”

“If there weren’t any misunderstanding, then we could have been good friend.”

At Woojin’s words, Kim-jungun made a expression of regret then he shook hands with Woojin.

Woojin laughed as he saw Kim-jungun’s ample fat on his chin. The feared dictator leading North Korea was a mania for the Roused...

His mania was so fierce that he collected numerous Artifacts even if he didn’t have any abilities.

It was weird.

Moreover, he was fan of Woojin...

‘Then I’ll accept these presents, comrade.’

Woojin grinned. He knew where all the Artifacts were kept inside the Memorial Palace. Moreover, he also knew about Kim-jungun’s hobby room, where he stashed away a lot of Artifacts.

‘Comrade Kahng-woojin smiled, while he was looking at me.’

Kim-jungun matched his smile.

The Roused held strength that was beyond the limit of human. Kim-jungun’s respect towards the Roused was much deeper than what Woojin had suspected.

# Chapter 66

## Unexpected Loot (2)

Woojin walked out of the underground tunnel.

“Please stop!”

Somehow, Che-haesol had found Woojin. She ran towards him, and she blocked his path. She was still grimacing as if the pain hadn’t subsided yet.

“Please stop. It isn’t too late. We can still mend this.”

Che-haesol meant what she said. A war would erupt if events continued to progress like this. She had to prevent such an event from happening. Che-haesol spoke with utmost sincerity.

“This isn’t the way. Please stop.”

She really felt that way. A war meant tens of thousands of people would have to sacrifice their lives. She wanted to stop such an appalling tragedy from happening at all cost.

Woojin looked at her with a non-committal expression.

Haesol studied Woojin’s expression, and the light in her eyes shook.

“N... no way!”

He had already made a mess. Kim-jungun was dead.

Strength left her legs. Ah, another blood storm will rage.

She had made a mistake. She shouldn’t have asked Guild Alandal to clear Pyongyang’s 6 star Dungeon.

Haesol was in a daze as she flopped down on the floor. Woojin secretly smiled when

he saw this.

“He isn’t dead yet.”

“Really? You did well... Yet? Are you still planning on killing him?”

Haesol swallowed her saliva.

“Well, I’ll see what happens.”

Woojin wanted to see how they took care of the person, who ordered the suicide bombing.

“Please hold yourself back. If your anger isn’t quelled, then I’ll give you my life instead. I mean it.”

From her sitting position, she got on her knees.

“Really?”

“The war of the Korean Peninsula may never end. It has been less than 100 years since the last war. This land shouldn’t have to go through such a tragedy again. If you would be satisfied from just taking my life...”

No. She wasn’t worried about the conflict turning into a world war, but this war would be held on the Korean peninsula. Her beloved country would be ruined, so wouldn’t giving up her own life be well worth the price of stopping this war?

Woojin narrowed his eyes as he looked at Haesol. She didn’t have a blemish-free soul. It wasn’t like Jiwon’s clear and innocent soul. However, this was the first time he had seen such a shiny soul on earth.

It meant her will was filled with sincerity. She wasn’t lying when she said she’ll offer up her life.

“Lieutenant Che-haesol.”

“Yes.”

“You really are forfeiting your life to me?”

“Of course. If I could stop this disaster from spreading, I will.”

If Kim-jungun was still alive then they could still cover this up. Woojin shrugged when he saw Haesol’s sincerity.

“It would be wasteful to just kill you... Discharge from the military.”

“Did I hear you wrong?”

“After your discharge, come work under me. If you do that, I’ll spare Jungun.”

“.....”

Haesol’s face was filled with conflict. Didn’t she dream about becoming a genuine soldier?

At that moment, Woojin felt the presence of people approaching him. A group of people came out of the passageway.

“Hurry up and clean this up. Find where Ri-pyunggahn went.”

Woojin grinned when he heard Kim-jungun’s voice.

“Should I go catch that pig?”

“...I’ll join your guild.”

Woojin’s grin widened.

It was rare to find someone with Che-haesol’s will and conviction. He had found an unexpected loot here. Woojin grinned as he walked away.

He knew where everything was inside the Memorial Palace, because of Ggaebi’s memories. Now it was time to go rob Kim-jungun’s collection.

“Then you should go talk to patch up this situation.”

“.....”

What the hell? He had made such a mess yet he was able to easily ask her to patch this

up...

Before the chaotic atmosphere settled down, Woojin quickly headed toward Kim-jungun's hobby room.



The next three days passed like a storm.

Ri-pyunggahn, and any one related to him were all captured. There were even some innocent people who were lumped in with them. The delegation from South Korea left as they let Kim-jungun take care of those men.

Kim-jungun was shaking from anger.

"You are a dead man! How dare you steal the treasures soaked in our people's blood and sweat? You took the future of our republic? Bastard!"

"Chairman... I really don't know... I really don't know anything about it..."

"You still dare to lie? Punish them until they speak."

"Understood."

Ri-pyunggahn was suspended by his arms like a piece of meat at a butcher's shop. The interrogators approached him, and they started whipping him. Kim-jungun looked on with cold eyes as he tried to quell his anger.

The treasures he had gathered with the blood and sweat of his people were all gone. The only thing left was the picture he took with Kahng-woojin, and his signature... Kim-jungun's wrath was great since someone robbed him of everything.

He had gathered his collection for the past 5 years.

The only person he suspected was Ri-pyunggahn. He was probably planning his betrayal for a long time. He was probably planning on blaming it on the visiting South Korean delegation...

'If it wasn't for comrade Kahng-woojin, I might have been in big trouble.'

He hadn't died. Kahng-woojin had survived, and Ri-pyunggahn's betrayal came out into the open.

'They had nothing to do with it.'

It wasn't as if he hadn't suspected the people from South Korea. However, they traveled here sharing just two cars. He didn't think that massive amount of treasure could be stolen by them.

The only Roused in the party was Rank AA Kahng-woojin, and Rank F Che-haesol.

Just in case they were using Artifacts, they were searched. They didn't find any sub-dimension Artifact. Even if they did find one, the Artifact could only hold a limited amount of items.

The best sub-dimension Artifact was owned by a Middle Eastern royal family, and it could only hold a 300 litre refrigerator. Massive amounts of treasure had disappeared, and it wouldn't fit inside a sub-dimensions.

So the only people who could pull this off was on the North Korean side.

"Bastard. He is quite tenacious."

Kim-jungun gritted his teeth as Ri-pyunggahn failed to confess.



"We've arrived at the Pahnmunjum."

"Ooh ooh. We are finally here."

Haesol saved her words as Woojin stretched.

For the past 3 days, Woojin just lazed around as he slept. The negotiation team had to renegotiate the deal for the past 3 days.

After the betrayal within North Korea was resolved, South Korea's Kahng-woojin was reported to have taken an active role in all of the events.

It didn't matter what the truth was. South Korea's situation had improved.



Woojin had taken care of all the high ranked Roused in North Korea. North Korea didn't have enough force to even attempt the 6 star Dungeon.

They had removed China from the equation, so the relationship between the two nations turned for the worse. Russia wasn't an option either. Eventually, it was agreed that South Korea would run the Dungeon, and North Korea would share in the profit.

If one excluded the violence that erupted within Pyongyang, the end result was very good for South Korea. Woojin, the person in question, slept lazily inside the Memorial palace even though he was the one who had caused all the ruckus.

He even slept through the sounds of the firing squad for Ri-pyunggahn and his accomplices that erupted early in the morning.

Che-haesol didn't have a strong heart like Woojin, so she was nervous the whole time she stayed in North Korea. The angry atmosphere made the negotiations strenuous.

They passed the Panmunjum, so she was on South Korean soil. However, she couldn't relax yet.

"I have something I want to ask you."

"Speak."

Che-haesol didn't know when it happened, but Kahg-woojin spoke to her naturally in an informal manner.

"Why did you hold back after giving the condition that I join Alandal?"

Woojin was bold enough to slap Hwarang's guild master on live tv. If she took his brute personality into consideration, it made her wonder about something. She knew if Woojin wanted to do something, then we wouldn't easily be deterred from his action.

"What do you want to hear from me?"

"What?"

At Woojin's response, Che-haesol scratched the back of her head. She was embarrassed to say what was on her mind now.

Did she want to hear praise from him? Did she want to hear about the worth of her ability?

Did she want him to talk about how she stopped him from killing North Korea's ultimate dictator?

Now that she thought about it in her head, she basically wanted to ask questions when she already knew the answers.

Woojin was looking out the window. Haesol watched the back of his head, and her face turned red from embarrassment.

"It's nothing."

Che-haesol cleared her throat in embarrassment. Woojin grinned.

"If you fill an organization with people with ability and worth, then the organization will run itself."

"....."

He didn't want back-biting in his guild.

He didn't want to supervise his underlings. He wanted people who will take care of the annoying and difficult works for him. This idea was very appealing to Woojin.

"You have worth. You are an outstanding individual with a lot of appeal..."

"....."

It made him want her as an underling, so he could order her around

Woojin retracted his gaze from the scenery outside the window, then he turned his head. He saw the young soldier's face, whose eyes were shaking from being moved by his words. She didn't cry, but her eyes were moist.

"I will find you immediately after I am discharged."

"Uh. You do that."

Woojin decided not to tell her that he wasn't going to kill Kim-jongun in the first place.



Guild Alandal's Office.

The only large tv in the office was located inside the president's room, so the founding members were all gathered there. They were watching a tv special with the edited version of the breaking news that had occurred for the past three days.

They had turned the show on so much that they almost memorized the content of the news special.

They saw Woojin so much on tv that it didn't feel like he was absent from the office.

[Yes. If we compile all the new until now, it seems Ri-pyunggahn was the main figure who had staged a coup d'etat. He was the commander of Supernatural Force of North Korea. What is your opinion on this?]

[The Roused abilities are like a double edged sword. The Roused transcends the human limitation, and they protect our country from the monsters. On the flip side, there are those who would participate in crimes. The Roused could be very dangerous to a regime like North Korea. The betrayal of a commander of the Supernatural Force puts the North Korean regime in a very dangerous situation.]

[Yes. It was Alandal's guild master who had cleared the the 6 star Dungeon. If it wasn't for President Kahng-woojin, the coup d'etat might have brought Kim-jungun's reign to an end. What are your opinions on this?]

[If a new figurehead with radical ideas had seized power in the North, then we would be in much more danger. President Kahng-woojin did a meritorious deed by helping keep the status quo of the relationship between the North and the South.]

[Will he receive a medal for this?]

[He'll get it. President Kahng-woojin's exploit rapidly mended the relationship between the North and the South...]

[President Kahng-woojin's assault scandal hasn't been resolved yet. What do you think about...]

Ddi-rick.

When the members of the panel started repeating the same points again, Jung-minchan turned off the TV. Everyone faced each other with serious expressions on their faces.

“They are 100% right. Don’t you all know about president’s personality?”

“.....”

At Woo-soonghoon’s words, everyone silently agreed.

“The story is coming into focus. Maybe our president threatened Kim-jungun? It was said that Ri-pyunggahn stole all the Artifacts gathered by North Korea. It sounds like something our president would do.”

Kim-haemin questioned Woo-soonghoon’s sharp conjecture.

“Eh-ee. No way. Even if our president bends the rule a little bit, do you really think he will resort to stealing?”

“You are being kind by saying he bends the rule a little bit. He is reckless.”

Sunggoo spoke with a dissatisfied expression when he saw them bicker.

“Well, this is the story of when I met president for the first time...”

He told them about Woojin killing Bae-dohsooh’s party. The faces of the founding members darkened when Sunggoo described how Woojin had emptied the pockets of the dead people. Woo-soonghoon spoke with a smug expression on his face.

“Wa. What did I tell you? I’m really on to something here. We can’t believe everything said in the media...”

“Now that I think about it, he did say he wanted to assassinate Kim-jungun before the guild was formed...”

“Wah. See! What did I tell you? My arms has goosebumps. Ooh-wah.”

At Sunggoo’s words, Woo-soonghoon spoke more forcefully.

“Maybe president has already killed Kim-jungun.”

“Eh-ee. No way.”

“Didn’t you say our president wanted to go kill him? He might have planned this visit to Pyongyang. Maybe he is from a patriotic household? I’m sure he has bad feelings towards North Korea.”

“Eh-ee. President was just angry, because his conscription letter came...”

Woo-sunghoon’s eyebrows curved as he heard Sunggoo’s words.

“He said such words from receiving a mere conscription letter? Wa. What does that have to do with...”

Why would he want to assassinate Kim-jungun just from receiving a conscription letter?

“He didn’t want to join the army...”

“Wa. Look at the scale the president thinks in. Isn’t this giving you guys goosebumps?”

He had wanted to kill a nation’s dictator, because he didn’t want to enlist in the army.

“I wasn’t going to say anything, since I don’t hold a grudge. It isn’t in my personality. However, this was when I used to sell hand phones...”

Click.

Soonghoon’s words ended when the door to the president’s room opened.

“How have you guys been?”

“.....”

Everyone froze when Woojin appeared. Woojin hadn’t seen them for awhile, so he had a bright smile on his face.

“What? What is it?”

“I thought president was having a banquet with the President?”

“What am I going to do at such an event? I wanted to have some soju with you guys.”

Ah. How could he so easily break a promise made with the President?

“Ah-oh. Why is my ears so itchy? Did someone speak badly behind my back?”

At Woojin’s word, everyone’s head reflexively turned towards Woo-soonghon. Woo-soonghon’s pupils shrank in a microsecond, and it shook. Woo-soonghon suddenly stood up, and he started clapping his hand as he looked towards Woojin.

Zzahk, Zzahk, Zzahk!

“Let’s clap for our president. He went through a lot of hardship, and he has returned as a hero. Thank you for your efforts! We are proud of you.”

The reaction of the other people in the room was a bit slow. Woojin laughed. He narrowed his eyes as he watched Woo-soonghon, who had spoken in an exaggerated manner.

“I did. Didn’t I?”

Sweat started to perspire on Woo-soonghon’s forehead.

# Chapter 67

## Heros Mentality (1)

It was late in the day, so most of the newly hired employees had clocked out. The several employees that were still in the office was told leave for the day. It had been very busy recently, so they hadn't had the chance to go out for a company dinner yet. The founding members decided to go out for dinner, which would also serve as a drinking party.

"Granny!"

"Aikoo. My baby is here?"

The congenial grandmother from the shanty town was still there, and Sunggoo helped her as if this was his own store. He started placing the basic side dishes on the table. They were the only customers in this old restaurant, so the atmosphere was chilly.

Jung-minchan was the first to open his mouth.

"President. Are you sure you don't have to go?"

"I'm not going, so why do you keep asking me?"

He asked since his phone's inbox was burning up.

Jung-minchan took care of most of the external business of the guild, so his hand phone was continuously vibrating.

"Isn't it an appointment with the President?"

"I never promised I will go. They just decided on their own that I needed to go. Do I have to accept their invitation?"

"Aren't they giving you some award?"

"I don't want to receive an award, so tell them not to call me any more."

“Still...”

Woojin frowned.

“Ah, I’ll go there. I’ll go there then I’ll come back. If they are going to give me a damn award, I’ll...”

“N... no. I’ll respectfully decline the offer.”

Jun-minchan looked at his silenced hand phone.

[27]

Uh-ooh. It would be better to not send Woojin. He might unnecessarily cause trouble. Minchan briefly vacated his seat to make a phone call. Woo-soonghoon laughed as he tried to lift the slightly heavy atmosphere.

“Hahaha., Please tell us about your work in Pyongyang. I’m talking about your tale of heroism. Tale of heroism.”

“Nothing much happened.”

“Eh-ee. Stop being like that. Please tell us about it.”

Tale of heroism...

“I have no tales of heroism to tell. I just went around the Dungeon for awhile, then I punished those who needed it. Then I came back.”

“Hahaha. We were nervous at the prospect of president killing Kim-jungun. ”

“Ah. I was going to, but I decided to spare him.”

“.....”

“He said he was my fan.”

“.....”

He was going to... Also, Kim-jungun was his fan... Soonghoon and Haemin’s face turned



rigid.

Then Sunggoo brought over the beef entrails, and Minchan returned to his seat after finishing his call.

“I was able to come to a resolution with them. You will have to accept an invitation from the Cheongwadae after you come back from your trip to the US.”

“Well, I guess that’ll be fine.”

Woojin gave a half-assed reply, then he focused his attention on the beef entrails that was placed on top of the hot skillet.

Chi-jiji-jeek.

“Hey. This place’s beef entrails are fantastic. It goes well with the the soju. It’s perfect.”

As they watched Woojin smacking his lips from the tasty fare, Haemin and Soonghoon exchanged glances. Haemin’s signaled with his eyes gesture. Soonghoon took a shallow breath then he spoke.

“So... Why were you trying to kill Kim-jungun?”

“Ah. Some bastard snuck inside the Dungeon with a bomb. I thought Kim-jungun ordered it, so I was going to punish him.”

“.....”

He came back alive after someone detonated a suicide bomb?

Woojin talked about it nonchalantly. Sunggoo stopped flipping the beef entrails with the tongs, so Woojin started flipping the meat with his chopsticks.

“Hey, Sunggo. It’s burning.”

“What? Yes, yes.”

Sunggoo, who was spaced out, started to pick up the beef entrails to cut it.

Chi-jiji-jeek.

“Ee-yah. It looks delicious.”

Woojin opened a bottle of soju as he watched the grilled beef entrails grilled turn brown. When the bottle of soju was pushed forward, Minchan raised his cup.

“Did someone die? Why is the mood like this. This is our first company dinner.”

“It... it’s nothing.”

Maybe it was because Woojin had indifferently talked about killing people.

They had no idea what kind of person the president was. They tried to reconcile the man in front of him, and the man they had imagine him to be. If one discounted such thoughts, the company dinner was going quite well.

Above all, this was Guild Alandal’s first company dinner.

Woojin poured alcohol into all the founding member’s cups, then he filled his own cup.

“You guys had endured a lot of hardship up until now. I wish you guys would endure more hardship in the future.”

“.....”

What kind of toast was that... Soonghoon took the cue, and he yelled out.

“Thanks for everyone’s efforts.”

Zzhang.

After downing the refreshing soju, Woojin dipped a piece of beef entrail in the sauce, then he placed it inside his mouth.

Kyahh. This was the taste.

Woojin was getting ready to dig into his food. He readied a perilla leaves for ssam. Everyone else looked around awkwardly, and they gave Woo-soonghoon a signal with their eyes. Woo-soonghoon let out an exaggerated laugh.

“Hahaha. do you know who is more famous than you, president?”

Woojin was almost always the most searched name in Korea. However, if one looked world-wide, there was another person who was more famous than him.

Woo-soonghoon showed Woojin a picture. Soonghoon had made the picture his wall paper on his phone.

“This woman is named Melody. She is the Holy Maiden of the Aria Church. I’m not sure if this is a scam or not, but the video is quite miraculous. I’m not sure if her goddess really exists...”

“It isn’t a hoax. It’s real.”

“What? How would president know if it isn’t a scam?”

“Huh? It’s someone I know from before.”

“What?”

Unlike the surprised Woo-soonghoon, Jung-minchan put on a more serious expression on his face. Melody was none other than the first person to come out of a Dungeon.

“She was the first human to be found inside a Dungeon. She is said to be a S Rank Roused at the minimum... You actually know this person?”

“Uh. I know her. Why do you think I’m going to the US? I have some questions for her.”

“.....”

They hadn’t know that fact. They had thought he was going to the US to take part in the consortium hosted by the Titan Guild. Now they found out he was acquainted with the Holy Maiden Melody...

“What kind of relationship did you have with her?”

Woojin emptied another cup of refreshing soju, then he shoved a large ssam into his mouth. Everyone was waiting for Woojin to answer the question. Everyone waited for his answer, but Woojin continued to savor the taste of the food in a relaxed manner.

Woojin chewed for a long time. When he swallowed, he drank some cider.

“There is a planet called Alphen.”

Is the president interested in astronomy? Everyone stayed silent as they listened to him. Woojin opened his mouth.

“I went missing 5 years ago. At that time, I was summoned to Planet Alphen.”

“.....”

Everyone was silent after they heard Woojin’s shocking words. Woo-soonghoon gauged the mood then he let out a small laugh.

“Hahaha. President’s sense of humor is too complicated. It took me a long time to understand it.”

“I’m not telling a joke, so stay still.”

“Yes, sir...”

Soonghoon’s shoulders shrank, and everyone focused on Woojin with grave expressions on their faces.

“I don’t know why I was summoned there. I struggled to live in that place for 20 years. I survived, and I was able to return to earth. However, only 5 years had passed over here.”

“It is quite similar to the time flow within the Dungeons...”

“Yes. When I returned, Earth had changed in a strange way, and Dungeons had formed here.”

Everyone was swept up in confusion at Woojin’s earnest words. Should they trust or distrust his words? Should they take his words at face value?

Was this the secret to Woojin’s incredible abilities?

“I don’t know how she did it, but Melody probably came over using a similar method. No, I have no idea how she did it. This is why I want to go ask her some questions.”

“.....”

Was it because they had heard an incredible story? No one dared to open their mouth. Sunggoo carefully asked a question.

“Hyung-nim. A... are you sure you should be telling us such tales?”

The Roused Kahng-woojin had appeared like a comet, and his backstory was being endlessly speculated. Moreover, everyone was curious as to his whereabouts when he was missing for 5 years. No one knew where he had been.

“What? Why do I have to hide it?”

“.....”

Dungeons had formed, and monsters were crawling out everywhere. On top of that, the Holy Maiden had appeared. Is there a reason why he should keep his story a secret? Woojin didn't think too hard on it. His story would eventually become known sooner or later.

He was preemptively telling his Alandal family the information, since he wanted them to get ready for what was to come.

“What kind of relationship did you have with the Holy Maiden on the planet?”

“With Melody?”

Woojin grinned when he thought about his old memories. It was complicated. Really complicated.

“I guess she is something like a friend. A friend.”



Titan Head-quarter's Aria Church.

Holy Maiden Melody borrowed her goddess' power to communicate with others.

She had only been able to communicate with the believers until not too long ago. However, the Holy Maiden's capacity to learn a language was almost supernatural. Now she was able to competently carry on a conversation in English.

Everyone had thought she was a mute. They were once again surprised when they heard the Holy Maiden's beautiful voice.

"W... what is this?"

"Yes? What's wrong, Holy Maiden?"

The Holy Maiden was always graceful, and sometime she looked to have an arrogant air around her. However, this was the first time Hamilton had seen the Holy Maiden express any expression on her face. This was how much the Holy Maiden had been taken aback.

Recently, the Holy Maiden started learning how to operate a computer. Mrs. Hamilton walked over to look at the screen. The monitor held a picture of a Rouser from Korea named Kahng-Woojin.

"This is Mister Kahng."

"Mister Kahng? Could you find more information on this man?"

"Of course."

Hamilton was adept at using the computer. She used Kahng-woojin's name as the key word to look up several things. She brought up several columns with fairly detailed information on Kahng-woojin, and she showed it to Melody.

Melody slowly read the columns, and the light in her eyes shook. Hamilton, who was next to her, could feel her shake. Melody had always been unflappable, so much so that Hamilton wondered if she was really human. However, she was shaken up right now.

"Holy Maiden. Are you ok?"

"How can this be... It... it is him..."

"What? Do you know this person?"

Melody's white face turned paler.

She knew him. How could she not know him? He was the most famous person on Alphen.

“Necromancer of Massacre... Why is he here...”

Melody’s body shook as if she had seen some horror movie.

“H... Holy Maiden. Please calm down.”

Hamilton calmed Melody. She hurried turned off the monitor showing Woojin’s picture. After 10 minutes, Melody was barely calm enough to make a request towards Hamilton.

“Could you conduct a more thorough investigation on this person??”

“Of course.”

While Hamilton was sifting through the information, Melody looked out the window to calm her heart. The Aria church was located on a high-rise building.

The Manhattan city could be seen at a glance. As she saw the panoramic view of Manhattan, her body shook.

‘I would have never guessed Immortal would be in this place.’

When he disappeared, the situation Alphen changed drastically. When the Undead Army in his control disappeared, Trahnet had taken over all the territory that used to owned by the Immortal. This quickly broke the balance of power.

Everyone had assumed the Immortal was dead. How else could they explain his sudden disappearance?

Earth was an amazing place.

The supply of mana was low, so there weren’t a lot of Roused here. Moreover, the quality of the Roused couldn’t be compared to those in Alphen, but there were much more soldiers here with chemically powered weapons.

It took them less than two hours to kill all the monsters that came out of the Dungeon Break. They had great fire power.

Moreover, information could be spread at an incredible speed. Her words couldn’t do it justice. She was too astonished.

There were many more countries on earth compared to Alphen. It was counter-intuitive, but the people of this world was more together than her own lands. It was because of the smooth communication method.

It could be attributed to the existence of the internet. The internet allowed one to find out what the other nation was doing even if they were very far apart.

“N... no way!”

“What is it?”

Melody looked towards Hamilton as she asked a question.

“Do you think my existence was reported in South Korea?”

“Of course. You are the most famous person on the world right now.”

“.....”

The Holy Maiden’s face paled.

What should she do? Should she just run away? Should she abandon all her plans? If the Immortal hears of this... Maybe he still didn’t know she was here?

“Ah, I found it. He is Guild Alandal’s master. He’ll be attending the upcoming consortium.”

Alandal. Alandal... She never expected hear the cursed name of the Undead Kingdom again on Earth.

‘This is the end.’

Holy Maiden Melody fell into despair.

She was sure the Immortal knew about her existence. She didn’t have anywhere to run, and she didn’t have anywhere to hide.



## Chapter 68

### Heros Mentality (2)

The grilled beef entrails quickly disappeared, and several rounds of alcohol was passed around. Several people were drunk, and their faces were red.

This was especially true for Woo-soonghoon. He had drunk faster than anyone else, and his eyes were already half closed. "Ooh ooh. President is quite strong against alcohol."

Woo-soonghoon, who had bragged about playing around a little in the past, couldn't hold his liquor. He wagged his tongue towards Woojin. Woojin drank his soju, and his expression didn't change at all.

Woojin grinned.

If he compared soju to Alphen's alcohol, it was like drinking water.

"Hook hook. President drinks alcohol well, so why did you hit me??"

"Hey. Why are you being like this?"

Sunggoo and Haemin tried to hold back Woo-soonghoon as they were mindful of Woojin.

"It hurt. So what if I overpriced the hand phones I sold? It happens! Hoo-ook."

"....."

Should he feel regret about not killing that bastard?

Sunggoo and Haemin saw Woojin's expression turn sour, so they quickly put Woo-soonghoon inside the car. When Soonghoon was leaned against the back seat, he immediately fell asleep.

"Ooh whew."

Sunggoo laid Soonghoon down, then he asked a question using his liquid courage.

“So, hyung-nim.”

“Uh, what?”

“I worry you don’t pay enough attention to the mass media every time I observe you.”

Woojin grinned.

“What’s the point of caring?”

“Mmm. Isn’t it annoying? The reporters will flock to you...”

“I’m used to it.”

“That’s...”

How could his words not get through to Woojin? Sunggoo couldn’t coherently get his point across, so he was frustrated. Jung-minchan, who was listening from the side, understood what Sunggoo was trying to say, so he chipped in with his words.

“You will have problems with the law, and you might have to worry about international isolation. What is the benefit of making enemies?”

“I’m making enemies...”

Woojin stroked his chin. After he drank a shot of alcohol, he looked at Sunggoo, Minchan and Haemin. They were all Alandal’s guild members, so they would have to know about this eventually.

“In the past, I thought the same as you guys. I was mindful of other nations. I was scared about the public sentiment, and I was conscious of how others looked at me.”

What happened in Alandal that made him so unreasonable now?

“Laws exists right now since countries exist. How long do you think that will last?”

“What?”

Everyone's attention was on Woojin when he asked such a ridiculous question.

"The Dungeons will erupt. Moreover, it will explode soon. It isn't far away. It is imminent."

He didn't have evidence supporting his claim. However, he could feel it. The Dungeon Breaks weren't far away. Moreover, it will be a widespread Break.

"Try thinking about what would happen if all the Dungeons on earth overflowed at the same time."

"....."

An apocalypse.

It was too horrible to imagine, so no one opened their mouth. It felt as if the alcohol drained right out of them.

"However, we have a military. They'll be able to block it."

Woojin snorted.

"If it's only 6 star monsters, they will be able to block them. What about the higher ranked monsters?"

"What?"

"Do you think this was the endgame? Mmm. Let's see. The 6 star monsters are like the dogs you grow in your house. The tigers, lions and carnivorous elephants will pour out soon. If it doesn't end there, dragons might also come out later."

"....."

Should they believe his word or not?

"If the Specters come out right now, the modern technologies would be useless. How are you going to block them? Are you going to hack them? It would basically be suicide. If the world falls apart, the border that make up nations would be meaningless. Ethics would crumble, and only the drive to survive would be left. It is in our instinct to do so."

“.....”

The scary thoughts made Sunggoo’s body shake a little bit.

Woojin continued to speak in a composed manner.

“The entire world would simultaneously fall into anarchy. Do you know what will happen? All the crazy people will crawl out of the woodwork. Rape and pillaging will become the norm. Monsters are scary, but humans are weak. So humans will try to steal from other humans.”

“I’m sure there will be people like the ones you describe, but I’m sure we’ll unite our strength to fight.”

Yes. There had been humans who acted that way. There were heroes, warriors, holy knights, and Holy Maidens. There were magicians in their towers, kings of the allied kingdoms, knights, soldiers...

“It’ll be futile. They’ll keep trying to hold out, but they’ll eventually fall. They’ll eventually be broken up. Then people will be tempted to turn their backs on the human race.”

There were a lot of races, who had submitted to Trahnet, and they became slaves. Goblins and Kobolds were all Trahnet’s slaves.

“S... so what do we do? Someone has to stop this...”

Sunggoo was in mid-sentence when he turned to look at Woojin. That someone might be Woojin? If he thought about it, no one had soloed a 6 star Dungeon before.

“This is why we are getting ready.”

Earth was Woojin’s home planet. His mother, sister and friends lived here. This was why he was trying to protect this place.

“You want me to be careful and care about what other’s think? The negative articles from the press? Requests to appear before the police? It’s all useless. Instead, I have to let everyone know.”

What was he trying to inform everyone?

“I want them to know how brutal, vicious and tyrannical I am...”

He didn't care if the world talked about him as he became the focus of their attention. For the most part, Woojin didn't have a sense of justice or a conscience. The past 20 years was too brutal for those ideals to have survived within him.

“I don't care what they world says about me. I'm not trying to be a hero.”

A powerful sovereign.

“No one ran away in my country of Alandal. Those who fought bravely found sanctuary in Alandal. The ones who ran away was turned into the Undead, and they marched against the enemies.”

Woojin grinned as he saw everyone's serious expression.

“At the very least, humans didn't fight each other in Alandal. If they did, the king would assign them to a life-time military service. They all knew the score. They all knew how ruthless, and tyrannical the king was.”

Sunggoo swallowed his saliva.

“Perhaps... Does the country called Alandal have something to do with our guild...”

Woojin grinned.

“Of course. I was the king of Alandal.”

No wonder he hummed a song even when he killed Bae-dohsooh's party. (TLN: 2 star Dungeon where he saved Sunggoo)

“.....”

Minchan, Sunggoo and Haemin shut their mouth tightly. They couldn't help, but put on a serious expression.

Minchan asked carefully.

“Shouldn't you be informing the world, and ask for help?”

“Poot.”

Woojin couldn't help but laugh.

“Who's going to give us aid? The people of this world? Should I tell everyone to gather strength and get ready, since the whole earth will become a field for the monsters?”

“Wouldn't that be prudent?”

“I'm pretty sure they won't do anything.”

“If they feel a threat, then I'm sure we will all come together.”

Woojin popped a piece of beef entrail into his mouth, and he started chewing.

Shit. It was undercooked.

He spat out the beef entrail on an empty dish, then he cleansed his palate with cider.

“We still excavate fossil fuel even when we know it is destroying nature.”

Wasn't this a problem on a different stratosphere with destroying nature. The human race could become instinct.

“Hey, Minchan. Do you think you will be able to stop people from extracting fossil fuel just by saying, ‘Let's protect nature?’”

“.....”

Woojin took out his hand phone then he place it on top of the table.

“The moment I saw this I gave up on that idea.”

“What does the hand phone have anything to do with...”

Crazy Red.

It was a modern device using bloodstones as a new energy source.

“What would happen if I immediately tried to stop people from excavating the

bloodstones from the Dungeons? They can only clear the Dungeons, and they will have to come out empty handed.”

“.....”

If there was no loot from raiding the Dungeon, no one would risk their life to clear the Dungeons.

“Even if the excavation of bloodstones were halted, the amount of mana on earth will still increase by a minute amount. It will delay the Dungeon Breaks. It will give humans the time to get ready. What do you think? Isn’t it quite logical? Do you think the humans will be able to do so?”

“.....”

Minchan lost the words he was about to say.

They wouldn’t stop. There was absolutely no way people would stop.

The Dungeon Business was already too closely intertwined with the way of the world. The rulers, and people with wealth would want the resource called bloodstones.

The train filled with bombs had already left the station.

“W... what should we do then?”

The words spoken by Woojin seemed perfectly plausible, so even a logical person like Minchan was in a near panic. It felt as if a threat had suddenly crept up on him.

Woojin grinned.

“What should we do? We drink soju like this, then we grow in power by clearing Dungeons.”

How would they be able to drink alcohol after hearing such serious matters? The effects of the alcohol quickly dissipated from the three people.

“Kyahh.”

Woojin emptied another shot of soju, then he chewed on a crispy piece of beef entrails.

The three of them looked at Woojin with serious expressions on their faces.

“Well? What? What do you expect from me?”

Even if he asked everyone to protect earth, people wouldn't listen to him.

Humans didn't unite from being in danger. They united for profit.

“If they die, they die. If they live, they'll live. Those who will fight will fight...”

“.....”

Even a Philosophy Professor wouldn't be able to talk in such a casual manner.

“There is some hope. The bloodstones brings the monsters over, but it also levels up the Roused on earth.”

This was the first time hopeful words had been spoken by Woojin's mouth. The three people looked on with anticipation in their eyes.

The power of the allies and enemies increased simultaneously.

The fight would vary depending on how those power would be assembled.

“This is why I am very aggressive.”

He had always wanted to come back to earth, and the situation here was very different from Alphen. This was earth. This was a place Woojin must defend at all cost. He didn't want to see Trahnet's underlings traipsing around freely.

“I'll probably continue to get into trouble. I'll never break the rules I established.”

His actions was in line with Alandal's law.

An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Never show weakness.

Those who stab him in the back must pay a price.



Woojin's rules took precedent over following earth's laws. In a world where law and morality was gone, his rules would restore order.

When the pandemonium arrives, people would search and gather around a pivotal figure. Woojin was readying himself to become this pivotal figure.

He'll even become a ruthless demon to achieve it.

"This is how it'll be, so do your best to keep up with me."

"....."

A special command was given to the support division of Alandal.

However, unlike before they felt a heavy sense of duty.

"If they mess with me, then they are fucked. I have to instill this concept."

He had to instill it into the people of this world.

Woojin had planned for this, and he was already erecting boundary of Alandal.



Hwarang Guild Headquarters President's Room.

Di-ri-reek.

The hand on the mouse roughly scrolled down using the wheel.

"Eeeek."

Lee-sahngho grinded his teeth.

He became angrier as he saw more articles on Kahng-woojin.

"Shit. How is this possible?"

[The Hero who Saved North Korea from a Crisis]

[The beginning of a North South Roused organization? Largest benefactor Kahngwooin.]

[Rapid Progress between North and South Korea. The 20th Meeting of Separated Families is being Readied.]

[Dungeon Closer Rank AA Roused Kahng-Woojin. The World's attention is on Him.]

[Focused Study. There will be no future Dungeon Breaks with Kahng-woojin around.]

"What kind of a bullshit situation is this? They treat this violent man as a hero? Huh. Good going, South Korea!"

Kahng-woojin was still under suspicion for assaulting him yet there wasn't a single line in the articles mentioning that fact.

Lee-sahngho's insides were boiling, and there were no methods that could calm him down.

Ddi-ri-ri.

When the interphone rang, he pressed the interphone's button in annoyance.

"What?"

[President. The chief of the police is on the line.]

"What? Put him through."

The police chief was a big fish, and Lee-sahngho had met him only once before. He had steadily worked to become close to this person, and it hadn't been easy. He couldn't believe a person of such stature was calling him first.

"This is Hwarang guild's president Lee-sahngho."

[It's Lee-chuldong.]

"Yes, Chief Lee. We've met previously on senator Che's 60th birthday."

[I won't beat around the bush. Let's close Mr. Kahng-woojin's assault case.]

“What? It was an incident that was live broadcasted to the entire country, Chief. More than 50 million citizens witnessed it yet you want to cover it up?”

[It was an order that came down from the top. I know it is unfair, but let's just cover it up.]

“...this doesn't make any sense.”

[I've delivered the message. I'll presume you understood what I'm saying. I'm ending this call.]

Ddoo, ddoo.

“Chief. Chief?”

A vein popped out on Lee-sahngho's forehead.

He threw the phone in his grasp.

Kwah-dahng-tahng.

The line coming off the receiver was connected to the interphone, and the whole system was thrown to the floor.

“Those sons of bitches!”

They have all gone mad.

“Good going, citizens of South Korea! Shit. Doesn't this country respect personal rights anymore?”

They were all rotten to the core.

After venting for a while, Lee-sahngho opened a safe hidden within a wall. He took out an old memo note, then he took photos of all the business transactions listed on the paper.

“Shit. Let's see if he could resist calling me after I do this.”

Chairman Kim had been avoiding his call for the past several weeks, so Lee-sahngho

sent him the picture. Before several minutes could pass, the phone rang.

Lee-sahngho put on a dirty smile as he pressed the talk button.

[Are you really going to be like this? Are you threatening a mutual suicide!]

“If you agree to my single request, then I will destroy the ledger.”

[What is it?]

“I know of your dealings in the Middle East. Please connect me to them.”

[.....]

After a long silence, Chairman Kim had no choice, but to assent to his request. He would be put in a very bad position if his ledger was revealed.

[All right. Let us meet, and you bring the ledger.]

“Yes, Chairman.”

After ending the call, Lee-sahngho put on a gruesome smile.

“You dared to hit me?”

He picked a fight with the wrong opponent.

He dared to lay his hands on Hwarang’s Guild Master Lee-sahngho.

# Chapter 69

## To the US (1)

“Ooh-ahk!

Sunggoo opened the back seat door of his beloved steed, and he let out a scream.

“Ooh-ook. It stinks... What happened?”

Woojin pinched his nose then he took a step back.

“Uh-whew. He made a mess.”

After Haemin looked into the back seat of the car, he shook his head.

Soonghoon was still asleep, but the smoothie inside his intestines was warming up inside of Sunggoo’s car.

“I’ve called for a chauffeur service, president. Let’s go to the main road.” (TLN: can hire someone to drive your car for \$\$)

Jung-minchan was always quick to act. He looked at Woojin after he finished making a call for a car.

“All right. Everyone won’t be able to fit inside the car... I’ll just take a taxi. I’ll see you tomorrow, Sunggoo.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow, director Hong.”

“Please take good care of Mr. Soonghoon.”

Woojin, Minchan and Haemin left side by side. Sunggoo looked at the back seat with tears in his eyes.

“Hoo-hook. I’m sorry... Hoo-hook...”

He didn't know if Soonghoon was in a drunken stupor or he was talking in his sleep. Sunggoo felt sorry for him, and he also felt annoyed...

"My Boongboong... Boongboong..." (TLN: nickname for car)

It hadn't been too long since he took out this car yet it was already in this state.

Sunggoo held back his tears as he waited for the chauffeur to come.



Woojin got off on the main road in front of his house.

"I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yes, president. Please head on in."

Woojin waved his hand then he walked into an alley. When he checked there weren't any people around, he called out Bibi. The black smoke coalesced, and a figure of a cat solidified on top of Woojin's shoulder.

"Nyahng. We are already home-nahong?"

When Woojin's familiar was inside the Summoning room, they shared his sight and senses. From Bibi's perspective, it was better for her to stay inside the Summoning room instead of the house. She didn't like being separated from Woojin.

"Why? Are you worried?"

"Ha. I am worried-ahong."

Woojin laughed as he picked up Bibi from his shoulder, then he held her against his chest.

"Sooah should be close to the dog now."

Originally, Sooah had wanted a dog. She might leave Bibi alone now.

"The secret code this time is..."

Woojin found the memo inside his hand phone, then he pressed the secret password to the front door.

Ddi ddi ddi, ddi-ri-reek!

After returning home, the first one to greet Woojin was the dog. He came running towards Woojin.

“Wal, wal! Koo-rooh-roong.” (TLN: bark bark growl)

“Uh?”

He had been only gone for several days, but the dog had grown a lot. Woojin flicked his finger on the dog’s forehead.

“He’s showing teeth after not seeing me for only several days.”

Woojin lifted the fairly large dog, then he looked into the dog’s eyes. He glared into the dog’s eyes, and his eyes shook. The dog couldn’t maintain eye contact, so he turned his gaze away.

“Ggoo-ooong, ggoo-ooong.”

Sooah was the one to rescue the whining dog.

“Mom! Oppa is here.”

Sooah bounded towards him. Woojin let go of the dog, and he opened both his arms wide.

“Aigo. My Sooah missed oppa?”

“Yeah.”

After she gave a brief hug, she immediately went towards Bibi. She quickly grabbed Bibi into her grasp.

“Hey, Bibi. Didn’t you miss unni?”

“.....”

“Nyahng?”

Instead of forgetting Bibi, her absence must have fostered Sooah’s yearning for Bibi.

Woojin let out a bitter laugh. Bibi sent a gaze asking for salvation towards Woojin.

“You don’t like playing with the dog?”

“I play with Bokhwee, but I like Bibi better.”

“...Bokhwee is his name?”

“Oohng!”

After she spoke in a bright manner, she ran into the living room, while she hugged Bibi. Then she searched for her laser pointer. His mother showed up around that time.

“You are here, Woojin?”

“Yes, mother.”

“Let’s talk for a little bit.”

Woojin followed his mother into the kitchen. After he sat near the small dining table, his mother took out some water from the fridge. She placed the water in front of Woojin.

“Did you drink alcohol?”

“Yes.”

“Ok. Did you meet the president?”

“No. I was at a company dinner.”

It seemed the news said he was heading towards the Cheongwadae immediately after he returned from North Korea. Woojin felt a bit awkward, so he changed the topic.

“I’ll meet the president soon. So why isn’t Sooah asleep yet?”



The company dinner wrapped up early, but it was already 11 pm.

“It’s Saturday tomorrow. She said she’ll sleep after seeing her oppa.”

“Mmmm.”

If that was true, then why was she playing only with Bibi?

“Sooah still feels very awkward around you. You should be mindful of that.”

“.....”

While she played with Bibi, Sooah kept sneaking glances towards the kitchen.

Now that he thought about it he had memories of Sooah when she was a baby. However, Sooah didn’t have any memories of him. She had suddenly gained an oppa, but the oppa didn’t come home regularly...

“Mmm. Should we go on a family trip?”

“I’m not saying this to steal time away from my busy son.”

Woojin suddenly felt embarrassed at his mother’s words.

“Sooah’s been sick a lot in the past. The hospital says she is doing fine, but she occasionally develops the same symptoms as before.”

Even though Woojin and his father had disappeared, Soohah’s hospital fees were a big reason why their household’s wealth had diminished so quickly.

When Woojin started raiding the Dungeons, she had the money to purchase almost everything she wanted.

This was why Lee-soogyung went back to the hospital to treat her daughter’s ailments. In the past, she couldn’t afford to treat Sooah. However, contrary to her expectation, the hospital test result gave Sooah a clean bill of health.

“She is so young, and when she occasionally has a seizure, mother’s heart is...”

When his mother’s eyes started to become moist, Woojin’s heart became heavy.

“The child is sick, but the hospital keeps saying nothing is wrong with her. I was so frustrated that I even visited a shaman not too long ago. The shaman said she was inhabited by ghosts.”

“Eh-ee. She doesn’t have any ghosts sticking to her.”

The one with ghosts was Woojin. There weren’t any evil spirits within the vicinity of Sooah.

Moreover, he had been very careful since he worried about his evil spirits sticking to his family. Even when they lived in a single room, Woojin tried to minimize the time he spent with them.

“How would you know about such things?”

How should he answer the question when she asked how he knew this... Mother. Your son is an expert about ghosts.

“Even though I knew the shaman was trying to bewitch me, her words still made me wonder.”

“Eh-ee. The shaman sounds like a fraud...”

“I’m saying this, because I’m upset. I can’t even support my son who is doing big things. Please look in on your only sibling once in awhile.”

Lee-soogyung saw Kahng-woojin appear daily on the television, so she knew he was busy.

Didn’t he succeed in pulling off some big job in North Korea?

She didn’t want Woojin to worry about the problems within the household. She wanted him to focus on his outside work, but this was about Sooah. Sooah’s illness was beyond her power.

The child was hurting yet there weren’t any solutions. She was barely able to put the issue out in the open as she had continued to internalize the pain she had felt.

“I’ll pay a little more attention to her... I’m sorry, mother.”

Woojin tightly hugged the sniffing Lee-soohgyung.

Woojin went towards the living room, and he spent some time with Sooah. The cat acted as a bridge as he played with Sooah. There weren't any awkwardness as they played, and they had a fun time.

It was getting late, so his mother took Sooah, who had wanted to play more. Only Woojin, Bibi and Bokhwee was left in the living room.

"Koon koong, koong."

Bokhwee was having a hard time calming himself after running and playing around. His nose twitched, and he rubbed his head on Bibi.

"Nyahng! Go away-ahong."

Puhk.

"Ggeeeng."

Bibi swung her front paw. Bokhwee ran away after he was hit on the head.

"Nyahng. Let's go bring a new cat-ahong. I'd rather kill monsters. This is too hard-ahong."

"You just have to play with her for a brief amount of time. What's so bad about it?"

"Nyahng. It's more about me pretending to be a cat. It's very taxing-ahong."

...so, that's what stressed her out. Woojin also put on a serious expression.

"Please endure it for a little bit more."

"Nyahng. I understand-ahong."

"Then stay a home for a while. You should keep a close watch on Sooah to see if any evil spirits approach her."

He didn't think Sooah was being tormented by an evil spirit, but since his mother had said it, he was leery of dismissing her claim. He thought about attaching Ggaebi on

Sooah, but he was still a low level Shadow. He could have a bad influence on the host.

As of right now, Bibi was the best option.

“The child’s soul is strong-ahong. A mere evil spirit won’t be able to latch on to her-ahong.”

“You should stay with her just in case.”

“Understood-ahong.”

Bibi was his familiar, so she could feel Woojin’s emotions. She knew how precious his family was to Woojin.

Bibi followed Woojin into his room.

“Ggeeng. Ggeeng.”

Bokhwee was the only one left in the hall way, and he looked around nervously at the dark corridor. After a moment, the door to Woojin’s room opened slightly, and Bibi walked out into the hallway.

“Nyahng. You may come in here-ahong.”

Bokhwee wagged his tail as he followed Bibi into Woojin’s room, and he laid down at the foot of the bed.



It was Saturday, but Woojin came early to the office.

His mother was curious about Do-jiwon, so they had made an appointment for lunch. In the evening, they had promised to meet the high school friends they were able to contact. Before all of this, he had some work he had to finish at the office.

Since it was Saturday, the new employees didn’t come to the office. The founding members had come to work at an earlier time, and they were waiting for Woojin.

“You are here?”

“Where’s Haemin?”

“He’s inside the storage room.”

“Let’s head over there.”

Minchan received an order from Woojin to buyout the floor. Minchan paid a premium to clear out the other offices on the floor, and he made contracts for the other office spaces. The current office they had was getting too cramped, and this also resolved the problem of security.

They decided to use a roughly 1800 square feet space as the office for housing the sales department, and a storage room for the Artifacts.

The storage room held a small amount of Artifacts that wouldn’t even fill up a 1 ton truck. Moreover, the normal items and large ingredients made up most of the pile.

In the first place, Alandal had only two Roused, Woojin and Sunggoo. It was inevitable for the collection to be small.

The drop rate for Artifacts were high only for the first clear of a Dungeon, so even if they had a low number of Roused, the guild possessed a relatively numerous amount of Artifacts.

“Are you a bit sober now?”

“...I’m deeply ashamed.”

Woo-soonghoon was still hungover. He lowered his head.

It seemed Minchan and Haemin had been hardened by company life. Their faces were fine. Sunggoo’s body couldn’t be compared to before, so he looked fresh.

“I guess I’ll take it out now?”

“Yes, sir.”

Everyone looked at Woojin with anticipation in their eyes. Woojin opened his inventory, and he started taking out Kim-jungun’s collection.

Kim-jungun wasn't a Roused, but he had gathered a lot of Artifacts and Skill books. Woojin had run out of Inventory space, so he had to waste a lot of Achievement Points to add additional slots.

It was as if Woojin was snatching items out of empty air. The items started pouring on to the floor like piles of clothes one saw in the market.

“.....”

The amount of items far outstripped what one could earn clearing a Dungeon several times. Everyone's mouth fell open in shock.

“What are you guys doing? Start sorting it out.”

“What?”

“Sort out the item we'll be able to sell on the market. Then sort out the stolen goods we'll have to fence.”

...president actually acknowledged these were stolen goods.

He would have been put in an awkward situation if Woojin unreasonably demanded him to sell all these items on the market for money. Minchan was thankful towards Woojin.

Woojin poured out a lot of Artifacts, and it filled up an entire section of the storage room. They would need three 1 ton trucks to move it.

At Minchan's direction, everyone started sorting the Artifacts.

The basic ingredients and Skill books that existed in high quantity wasn't of much interest. They looked for items with unique shapes and unique abilities.

Basically, they made a separate pile for items people would recognize where it came from just by looking at it.

There were some unique items with low value, but most of the times were high performance Artifacts. There were 10 Artifacts that would conservatively sell for 10 to 20 million dollars.

“I guess I’ll use these.”

He took a pair of earrings. It wouldn’t be very noticeable even if he wore it. Then he put the rest of the Artifacts into his inventory.

He opened his Advanced Skill, then he put all the Artifacts into the [Combination Box]. At the bottom, there were two options. The [Combine] button was off, and the [Extract] button started blinking brightly.

Woojin didn’t hesitate to press the [Extract] button.

# Chapter 70

## To the US (2)

<You've obtained the World's Water.>

<You've obtained Admantium.>

<You've obtained a rusty ancient bar of iron... >

<You've obtained the highest quality Strength Crystal... >

Woojin licked his lips as he saw his empty inventory space fill up quickly with items. These were rare crafting items that was hard to find even on Alphen yet they were pouring out right now.

The most numerous items were the bars of metal, and magical crystals. However, a large amount of other rare materials was also extracted.

'If I'm lucky, then I could probably make my old equipment.'

The equipment he had used on Alandal. It aided in his magic, and It also assisted in controlling the Undead. If he could regain all of his equipment, he could probably recreate his Undead Army on earth.

No. He needed it.

There was a limit on how much he can increase his Stat using Bonus Stats and Reinforcement Stones. If he could get all of his equipment, he would be 3 times or more powerful then his normal self.

Woojin looked through Point Store index to find the equipment he had used before.

'Three million Achievement Points?'

Woojin's mouth fell open when he saw the price of his old equipment. It wasn't something he could acquire using only Achievement Points. Fortunately, the recipe to



make the equipments was available for purchase at a price of 10,000 Points.

Woojin decided to purchase one.

<Thrash's Honor>

A helmet imbued with the God of Destruction Thrash's power.

Ingredient : Dragon Heart(1), White Gold Ingot(3), Vampire's Heart(2)...

There were over 20 ingredients listed, so he looked for the material inside the Achievement Point Store. The price of the ingredients varied, but when summed, he needed around 4 million points.

It would be much better to buy the already made item rather than making it himself through buying the ingredients with Achievement Points.

'I'll try to gather the ingredients, and if I have no choice, I'll have to buy it from the Store.'

He'll gather ingredients as best as he could, then he'll buy only couple ingredients he can't find from the Point Store. This way he'll be able to make the items at a cheaper cost. Woojin purchased the God of Destruction Thrash's other set items.

<Thrash's Protection>

<Thrash's Dignity>

<Thrash's Punishment>

<Thrash's March>

He bought the recipe for the armor, belt, glove and boots. Then he checked all the ingredients.

There was a limit to how much ingredients he could earn using item extraction. Currently, he wasn't able to make even one of his equipment.

'Well, I'm not in a hurry yet.'

He'll slowly scope out the market, and he'll gather ingredients during his hunt. If that isn't enough, he could break down Artifacts that's being traded.

After his employees finished sorting the items, Woojin gathered them around him.

"It'll be impossible for you to solo a 4 star. Go around the 3 star Dungeons, Sunggoo."

"Yes, hyung-nim. I've already finished making appointments."

His goal wasn't excavating bloodstones. He was clearing the Dungeons to practice and advance his abilities. In recent days, it felt as if he was finally getting a pay off for his past manual labor job of extracting bloodstones.

"Haemin. You should take good care of Sunggoo."

"Of course"

Sunggoo was Rank C right now, and he would be a Rank B Roused soon. Sunggoo was growing into an expert, who would be treated well even in the large guilds. No one would treat him carelessly anymore.

Haemin, who was an employee of the support division, had become close friends with Director Hong-sunggoo, so he was never negligent in supporting Sunggoo.

"Minchan. What about my ticket to the US?"

"It's all been taken care of. You will be leaving in a week from today."

"Yes. Well, you do everything well on your own initiative."

Minchan didn't having any additional words to add to that statement. Minchan was embarrassed yet proud of Woojin's praise. Unlike his stint in the Hammer Guild, Minchan managed everything that went on in Alandal.

He couldn't help but feel a sense of fulfillment in his work.

Woojin looked at the gaunt face of Woo-soonghoon.

"You should take care of your hangover."

“...yes.”

Woojin gave orders to all of his employees. He was about to head out as he turned his back towards them.

“Oh yeah. I chose a new member for the guild. She is a Rank F, and she’ll be coming by soon.”

“What?”

This was a pretty big news for them, so their curiosity was piqued. Woojin grinned.

“You’ll see later. Well, work hard.”

“Have a nice day, president.”

“Have a nice day.”

Woojin left as he received farewells from his employees. He made a call to Jiwon.

[Hey, Woojin.]

“Author Do. Where are you?”

[Ai. What? I’m at the cafe.]

“I’ll be there soon.”

[No. I will head out right now. Let’s meet at the front.]

“All right. Let’s do that.”

Woojin ended his call, then he headed towards Angel Angel.

While he was crossing the street, he saw Do-jiwon come out of the cafe.

When she saw Woojin, she waved her hand with a radiant face. She was exceptionally beautiful today.

“Let’s go. My mother and sister should be at the restaurant.”

“What should I do? I’m really nervous.”

“It’s just lunch.”

Jiwon couldn’t hide her nervousness even when she heard Woojin’s words.

In Korea, it was a bit of a special occasion when one meets the significant other’s parents.

When Woojin and Jiwon walked side-by-side, the surrounding pedestrians couldn’t help but glance at them at least once.

“Wow. Awesome.”

“She’s really pretty.”

“Doesn’t the guy look familiar?”

“That guy? I have no idea. Who cares?”

Jiwon was so pretty that she was the center of everyone’s attention. It even made people not recognize the face of a Rank AA Roused, who was frequently on tv these days.

“It’s over there. Let’s go in.”

“Hoo-oo.”

Jiwon took a deep breath to shed her nervousness. Jiwon and Woojin entered the appointed restaurant together.



There was a saying that said pretty teachers were popular amongst children in kindergarten. It seemed those talks were true.

Sooah asked endless questions toward Jiwon, and her conversation made the dinner quite amicable.

“After seeing you on tv, I was very curious. I had to meet you at least once. Thank you

for coming out here.”

“No, mother. I’m really grateful you invited me. Please speak freely.”

“Ah-whew. No. You are still someone else’s precious daughter.”

It seemed his mother was quite taken with Jiwon. After a short lunch, she immediately stood up with Sooah.

“We’ll be going. Please continue your date.”

As if she didn’t want to bother them, she left after a brief lunch. Woojin put on a wry smile as he watched his mother leave. His mother didn’t want to interfere with his love life. She was satisfied after meeting with the woman he was dating.

His family really just ate a quick lunch, then they left. It almost made Jiwon feel silly for being so nervous.

“We have a lot of time left. Don’t we have a meeting at dinner time? Who’s coming?”

“Yeah. Do you know who Nahm-jihyuhk and Park-sohee is?”

“Those names seems familiar.”

“Jihyuhk said he used to be close to you...”

“Ah. Is that so? Then I’ll probably get along with him again. What should we do until the evening? Do you want to go watch a movie??”

“Yeah. Let’s do that.”

“All right. Let’s walk there.”

The theater was one subway station away.

As they walked, Woojin grabbed Jiwon’s hand and her cheeks became red.



Inside a black van.

“Whew. I really hate this.”

Cindy, who was part of a 4 member girl group named Yuri Girls, let out a sigh.

Her manager laughed as he spoke.

“Heh heh. You have to paddle when the tide comes in. Let’s hurry up and go. The director is waiting for us.”

“Uh-whew. Will the number of people who watch this movie increase if we do this?”

“It’s all about portraying a certain image. Do you really think everything ends after the filming ends? We all have to work hard to promote the film. What would they say if the main heroine didn’t show up on stage? Even if the number of people who’ll watch this movie won’t increase, you’ll gain more fans.”

“Ah. I want to rest.”

It had been 6 years since Yuri Girls debuted, and their popularity was in decline after being pushed by the younger girl groups. However, Cindy was still popular as ever, and she was too busy to eat and sleep.

She had successfully transitioned into an actress. This movie will allow her to reach a new zenith in her acting career.

She’ll be hitting her prime.

“Let’s hurry up and go.”

“All right.”

Cindy put on her sunglasses, then she exited the car after the road manager opened the door. She had naturally high cheekbones, and she put on a gorgeous smile. However, the expected crowd wasn’t in front of her van.

Usually, even if they kept her whereabouts a secret, the fans would show up like

swarms of clouds. However, she didn't see any of those fans. The security personnel, who had been waiting for Cindy, greeted her.

"Oppa. I think we were too secretive."

"I... I guess so."

The manager was also a little bit taken aback by this situation.

"This might better, since we can relax. Let's hurry up and go."

Cindy went into the ready room with the security personnel, and she saw that the room was crowded near one side.

"What's going on over there? Did another team other than ours show up?"

"Huh? Wait a second. I'll go check it out."

After the manager quickly ran towards the crowd, he came back not too long afterward, and he made a great fuss.

"Wa. Jackpot!"

"What?"

"It's Kahng-woojin! Kahn-woojin came to see the movie."

"Is that so?"

Cindy knew who Kahng-woojin was. He was a Roused, who was much more popular than celebrities.

"Oppa."

"Huh?"

"Go get me his number."

Cindy's words made the manager's brow furrow. His face suddenly stiffened, and he exuded his disapproval.

“Hey. Why are you being like this again? We can’t have a scandal again.”

“Oppa. Did I say I was going to date him? I just want to build a friendly relationship with him. Hurry up and get his contact information.”

“Hey, I have to keep my promise to the president...”

“Do you want me to go there myself? Wouldn’t people recognize me?”

That would cause more trouble.

The reporters probably would love such a situation, and they would flock toward them.

The manager tried to find another excuse.

“Hey. He has a girlfriend by his side.”

“Ha-ah.”

Cindy let out a sigh then she lowered her sunglasses slightly. She looked at her manager with eyes filled with confidence.

“Oppa. I’m Cindy. Cindy. Yuri Girl’s Cindy.”

“.....”

Ah. She was a good actress, and she worked diligently. She behaved in a pleasant manner towards the staff. He liked everything about her except the fact that she acted as if being a celebrity was a position that gave her power.

“Do you want me to go there myself?”

“N... no. I’ll go.”

Before a bigger incident could happen, the manager quickly burrowed through the dense crowd. After he returned, Cindy could guess what had happened when she saw his expression.

“What? You couldn’t get it?”



“...uh.”

“Did you tell him you are Cindy’s manager?”

“I did.”

“He still didn’t give it to you?”

“He said who is she...”

“.....”

At her manager’s words, she saw the security personnel trying to hold back their laughter. Cindy adjusted her sunglasses, then she walked in a calm manner.

‘Huh. He doesn’t know about me? He turned me down?’

Cindy was barely able to hold herself back when her pride was trampled. She moved towards the ready room prepared for her by the theater. After she greeted the director and the other main actors, she went into the theater to greet her fans from the stage.



Woojin held up his ticket as they entered, and he whispered towards Jiwon.

“We are fortunate I still had the cancelled tickets.”

“I guess. Aren’t you uncomfortable with this situation, Woojin?”

“Why?”

“People will mob you...”

Woojin grinned at Jiwon’s words.

“Ah. I’m used to it. Are you uncomfortable? Do you want to wear a mask again?”

“Pbbt. No. I’m fine.”

Jiwon couldn’t help, but laugh when she thought about the masks.

When her face was damaged, people looked at her with pity and disgust in their eyes. She could tolerate the stares and interest people showed her now. No, it actually brought up old feelings she had buried.

During her high school days, she had been called a goddess, and she was the center of everyone's attention.

Woojin and Jiwon got in their seats, and they ignored the glances everyone was giving them. They waited for the movie to start.

"Uh? I guess it's a stage greeting."

Jiwon was lucky, since advanced reservation was needed to view the stage greeting. Her eyes twinkled.

The director and celebrities came in, and they started to introduce themselves.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Murim Heroine's director Lee-jaehong."

"Hello. I'm Murim Heroine's main character, Cindy."

"Hello. My name is Che-jaesong. My role was a warrior in charge of guarding Ms. Cindy."

As she watched the celebrities give stock greetings, an old memory surfaced within Jiwon.

"Do you remember Cindy over there? She was in the same year as us in high school. She was the trainee in class 8." (TLN: trainee for the talent agency)

He couldn't even remember his friends from his own class, so how could he remember a person from a different class? He vaguely remembered there used to be a girl who had been a trainee...

"Is that so? I don't remember her."

"Heh. She's probably the most successful alumni. No. I guess you are more successful now?"

"Successful my ass."

Woojin was grinning when his eyes met Cindy's gaze.

"Uh? Isn't she looking towards us? Did she recognize you?"

"Maybe."

When Jiwon went to the restroom, the manager had approached him to ask for his phone number... He didn't feel too good about it.

Cindy continued to stare directly at Woojin, and she brought up the microphone to her mouth.

# Chapter 71

## To the US (3)

“Mr. Kahng-woojin, who is the most popular man right now, came to see our movie. It is really an honor.”

At Cindy’s words, everyone inside the theater turned to look at him. Kahng-woojin let out a bitter smile as he looked at Cindy.

“If you don’t mind me asking, could I bring you up to the front of the stage?”

At Cindy’s words, a staff rapidly approached Woojin. The staff spoke as he bowed towards the audiences sitting close to Woojin.

“Excuse me. Please move for a brief moment. Yes. Excuse me.”

The people sitting next to Woojin all stood up, and they moved into the aisle. They made way, so Woojin could come out. The staff approached Woojin, and he spoke.

“Please come this way.”

“

I do mind, so fuck off.”

“What?”

If she already knew she was being a bother then she should have left him alone. Why did she have to annoy him by asking him a favor?

“Tell her I said hello and to fuck off. I’m starting to get annoyed.”

“T... that is...”

“Are my words insufficient?”

When Woojin started gathering his magic, the staff member started feeling a threatening energy, so he started backing off.

“I... I’ll deliver the message.”

The staff member quickly approached Cindy to deliver Woojin’s words. The theater was quiet, so everyone heard what was being said. The director laughed as he grabbed the microphone.

“Haha. I’m sorry for making you wait. I’m sure his rebuttal means he really wants to watch our movie as soon as possible. Please have fun. Enjoy the movie.”

After a brief farewell, the director and actors exited the stage. Everyone kept sneaking glances towards Woojin. Jiwon whispered into Woojin’s ear.

“It seems Cindy doesn’t know she graduated from the same high school as you.

Well, it was likely she had no idea.

Woojin didn’t know Cindy, and Cindy didn’t know Woojin.

The movie was quite entertaining.

The Roused used magic. They showed abilities that was impossible in real life.

They were very expensive to hire, but a movie casting the Roused didn’t need special effects or CG. They could film everything on the spot.

They were Rank F and Rank E Roused hired professionally for these works.

They didn’t make a lot of money, but not everyone wanted to risk their life for a large income.

When the movie ended, it was close to the appointed time.

Since the weather was getting chilly, people were wearing a thick layer of clothes. Woojin suddenly realized Jiwon was wearing a very worn coat.

“Didn’t you say before that you have some debts?”

“Ah. I paid it all off. I received my severance pay.”

“Hmmm. If you need some help, just tell me.”

“Eh-ee. You don’t need to help me. I’ve already received too much from you.”

She owed him an incalculable debt from the fact that he had restored her face.

“What’s Jaemin doing these days?”

“His college entrance exam is right around the corner, so he is really busy. He is taking his studies really seriously these days.”

“Is that so? I guess he got past the shock.”

“Huh? Shock?”

“The girl he liked entered a trainee program for entertainers. He made a big scene. He cried a lot.”

“Huh. Jaemin said that?”

“You didn’t know?”

This was the first time Jiwon heard about this. She had thought there were no secrets between her sibling. She was a little bit disappointed that he didn’t tell her what had happened.

“So that is why he is study so hard these days...”

“Haha. There aren’t any downside if he studies hard.”

Woojin decided he should meet with Jaemin after he took his college entrance exam. He always talked about entering a guild, so he’ll let Jaemin enter his guild.

Woojin followed Jiwon to the appointed grilled meat restaurant.

They were led to a room reserved to Nahm-jihyuhk, but no one had arrived yet. After a brief amount of time, Nahm-jihyuhk and Park-soojin opened the door, and they carefully entered the room.

“Soojin.”

“J... Jiwon!”

Park-soojin was her friend who had kept in contact with Jiwon until the end. Since Jiwon had been busy with her factory work, she was rarely able to keep in touch with Soojin, so they had become estranged.

When Woojin cleared the Dungeon in Daegoo, Soojin saw the article with the picture of Jiwon kissing Woojin. Soojin had recognized her, and she had tried to get a hold of Jiwon again.

When Soojin saw Jiwon’s face, she started crying.

“Good for you. Girl! You are all better now. You are whole.”

“Ooh-oong. I’m all good now.”

“Hoo-hook. Good. That’s really good.”

Soojin started crying from genuine happiness, and it made Jiwon’s eyes well up with tears. It was as if separated family members had reunited after a long time. They hugged each other as they cried with runny noses. Nahm-jihyuk felt awkward by the scene, so he approached Woojin.

“It... it’s been awhile?”

The friend he had thought was dead when Woojin went missing had suddenly shown up after 5 years. Moreover, he was one of the top Roused in the world, and the media covered him daily.

He used to worry about the college entrance exam with Woojin. They used to study and play Chaos together. Only 5 years had passed, but his friend had become someone amazing.

Jihyuhk couldn’t help being awkward and he was mindful of how he acted around Woojin.

Woojin was meeting his friend after 20 years...

“You’re here?”

He wordlessly raised his glass.

Ggol ggol.

Woojin smiled as he filled the glass. He thought he wouldn’t recognize anyone since it had been 20 years. He dimly remembered some names, but everything was fuzzy.

‘Nahm-jihyuhk. I remember him.’

Woojin recognized his face. He had seen his friend’s face in 20 years, and couple memories from his third year in high school started surfacing.

He was happy.

He was so happy that he wanted to cry.

“How have you been?”

“Dude. What have you been up to before you suddenly fell out of the sky? I was so surprised when I saw you on TV.”

Woojin treated Jihyuhk in a relaxed manner. Jihyuhk started to grin when his nervousness dissipated.

“Hey, let’s have a drink.”

All of his classmates from Mido High school was gathered here.

There were friends he was close to during his high school days, and there were those he only remembered by their faces. However, this moment was very precious to him.

It felt as if the Immortal of Alphen was turning back into Kahng-woojin of earth.

He wouldn’t be lying if he said he would be satisfied if he was struck dead right now.

His family was here, and now he had friends here.

He wouldn’t mind dying in battle now. There were people who will remember him...



He wouldn't have any regret even if he died. However, he wanted to live much more now.

He wanted to protect his family and friends, who remembered him.

He hadn't fought tooth and nail to survive, so he could just return to earth.

The war to protect everyone was just starting.

When the meat and alcohol started coming out, the atmosphere turned mellow.

Woojin listened to old stories about his life from his friends, and it was great.

He felt warm, and cozy when he started dwelling on his old memories.

He was happy as if he was a babe in his mother's bosom.

For a moment, he escaped from his worries about Trahnet and the Dungeon Break. He felt as if he was in a dream for a brief time.



After they parted from their friends, Jiwon and Woojin walked the night streets together.

"Ha. It was great."

Woojin let out a breath, and the happiness could be heard in his voice.

"I'm glad you liked it."

Jiwon also smiled. It felt as if she repaid a small portion of the kindness she had received from him.

"I guess we'll meet more of our friends at the end of the year, right?"

"I guess so."

Jiwon didn't meet as many friends as Woojin. There was an alumni reunion at the end of the year, and she was already looking forward to it.

A person, who kept glancing at Woojin and Jiwon in the street, approached them with a pen and a paper.

“Mr. Kahng-woojin. I’m a fan. Please sign this for me.”

“.....”

Woojin looked back dumbly, and the people in the surrounding rushed towards him.

One person after another continuously stepped up towards him.

Even if they took home the paper with signature, it was of no use. However, everyone still tried to get a signature from him.

“I’m not a celebrity, so why should I sign this?”

“Aren’t you a public figure?”

“Why don’t you get out of the way? You are being annoying.”

At Woojin’s cold response, the people crowding around him hesitated.

Woojin started walking, and the people made way for him. He escaped from the crowd while he led Jiwon by her hand.

“Chet. What the hell?”

“Can a public figure act like that?”

Woojin stopped walking when he heard the people whisper behind his back. He was about to turn around and say something, but Jiwon grabbed Woojin’s arm.

“Let’s just go.”

“Hoo.”

He shook his head. Woojin started walking again as he looked at Jiwon. Was he too emotional right now since he met his high school friends? He became angry at the whispers he would usually ignore.

“I’ll have to buy a car.”

“Huh?”

Yes. That will be for the best. Since he can’t wipe out the people in the street, he’ll just have to avoid them.

“You don’t have a driver’s license?”

“Nope. I don’t have one.”

“.....”

Woojin was summoned during his 3rd year in high school. There was no way he would have a driver’s license.

“I guess I’ll have to get a driver’s license first.”

Woojin took hold of Jiwon’s hand and they walked the streets.



One week passed by quickly.

Woojin went around to gather information about setting up a cafe for his bored mother. In the evenings, he set aside time to play with Sooah. Sooah, who had felt a bit awkward at his presence, started to slowly open her heart. It warmed his heart.

Sunggoo soloed 3 star Dungeons during the day, and at night, he went to the 5 star Dungeon owned by Alandal with Woojin. He also made appointments for 5 star and 6 star Dungeons owned by other guilds. It was advantageous to spend the night inside the Dungeon since time ran 4 time longer inside. It was better to sleep briefly inside the Dungeon to relieve the mental fatigue.

Sunggoo diligently ate Reinforcement Stones, and he continued to learn various Skills. He also learned how to deal with variety of monsters. He came up with various battle tactics using his magic and skills.

It had been only a week, but he had spent a much longer time inside the Dungeon. It was enough time to allow the Roused Hong-sunggoo to turn from Rank C to Rank B.

“Hyung-nim! I changed it.”

He proudly displayed his Roused Registration card, which had changed to Rank B. Woojin grinned when he saw Sunggoo.

“Too bad. I planned on going to the US after I raised you up to Rank A.”

“No, hyung-nim.”

Sunggoo’s voice trembled from being overwhelmed by his emotions.

“I’m a Rank B now. This all thanks to hyung-nim’s teaching”

“Don’t enter anything above 4 star.”

“Of course, hyung-nim.”

Sunggoo had soloed 4 star Dungeons several times under the administration of Woojin. Sunggoo thought he could solo 4 star Dungeons with no problem, but the future wasn’t set in stone.

Woojin held up a fist-sized red gem. Sunggoo’s eyes turned round when he received it.

“H... hyung-nim! Isn’t this a Return Portal?”

“Don’t die because you got cute. If you are in danger, just come out.”

“H... hyung-nim.”

He had easily gave up a rare 10 million dollar item to him... Sunggoo looked like he was about to cry.

“You’ve developed into something useful, so it would be a loss if you die now.”

Ah. He was always like this in touching situations... Sunggoo knew his indifferent words was different from what Woojin felt.

“Don’t die a pointless death. I’ve invested a lot of money in you. If you die, wouldn’t it have all been a waste? How wasteful would that be?”

“.....”

He was almost sure Woojin’s real feeling was warm...

Still, Woojin had invested couple million into Sunggoo. The Reinforcement Stones, Artifacts, and Skill books he had used... Moreover, the ring on Sunggo’s finger was a sub-dimension Artifact able to store 3 items. It was worth around 3 million dollars.

The Return Portal was like a lifeline. Sunggoo put the item into his sub-dimension.

“Then keep up the good work.”

“Heh hehe. I’ll accompany you to the airport.”

“It’s alright. Just go clear a Dungeon.”

“Heh hehe.”

Sunggoo was still giddy from becoming a Rank B Roused, so he kept laughing for no reason. Woojin and Minchan got on the taxi.

If Woojin went alone, he would get into all kinds of trouble. Woojin didn’t know anything about the consortium, so Minchan would accompany him to take care of the Alandal’s business. Woojin was just here to meet the Holy maiden.

“Have you been to the US, Minchan?”

“I’ve been there 3 times.”

“Mmmm.”

“Have you been there, president?”

“Nope.”

This was the first time Woojin was riding a plane, let alone visiting the US. After a momentary silence, a cheerful song rang out inside the taxi.

[The only thing I want is your ph.one.num.ber!]

“Yes. This is Alandal’s Jung-minchan.”

After picking up the call, Minchan started speaking in a serious manner.

“Yes. Yes. I will do so. Thank you for giving us a heads up.”

“What? Who is it?”

After ending the call, Minchan spoke with a serious expression on his face.

“It’s a call from the Ministry of National Defense. They were tipped off on a terrorist attack.”

“Is that so? What about it?”

“President. It seems you are their target...”

“Me? Why are they targeting me?”

Minchan didn’t know what to say when Woojin asked the question in such an oblivious manner. Woojin had made a lot of enemies recently. Woojin just shrugged his shoulders at Minchan’s serious expression.

“I guess they want to entertain me since the road to the US is boring.”

“.....”

It would be a problem if he was joking. It would also be a problem if he meant those words.

Minchan secretly let out a sigh.

# Chapter 72

## Terror (1)

In front of the airport's entrance, a soldier in uniform was waiting for him.

"Uh? Hey, Haesol."

Woojin was glad to see a familiar face, so he wave his hand.

"You are here?"

"Please greet him for me. This man is our guild's general director."

"My name is Jung-minchan."

"I'm Lieutenant Che-haesol. In the near future, we will be eating from the same pot of rice."

Minchan tilted his head in confusion as he shook her hand. Woojin grinned.

"She the new recruit I chose."

"Ah..."

Lieutenant Che-haesol was the new recruit he was talking about last time.

Woojin looked towards Haesol.

"I thought I told you to apply for discharge from service. Why are you here?"

"I'll be a civilian around the time president returns. Until then, I'm still a soldier, and I have to faithfully do my job."

"What? Don't you have any vacation time?"

At Woojin's word, Haesol let out an awkward laugh. She didn't know how he could

make such a silly joke in situations like this.

“I’m sure you heard about the intel. We were tipped off on a potential terrorist attack.”

“I know. So will I be able to go to the US?”

“Since there are a lot of potential risk factors, it’ll take a long time make preparations.”

They would have to delay the take-off. Every single passenger and flight crew would have to go through a background check, so the long delay was inevitable. Moreover, they were sweeping the baggages multiple times.

“So when will we be able to lift off?”

“At the very least, it will be tomorrow.”

Woojin’s brows furrowed.

“Shouldn’t we be inquiring about taking another plane instead?”

“That is why my commander requested cooperation from the KH Guild.”

“KH Guild?”

KH group was a guild that ran a large company.

“Why them?”

“KH Guild is also participating in the consortium. Their group is travelling using a private jet, so you can use it with them. I’ve already received their permission.”

“Oh-ho. That’s good.”

With Haesol’s guidance, Woojin went through a simple screening process before the departure. Minchan and Haesol took care of all the small matters. Woojin just had to show his face.

“Is that my passport?”

“Yes. I’ll keep it in my possession.”



A photographer had come to the office not too long ago to take Woojin's portrait shots, and it must have been used to make his passport. Woojin handed the passport over to Minchan then he shook hands with Haesol.

"Then I'll see you when I return."

"Yes, sir. Have a nice trip."

After Haesol finished her duty as a guide, she departed. They walked through a long passageway. After reaching the runway, the two of them got on a shuttle bus.

Woojin looked out the bus' window to view the runway. It was the quintessential image of a person about to ride a plane for the first time, so Minchan couldn't help but smile.

He had a hard time thinking of him this way, but Woojin was a 24 year old with no experience in taking overseas trips.

"What are you looking at?"

"I'm looking at the air planes."

"The one we will ride won't be as large as those."

Minchan spoke as he looked at the line of A380s. Woojin grinned.

"It'll be fine. I've ridden something much larger."

"What? Didn't you say this was your first time riding an airplane?"

"It will be the first time I'll be flying on an airplane, but I've ridden many things that could fly."

"....."

There was something that flew that was much larger than an airplane?

"I'll let you ride him next time."

"I'll look forward to it."

Woojin put on a bitter smile at Minchan's answer. It wouldn't be a comfortable ride. He could imagine the expression Minchan would make at the rough ride.

The bus stopped in front of an air plane with a KH group logo on the side.

In front of the steps, a man in a neat suit was waiting for them.

"My name is Jung-chansung. I am the senior vice president of KH Guild. I was notified of your arrival."

"We'll be imposing on your hospitality for a little bit."

Jung-chansung smiled at Minchan's words.

"You won't be imposing anything on us. It is an honor to serve president Kahng-woojin. Please come up. Our guild's president is waiting for you inside."

Woojin walked up the stairs.

When they entered the passageway, they didn't see any airplane seats. Instead, a room arranged like a living room was revealed. There was a 40 year old middle aged man sitting on top of a sofa.

Woojin was recently on the news on a frequent basis, so his fame was quite recent. However, the masses already knew the face and profile of all top 10 Rank A Roused of Korea. Jung-minchan recognized the man's face, so he whispered into Woojin's ear.

"He is KH Guild's president Baek-jongdo."

When Woojin walked closer, Baek-jongdo suddenly stood up, and he quickly walked towards Woojin. Then he raised one hand high in the air.

"Aigoo, president Kahng!"

"....."

Woojin blankly stared back at him. Jung-chansung, who was also his personal assistant, quickly approached Baek-jongdo to hold him back. His face and ears were red.

“President. They are guests we are seeing for the first time, so please restrain yourself.”

“Ooh huh huh. Understood.”

Baek-jungdo pushed his hand out towards Kahng-woojin.

“I thought you watched this drama since it is very popular right now. I’m KH guild’s Baek-jongdo.”

“I’m Kahng-woojin...”

Woojin asked a question as he shook the other man’s hand.

“What were you doing before?”

“Huh? It’s something they do on a popular drama on tv right now. Huh huh.”

“Ah. I thought you wanted to fight me.”

Baek-jongdo let out a cheerful laugh at Woojin’s words.

“Do you like dramas?”

“I like it.”

“Ooh-huh huh. Since we have a lot of time before we get to the US, let’s watch some dramas together.”

“Ah, that’s great. I was bored, so I was wondering what I should do to entertain myself.”

Woojin enjoyed watching TV. The problem was he didn’t have time to watch it. This was why he put a TV inside the president’s room. Whenever he had a spare moment, Woojin watched dramas.

“I installed a fantastic multimedia room inside my private plane. Come this way.”

When Baek-jongdo and Kahng-woojin moved past Jung-changsung, he was left standing inside the parlor with Jung-minchan. Jung-changsung lowered his head to his chest.

“I’m sorry. Our president is a really eccentric person...”

“Ha ha ha. It’s ok. Our president is also...”

Minchan answered awkwardly, but somehow he felt some unknown kinship with Jung-changsung.



Hwarang Guild’s President Room.

A TV was mounted on one side of the wall. The news about the terror intelligence, the closure and inspection of the Inchun Airport was being reported. Moreover, there was a breaking news that said Kahng-woojin was accompanying the KH Guild’s president to the US.

“He’s really become a celebrated figure in Korea.”

His every move was now being reported on the internet, and the news. The cameras were constantly on Kahng-woojin, since his clearing of the 6 star Dungeons, and his visits to the US were big news.

Lee-sahngho frowned as he glared at his silent hand phone.

Ddi-ri-di-ri ding dong, ddi-ri-di-ri.....

It was call from Korean broker Lee-sahngho had been waiting for. He pressed the answer button, and he put the phone up to his ear.

[It’s me.]

“How can you work so sloppily?”

[Sloppy? I’m disappointed in your words.]

“The whole country knows about the planned terrorist attack, and the target just left the country. Can you afford to be so relaxed??”

[Koo-kook. Our plans are well under way, so you don’t have to worry about it.]

“Hoo-ooh. Are you sure?”

[Who would be so uncouth these days to carry out a terrorist attack on an air plane? This is only the initial smokescreen. Be at ease. Just wait and see.]

“Hoo. All right.”

Lee-sahnggho ended the call. Were they pretending to cover up the fact that their plan had gone side way? Or is this really their initial smoke screen? He had no way of finding out which was true.

The broker called him everyday with a different number.

He had no way of contacting the man unless the broker contacted him first.

He had already paid a substantial price, so they would fulfill his request. They were a group of professional killers, who have yet to fail yet.



KH Group’s Private Airplane Multimedia Room.

Three people were sitting in a place set up like a mini theater.

The screen was showing a currently popular drama called ‘Reply 1988’.

“Hoo hoo.”

After exiting the restroom, Baek-jongdo looked at the others busily watching the drama, and he felt a rewarding feeling. He was able to share something he enjoyed with others. He felt great joy at experiencing something with others he liked.

When Woojin saw Baek-jongdo returning from the restroom, he suddenly stood and approached Baek-jongdo with one hand in the air.

“Aigoo, president Baek!”

Baek-jongdo raised one hand.

“Aigoo, president Kahng!”

The two hands met. When they grabbed each other's hands, they started squatting up and down repeatedly.

"It's really great to see you. Really great to see you."

Minchan felt his hands and feet shrivel up when he saw both of their antics.

He was well aware Kahng-woojin lived without caring about what others thought of him. However, it seems KH Guild's Baek-jongdo was also formidable opponent in that respect.

Minchan glanced to his side, and Jung-chansung was red up to his ears.

When their eyes met, Jung-minchan and Jung-chansung exchanged sorrowful gazes.

'I guess it is our role to be embarrassed for them.'

Minchan prayed they wouldn't act that way in a crowded location.



After the 20 hours flight, they finally arrived at New York.

The Titan Guild was hosting the consortium, so an employee was dispatched for each guild.

"Welcome. I'm Titan guild's Richard Che. I'll be guiding you to the hotel."

For the convenience of guests of each country, the Titan guild sent employees capable of speaking the native language of each guests. The guide led them to vehicles on standby. Before Baek-jongdo got in the car, he smacked his lips in regret.

"Why don't we have a drink after a brief rest?"

"Ah. That would be great."

"Hoo hoo. I'll see you later. Ah-ooh."

"Ill see you later, Baek hyung."

Woojin and Minchan got into the car with Richard Che.

“President. I guess you are quite taken with President Baek?”

“Haha. He’s quite fun. Moreover, he’s of a similar age as me.”

“Mmmm...”

Baek-jongdo was 42 years, and Woojin was 24 years old...

“Ah. You said you lived on Alphen for 20 years.”

He estimated Woojin should be around 39 years old. When Minchan thought of it this way, it was obvious why he felt Woojin wasn’t like a young person.

No. Isn’t Woojin older than him?

“Well, the concept of age is a funny thing now, because of the Dungeon.”

“I guess so.”

This wasn’t only true in regards to Woojin, who had returned from to Alphen. The time within all the high rank Dungeons ran 4 times longer inside... It would be laughable to apply the standard age on the Roused.

Instead of age, shouldn’t they measure the time experienced by each Roused?

Still, isn’t he a little immature for a 39 year old?

“Well, one’s life is weighted differently depending on the life one lived.”

When he heard Woojin’s quiet mumble, Minchan felt guilty. It felt as if his inner thoughts had been revealed.

Woojin spent a hellish 20 years over there.

If he wasn’t able find merriment, he would have probably killed himself long before. Even though Baek-jongdo was a scion of a rich family, he might had led a similar life to Woojin.

They probably lead a life heavy with burden.

The car left the airport, and they stopped at a hotel nearby. It was a dark night, and one could only see hotels lining the street. One couldn't see any place that would provide entertainment.

The consortium would start tomorrow at lunch.

"Please rest comfortably. We'll have a vehicle ready at 11 AM."

After finishing the check-in, Richard Che returned to where he came from. Woojin and Minchan greeted each other inside the elevator.

"Come out immediately after you wash yourself. I'm going out to drink."

"Yes, president."

Everyone invited to the consortium were special guests, so there were no special treatments among the guests. Minchan was placed in a business room on the 3rd floor, and Woojin was guided to a VIP suite on the top floor.

Shwahhhhh.

Woojin took a shower, then he dried his hair. After he drank the water bottle he took out of the fridge, he opened the carrier packed by Minchan.

There were several formal wear he would wear tomorrow packed inside, and there was also a sweatsuit in there. He took out and wore the sweatsuit.

Even though it was only a sweat suit, it was made from materials brought out from the Dungeons. It was something a Roused would wear. He wasn't too familiar with the subject, but clothes like this could easily go for several thousand dollars.

Before he was about to head out, Woojin turned off the light to his room.

"Huh?"

He felt a strange sense of danger. When he swept his gaze across the room, he saw a shaking red dot on one side of the room.



“A laser?”

Sooah and Bibi played frequently with the laser pointer, so he was used to seeing the red light. The only difference was the size. The laser point was about 5 times larger.

Woojin walked several steps forward to see where the laser point was originating from. When he looked out the window, he could the light of a laser being shot from a far off building.

“Uh?”

At the same moment, Woojin saw a missile falling from the sky.

The missile was heading straight towards Woojin.

# Chapter 73

## Terror (2)

As soon as he saw the approaching missile, he started running.

“Huh.”

Woojin ran towards the window instead of running towards the door.

Pah-ahng!

Woojin’s body broke through the thick window, then he jump as he pushed off the window frame.

Hejumped as he soared through the air.

Woojin headed towards the missile. His shadow rode along the darkness to head towards the laser.

The missile was flying towards him at a high speed, but Woojin only had to travel a short distance. How large would the explosion be? He couldn’t test it inside the hotel since Jung-minchan was there. Moreover, a lot of people were in the vicinity.

When Woojin was in mid-air, he punched the head of the missile.

It would be great if he could change the direction of the missile, but he didn’t care if it didn’t.

Ggooooooooohng!

The contained energy burst outwards as it caused an explosion. The Soul Armor that was always around Woojin activated much quicker than the explosion. The barrier of Soul was thickest at Woojin’s fist. It created multiple layers to protect his hand.

Kwahng!

The incredible explosion was obstructed by the Soul Armor, so the flames exploded up into the sky. Moreover, Woojin endured the entirety of the repelling force caused by the explosion.

Shooooook! Kwahhhhng!

Woojin's figure fell to the floor several times faster than the the speed he had ascended with. Woojin flew between buildings as he barely avoided them. He crashed into the road, then a large crater was formed.

Bbeek, beeek!

The shock wave caused the surrounding parked cars to blare out noisily.

Poo-soooooooo.

The fragments and dusts from the cave-in of the road rose thick into the air. In the midst of it all, Woojin stood up.

The Spirit Armor had somewhat contained the exploding missile, but all of his stored souls evaporated midway. Afterwards, he crashed to the ground, and Woojin had to absorb the damage with his body.

"Koo-ooh. How can they act like this on US soil?"

Woojin wiped the blood that trickled out of his mouth. His chest hurt, and he was having a hard time breathing. It seemed he had broken couple ribs.

"Whoo."

He had used up all of the souls he had imprisoned, so he couldn't use Soul Extraction to heal his body. He didn't want to kill and absorb the souls of the surprised people looking out their windows.

If he was Alphen's Immortal, then he would have already killed them. However, Earth's Woojin had other options.

He bought a Potion from the Point Store, then he poured it into his mouth.

"Koo-ooh."

As he roughly started to heal, the pain receded, and he started to get annoyed.

A missile attack on US soil... Which bastards did this?

Did the Titan do this with the approval of the Department of Defense? Or was it some other powerhouse?

Whoever it was, they had basically sent a declaration of war to him. When he was in North Korea, the explosion was set off in the closed confines of a subway station, and he had barely been able to stay alive. Still, if he hadn't had his Spirit Armor, he would have died a fruitless death by the attack.

"Why are they keep targeting me?"

He knew different people was gunning for him, but the important part was they were all aiming for him. It just reaffirmed the fact that the people of earth won't be able to come together to resist against Trahnet.

No, it was impossible from the start.

He hadn't run amok like a jackass. He just lived according to his personality. He decided to show the world who he was as he ignored other's gazes. He hadn't cared if he made enemies during all of this.

If he had enemies then it also mean he was making allies.

He'll have to make some adjustments again.

Who'll grab the leadership role of protecting earth?

Will it be the existing groups of capitalists? The Roused with strength in their hands? The nations with the strongest military?

Every bastard with a modicum of power would try to seize the leadership role.

Trahnet would attack when earth's powers were split.

Trahnet would bring over his endless army, and only when some of the world's power starts to fall, earth will try to build an allied force.

This was a pattern he had already experienced on Alphen.

When Kahng-woojin was summoned, the allied forces of Alphen and Trahnet was in midst of a tense war. Many people had died, and a large portion of the land was wasted. Woojin's voice didn't have any influence or power in the alliance, so he decided to build his own forces on the abandoned dead-lands.

Should he quietly grow his power here on earth again?

It was a good option if he wanted to repeat his past mistakes.

"It would be great if they revealed themselves to me like this..."

Woojin didn't care if those aiming for his life came out into the open. He'll make an example out of them, so the entire earth will imprinted with the image of him inside their memories.

He didn't care if such an act would make people fear him.

A more brutal enemy was in front of them, and the earth had to come together. Woojin was going to lead them. At the very least, he wanted enough presence where his voice would be heard.

He didn't care if he gained fame or notoriety from achieving his goals.

The problem was...

"It's way too early..."

Events were happening much faster than Woojin had expected.

He hadn't purposefully held back his personality, but at the same time, he hadn't done anything that would have made enemies... He was disillusioning himself.

So which dimwit was so impatient to get rid of him?

Pah pah pah pah pah.

Woojin lifted his gaze. The helicopter in mid-air a long distance away started to fly away.

“Bibi. Go follow it.”

[All right.]

A black smoke formed, and she was carried off by the wind. She flew under the helicopter’s fuselage. The black smoke changed back into a cat, and she clung on tightly.

“Hoo. Should I go see what these bastards look like?”

Woojin put Ggaebi on the bastard, who shot the laser pointer. He walked towards Ggaebi’s energy signature.



“Holy Maiden. Guild Alandal’s president Kahng-woojin just arrived at the airport.”

Melody was surprised by Mrs. Hamilton’s words.

‘Why was she so nervous when she heard the Korean name Kahng-woojin?’

Hamilton wondered how Melody, who had come from Alphen, was acquainted with a Korean man. Moreover, she couldn’t help but wonder why Melody overreacted every time his name was mentioned.

Still, she couldn’t ask Melody these questions.

Hamilton was a convert of the Aria Church, and Melody was the precious Holy Maiden.

“Are you sure we didn’t do anything that would incur his displeasure?”

“No. I made a special request to the Titan Guild, and they will guide him to the hotel with utmost care.”

“.....”

She bit her lips as it trembled.

When she thought about their eventual meeting, she couldn’t help, but tremble. He probably knew about her being here, and he had come here to meet her.

She couldn't avoid him. She knew the only answer to this problem was to meet him head on. Still, she couldn't help, but feel afraid when she thought about it.

No. Shouldn't she be the one to visit him first?

He had a fiery personality. Would he cause her trouble if she didn't come greet him first?

'It was more than likely if it was him.'

The Holy Maiden suddenly stood up from her seat.

"Which hotel is he staying at?"

"What?"

Hamilton was very surprised. Melody was the most important person after the goddess Aria. Was Kahng-woojin worth all of this?

"I'll have to go see him."

"...I'll go prepare the Holy Knights."

Most of the Holy Maiden's business was conducted inside the Aria Church at the Titan Guild's headquarters. However, she sometimes had to attend public events, so she received protection from her Holy Knights.

On average, the Holy Knights had the ability of a Rank B+ Roused. Her protectors was the strongest group on earth.

"I will be honored if I was able to follow you, Holy Maiden."

"I will volunteer my services to the Holy Maiden."

The Holy Knights scrambled forward to be in the group that would accompany her. Ten knights were chosen amongst them.

They accompanied Melody as she headed towards the hotel where Kahng-woojin was staying at.

There were 3 vehicles, and the Holy Maiden got in the second car. James sat next to her.

The Holy Maiden had healed his daughter's incurable disease. After he witnessed the miracle, he became the most fervent vassal of the Aria Church.

He used to be a Rank A Roused representing the Titan Guild, but now he was the head Holy Knight of Aria's church.

"Is something bothering you, Holy Maiden??"

"It's nothing."

Some unknown uneasiness shown through the Holy Maiden's eyes, and James wasn't used to seeing her like this.

She was always serene and happy. The Holy Maiden was like a real life angel, who had descended from the sky. She was beautiful, and she had a majestic bearing befitting an agent of the goddess.

Still, this was the first time James had seen her act this way.

He was unaccustomed to it.

"Hoo-ooh. I'm fine. Please don't worry about me."

"Yes, Holy Maiden."

James decided he would have to pay more attention in protecting her, when he saw Melody's anxiety. As they were about to head towards the hotel, the vehicle came to a stop.

"What's going on?"

"Please wait a moment..."

James pushed the mic button on the device in his ear, and he spoke.

"What is it?"



[Chee-jeek. There was an explosion nearby.]

“What?”

James looked over the driver seat, then he caught sight of the city that was beyond the window. There was a large bank of clouds on top of the city. It wasn't a natural phenomena.

Did the windows shake a little bit before because of the after-effect of an explosion?

“It seems there was a terrorist attack. We'll have to return for your safety.”

“.....”

The Holy Maiden's chin shook.

Is he on a rampage? Shouldn't she go see what's going on?

“I have to know what had happened.”

“We have to turn back. I'll report to you after I find out what happened.”

“.....”

At the Holy Maiden's silence, James radioed a message to his teammates.

“We are heading back to church, Nick. Take some of our boys to see what happened.”

[Roger.]

Two cars did a U-turn, and the last car in the convoy headed towards the street where the explosion happened.



Nick stood in front of a very large crater.

“Did a meteor fall here?”

When they looked around the surrounding, the impact hadn't brought down any

buildings. However, the fragments from the walls, and the damaged cars were quite noticeable. There was also a crater that looked like a sinkhole.

One of the team members sent out to scout the surrounding returned.

“You might not believe this, but a person fell at that spot. There were a lot of witnesses.”

“Where’s the corpse?”

At Nick’s question, Jimmy shrugged his shoulder.

“He’s alive. Witnesses said he just walked out of there.”

“Are you kidding me, Jimmy? Why don’t you just say the terminator came here? Would you survive a collision that would cause a shock wave of this magnitude?”

“You never know. If it’s a Roused with physical abilities, it might be possible.”

“Hmm.”

There was some logic to his words. If it was a Roused with magic based abilities, a gun shot would kill the person. However, a bullet wouldn’t even be able to pierce through the skin of a Roused with physical ability. Many of them had steel-like skins.

At the very least, one had to be a Rank B Roused with physical ability to survive this. Did a Roused specializing in defense fall from the sky?

Why?

Too too too too too too.

The sounds of rotors made him look up, and he could see the news helicopters up in the sky. When he looked around his surrounding, several reporters were already taking pictures.

“Let’s head back.”

“As it is? What about our investigation?”

“The news will inform us.”

Jimmy let out a guffaw at Nick’s easygoing words.

“All right. Let’s head back.”

The Holy Knights of the Aria Church headed back towards the church.



In front of Kahng-woojin’s hotel room.

“Ah. Please.”

Jung-minchan stood behind the employee, who was using the master key to open the door. He restlessly bounced on his feet with a nervous expression on his face. The building shook, while he was taking a shower. Moreover, he also heard the sound of an explosion.

The vibration felt like an earthquake.

The first serious thought that came into his mind was about Kahng-woojin.

He immediately went to Woojin’s room, but it was locked. Moreover, there was no response from inside the room. This was why Minchan had quickly chased down an employee.

“Ah, President. Please.”

When the employee with the master key opened the door, Minchan’s eyes took in the dark room with his eyes.

Tahk.

When the room was illuminated, the wind blowing through the empty room made Jung-minchan’s blood run cold.

“Ah.”

Minchan looked at the broken window with a devastated expression.

“President.”

He felt resentment. He guessed what had happened when he heard the sound of an explosion.

‘It’s president’s doing.’

Jung-minchan looked out the broken window, then he searched the entire room. However, Kahng-woojin was nowhere to be found.

“Huh huh.”

Did the president carry out an act of terror on US soil?

Even he couldn’t settle this affair.

Woojin said he wouldn’t make any accident...

Minchan plopped down in front of Woojin’s messy carrier bag.

# Chapter 74

## Meeting (1)

Woojin tailed him for a long time.

He was already very far from the hotel. Woojin was slowly walking down a backstreet of the inner-city.

The bastard started to take a circuitous route. He must have realized that Woojin was following him.

“I've been found.”

Woojin had nothing more to gain by following him. The man didn't seem dumb enough to go straight to his home base when he knew that Woojin was on his tail.

Woojin agonized over the decision.

He had already stuck Ggaebi on him.

Should he let the bastard go, so Ggaebi could gather information?

It wasn't like Ggaebi was undetectable when he hid inside the shadows. A Roused with great senses would realize that something was amiss.

In fact, acts such as surveillance, tailing and eavesdropping wasn't his forte.

Moreover, he was reluctant to kidnap, incarcerate, and threaten someone...

“I'll just worry about it after I catch him.”

Woojin walked quickly to close the distance with the bastard. When he turned the corner to the alley, Woojin saw a guy holding a large guitar case.

“It's that bastard.”

When Woojin started to gradually close the distance, the bastard turned to look at him.

Both of them stopped walking, and their eyes met.

<Lv 71 Al Assad>

The bastard started running, and Woojin followed him.

“7th Circle?”

This was the first time he had seen a Roused who had past lvl70.

This meant that his opponent was a Rank AA Roused. There were a lot of Roused in the latter stage of level 60. It would have been strange if there were no level 70 Roused to be found if one scoured the entire world.

In the future, more Roused would break through the 6th Circle wall and enter the 7th Circle.

That was in the future. He was currently chasing a Roused, who was arguably one of the top Ranked Roused of Earth.

“A bastard like that is aiming for me?”

Woojin's curiosity grew since he wanted to know who was pulling this man's strings. Maybe he might have to become enemies with one of the great powers of earth.

Woojin increased his speed, but the bastard was quite fast. It wasn't easy to close the distance.

“It feels like he is purposefully leading me on?”

His speed was just fast enough that Woojin couldn't catch up to him.

There was always a fixed distance between them. Truthfully, the bastard wasn't in a hurry at all. Woojin guessed that he was a 7th Circle physical ability Roused. Moreover, he seemed to be well trained. Lee-hyunhwee couldn't hold a candle to to this guy.

“This is fun.”

Woojin was a Necromancer, but he was also a Warrior. He used his Dash Skill and his speed increased by several magnitude.

“I got... him?”

Woojin was about to grab the guitar case, but it seemed that the bastard also had a similar ability to the one he used. He suddenly sped up, and he created some distance between himself and Woojin once again.

‘Look at this cheeky bastard?’

Was there anyone on earth who had caught Woojin's eyes like this? Woojin was probably the first strong person that the guy had met on earth.

After running away for awhile, the bastard stopped in front of a subway station.

The bastard wagged his finger as he looked at Woojin.

“Huh.”

There was only a 2 lane road between them, yet this bastard was taunting him. When Woojin saw this, a thought flitted through his mind. In recent days... No. In the past 10 years, he'd never seen someone be so daring and provoking towards him.

The bastard grinned.

Does the bastard think he is Bruce Lee?

After smiling, he immediately entered the Dungeon. Woojin clicked his tongue in dismay as he watched the man.

“This is quite novel. It's cute.”

He didn't care about who was pulling the bastard's string. He was going to kill that son of a bitch.

The barrier formed itself 30 seconds after the man entered the Dungeon.

Woojin passed through the Dungeon's entrance.



Al Assad.

He was born in Afghanistan, and his father had sold him to the militants at the age of 10.

The moment his eyes witnessed his father being happy as he grabbed a paltry amount of money for selling him, Assad decided become a monster.

He was quite good at using a knife and gun. The children his age were used as bait to absorb bullets, but Assad grew up to be a fantastic militant.

The world he lived in was constantly at war.

The Dungeon Break happened when he was 20 years old, and the world turned chaotic. The war was present before the Dungeon Break, and it still continued on afterwards.

The only thing that had changed was his status as a Roused. He was no longer used as a grunt in the war.

He caught the eyes of militant group's leader. Instead of being sent into a regional warfare against the government forces, he was given more sophisticated assignments.

He was given targets to assassinate, and he carried out terrorist acts. He was successful in all of his assignments, so he gradually made a name for himself. He was able to become a key member of the core personnel. At that point, he realized that he wasn't doing his work for his faith. He realized that he was doing it for the money, but it didn't matter.

He didn't start what he was doing, because of his belief in his god.

His actions allowed him to punish others, and on top of that, he was able to make money.

Money is what changed the world.

He had never killed any monsters before.



He only hunted humans.

Today, he caught a Necromancer, who was reported as being Rank AA.

His Rank wasn't important.

He had assassinated countless Roused, and he was well acquainted with their Ranks. He knew better than anyone that a high Rank didn't correspond with the person's combat power. He just had to quietly approach magicians, and cut their throats. Even if one were Rank A, one would die immediately.

It was very easy.

When he entered the Dungeon, he gave up his body to the darkness to hide. His ability allowed him to assimilate into the darkness. His specialty was sneaking up on his enemies, and killing them before they realized he was there.

“Hey. Hey. Come out. Are you trying to break bread with me inside the Dungeon?”

Is he speaking Korean?

According to the intel regarding his target, the bastard was Korean.

“I guess you aren't going to come out.”

The sound of his steps grew distant.

It seemed this guy's luck was good. His steps steadily grew distant from Assad, who was hidden next to the wall. He moved deeper into the subway station using the staircase.

‘Stupid bastard.’

It seemed that he didn't have any magic associated with the senses. Now he was sure that this person was a Necromancer. The bastard had carelessly come into the Dungeon after him.

The baiting of his target had been successful. Now he just had to follow him, and his hunt would start.

Al Assad assimilated into the darkness as he headed down into the Dungeon.

‘How far did he go?’

This was weird. His target had chased after him into the Dungeon. Assad had baited the other man into doing so. However, this bastard acted as if he had forgotten about Assad's existence. Or maybe the man had too much confidence in his own ability. He slowly descended into the Dungeon.

As Al Assad was carefully walking forward, he came to a stop.

‘There are no corpses here.’

There were a lot of blood stains in the surrounding, but there were no corpses. A weird sense of danger stimulated his senses.

Hwahhhk.

A light lit up the interior of the Dungeon.

“Ah. You gave me time to recharge my souls. Thank you.”

Assad's target appeared in front of him, but the target wasn't flustered at all.

“Now, show me your abilities. Let's see if it is useful.”

After his target said some words that Assad didn't understand, the Skeleton Soldiers lining up behind him rushed forward.

“One, two...”

It was useless to count them. There were enough to clog the Dungeon. Assad unsheathed his specialized weapon, the two-handed sword, as he charged forward.

“Ho-oh. You are quite good.”

Assad was at a numerical disadvantage, but the quality of the Skeletons were low. He methodically cut them down, but it wasn't an easy task. Each of his specialized skills for the two-handed long sword were put on display in front of his enemy. The information about him was being exposed to his enemy.

“You are an assassin type, and you are quite proficient in using a two-handed sword. One on one fights would suit you more than fighting a group.”

His target's Korean words kept grating against his nerves for some time. It sounded like he was being evaluated... The bastard didn't even lift a single finger as he watched from a distance.

Hook-ook, hook.

Al Assad let his hidden ability explode forth. He started breathing heavily, and his movement couldn't be compared to what it was before. Every time he swung his two-handed long sword, a large group of Skeletons fell.

“Ho-oh. You are also a Berserker? You are both a Warrior type and an Assassin. Are you a Dual Class?”

He leapt toward his taunting enemy.

His final move was called God's Wrath. His anger towards the world poured out without reserve, and it helped power the move. When his two-handed long sword was about to strike the necromancer's neck, a steel staff was suddenly in the sword's way.

“You'll be useful. Quite useful.”

The Necromancer swung his Steel Staff towards him.

Hoo-ooh, puhk.

He was momentarily confused at the unexpected strength of the impact. Didn't the intel say that he was a Necromancer?

His target's foot kicked out at Assad's chest. He couldn't do anything against his target's strength, so Assad grabbed the other man's foot. He tried to lift it up.

“Let's see what'll happen when I turn level 70.”

Suddenly, the weapon changed into an axe, and it fell towards Assad's neck.

Kwah-jeek.

As if he was cutting wood, Woojin separated the guy's head from his body. Before the bastard's soul could escape, he purchased a Soul Seal Stone, and he put the soul inside.

The bastard was only barely over 7th Circle. However, this was the first 7th Circle Warrior's soul that he had obtained on earth.

It was meaningless to torture the bastard to find out who was pulling his strings. When Woojin reached level 70, he'll make this bastard a familiar and he'll naturally find out everything that this bastard knew.

Woojin put the bastard's corpse and his decapitated head inside his inventory. Then, he gathered the surviving Skeletons around him.

“Why did he have to come into a high rank Dungeon for no reason?”

He couldn't locate the Return Stone. As he had predicted, a red portal formed when he returned to the entrance.

“Will I be late?”

Didn't they say the consortium was at lunch time?

Woojin quickly started to hunt.



When Woojin came out of the Dungeon, he felt someone's gaze on him. Someone was monitoring Woojin from afar.

‘Follow me, Ggaebi.’

[I obey master's will.]

After confirming that Ggaebi had been absorbed back into his shadow, he started to walk. It seemed the people, who had attacked him, were in charge of this Dungeon. There wasn't anyone guarding the Dungeon. Woojin memorized the Dungeon's name, then he started walking.

“Ha. Where the hell am I?”

He had mindlessly chased after the man last night, so he had no idea where he was. It would be great if he had his hand phone, but he left it at the hotel.

‘Maybe the store sells English?’

Woojin checked his Point Store just in case, and he looked over the Language drugs. There were drugs that allowed him to learn languages of Alphen... The store had English!

It wasn't only English. The store had all the languages spoken on Earth.

It was worth 200 Points. Woojin bought it immediately, then he drank it. It was akin to learning a new ability through a Skill book. Woojin learned the English language in an instant. Whether it was an ability or a new knowledge, it took root inside his head, and it felt quite miraculous to Woojin.

“Ha.”

His ears started picking up the conversations in his surrounding.

He asked for direction from the people in the street, then he headed towards Manhattan's Titan guild headquarters for the appointed consortium.

‘It won't take long if I ride a taxi, but I don't have any money to pay for the ride.’

If this was Alphen, he would have just stolen it...

‘Well, I did say that I wouldn't cause any accidents.’

...he just started walking.

The consortium started at 12, so he would be late.

So what if he was late?

Jung-minchan had come to the consortium with him, so he would take care of it. Woojin just had to meet the Holy Maiden.

While Woojin was walking on the streets, he caught sight of the news being shown on a large screen mounted on top of a building.

“It's about what happened yesterday.”

It seemed that someone had filmed yesterday's missile explosion with a phone. The sight of the missile exploding, and the large crater on the road was being shown.

“Terrorist Attack. Is it a repeat of the 9/11 nightmare? Humanity's enemy isn't monsters, but terrorists?”

Woojin read the subtitles on the muted news. The screen changed then an announcer and an Asian man was shown.

“Uh? Minchan?”

The familiar Asian man was Jung-minchan. He was scrunching up his face like he was a constipated dog. When Woojin turned his head slightly, he could see that the same news being shown inside the convenience store located across the street from him.

Ddal-lahng.

When Woojin entered the convenience store, the employee behind the counter glanced at Woojin. After confirming an Asian male in a sweatsuit had entered the store, the employee's gaze went back to the TV.

[It would have exploded within the hotel. During such harrowing situation, the Korean male, Mr. Kanhg-woojin threw his body to block the attack. Currently, the whereabouts of Mr. Kahng-woojin are still unknown...]

At the announcer's words, Jung-minchan butted in.

[President. I trusted president from the start! Where are you, president? Please come back to me.]

“Huh. That rascal. If someone saw him like that, one would think that he was trying to find a lost child.”

Still, Woojin's heart warmed a little bit when he saw someone being worried about him to that extent.

Don't worry, Minchan. I can speak English now.

[The US government will catch the terrorists. Please just return to us, president. I beg of you. Please before the incident become much larger...]

“I already caught him, you dork...”

Woojin grinned as a missing person's report was shown on top of the screen. Then the news showed the footage where he charged the missile. The missile was deflecting upwards as it exploded, and he saw himself fall to the ground. The news was showing the footage in a loop.

The eyes of the store's employee turned round, and he alternated from looking at Woojin and the TV.

# Chapter 75

## Meeting (2)

After hearing the news, Melody was so surprised that she went searching for her goddess.

She knelt in front of Aria's statue.

"Oh goddess... That man saved other people."

The unbelievable part was the method that he had used to save the people.

"He... His body... He put his body in front of other people..."

Even as she said it, she couldn't believe her words.

"It might be someone else... Yes. It can't be him..."

Melody's head was dizzy from the confusion. He looked exactly like the Immortal in her memories, yet he did something that she would have never imagined him doing. She was confused as to whether he was the same person or not.

Her anxiety overlapped over more anxiety, and she felt an enormous amount of stress.

"He's someone else. Someone else..."

She'd rather wished that was the case.

Melody prayed to her goddess, but there was no answer forthcoming.



Minchan wore a clean suit, but his expression looked gloomy. He was waiting for the Titan Guild's car. He had come out ahead of the appointed time.

"Director Jung."



“Ah, senior vice president Jung.”

Jung-chansung exited the hotel that was across the street. Afterwards, Baek-jungdo appeared, and he greeted Minchan.

“There's no news about Woojin yet?”

“Haha. He'll probably contact us soon.”

“What could go wrong? Isn't he the greatest Roused of Korea? Hahaha.”

“Haha...”

Minchan let out a weak laugh. These people didn't know Woojin's true nature. His President returned alive after being sent to a planet called Alphen. He was a person, who would charge at a missile, so why would he worry about Woojin. Minchan was worried about the unnecessary misunderstandings that might happen.

‘He might even think that the US carried out an attack against him.’

The missile attack happened here. This city was none other than New York. Woojin was shot at with a small missile capable of taking out a building. Minchan was sure that this would cause some misunderstandings.

US Department of Defense wasn't some scarecrow where they would do nothing when a missile was launched in a city like New York.

“Please don't let there be any misunderstandings.”

Minchan prayed that the US wasn't aiming for Woojin. If that was true, they had basically crawled into the middle of the enemy territory.

“I'm probably wrong.”

When the world turned chaotic, terrorist attacks continued to occur at a frequent basis. Moreover, the Roused's abilities were too fantastic, and there were a lot of terrorist attacks carried out by them. The Roused possessed the ability to access the sub-dimension, so they could even carry a missile in there.

“I hope president also thinks along that line.”

If he considered Woojin's past behavior, it wouldn't be strange to see Woojin attack the Pentagon without a moment's notice.

"So where is he at..."

He was very worried. It felt like he was about to have a nervous breakdown. If he left a child unattended near a river, he wouldn't feel as nervous as this. It felt like he gave away a button capable of launching a nuke after disguising it as a children's toy.

"It'll probably be boring. Let's go together."

Baek-jungdo, Minchan, and Chansung rode in the same car. They headed towards the Titan Guild's headquarters for the appointed consortium.

The invitation letters were sent out to every guild in the world, and only those with the invitation letters could attend the consortium. The reporters were already gathered around the entrance, and it was like they were attending some award ceremony. They felt like celebrities.

The reporter and his cameraman chased their group down when the reporter realized that they were Korean. The reporter got in their party's way.

"May I interview you?"

"What?"

"Mr. Kahng-woojin stopped a sickening terrorist attack, which might have killed a lot of innocent people, and I know that you are in the same guild as him..."

"Yes. Yes."

The reporter was speaking too rapidly in English, but Minchan followed the gist of the conversation as he picked up words he knew intermittently.

"Surprisingly, it seems that he is still alive. Do you know where he is? I'm speculating, but I think he might have been kidnapped by the terrorists. As a fellow guild member, what are your thoughts?"

"That's..."

Kidnapping? He didn't think that that was possible.

Minchan decided to give a vague answer.

“Maybe, he might be watching this news. Do you have any words that you would like to convey to Mr. Kahng-woojin?”

Minchan looked into the camera as he spoke earnestly.

“President. I trusted president from the start! Where are you, president? Please come back to me.”

“I was wrong. I thought president made a big mess again. It was my misunderstanding. Please just return safely.”

“The US government will catch the terrorists. Please just return to us, president. I beg of you. Please, before the incident become much larger.”

“You might cause a war by trying to catch him by yourself. Please come back.”

Minchan sincerely wished for it.

The reporter didn't understand Minchan's words, since he was giving the message to Woojin in Korean. One of the reporter's staff approached him to hand a paper with the translated words.

“Yes. This is quite surprising. It seems this guild member believes Mr. Kahng-woojin is currently chasing the terrorist...”

Uh? It was just speculation...

Minchan let go of the uncomfortable feeling, then he entered the entrance being guarded by a line of guards.

The large conference room was like the chamber for parliament. It was like an opera theater.

Minchan was surprised, since the Titan Guild possessed a large space like this inside their office. It just reaffirmed the fact that they were the number one guild in the US, so something like this was probably par for the course.

Since the seats were designated beforehand, Minchan's seat was far away from KH Guild's Baek-jongdo, and Jung-chansung. The empty seat next to him had a name card for Kahng-woojin. When he saw it, a heavier weight pressed down on Minchan's heart.

Soon, the Titan's guild master Deacon appeared on top of the stage.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for attending this consortium."

Deacon gave a short greeting, then he looked around at the faces in attendance.

There were people from the Chinese, European, and Japanese Guilds. These guilds were always in competition for the right to be called the best in the world. Even Russia sent two Guilds to the meeting this time.

The Titan Guild had sent 4 invitations to Korea.

They sent it to the 3 large guilds, and Alandal.

Hammer, KH and Alandal were in attendance, but the Hwarang Guild was absent. Moreover, Alandal's guild master was currently missing.

Deacon paid special attention to the Alandal guild, since Melody spoke about them until his ears were about to fall off.

"This consortium will deal with a matter too big for the guilds to deal with alone. We will broadcast this event to ask for help from all the Roused on earth."

The consortium would be shown to the public in a couple of hours. It wasn't a live broadcast, but numerous cameras were placed inside the conference hall to film the consortium.

Deacon gave a short greeting and thank you to each country's guilds. Then, he shifted gear to deliver the message about the threat posed by the Dungeons and monsters. His speech heightened the tension in the room.

"The news I have is about the origin of the Dungeon, which is a mystery to mankind."

Everyone's attention was immediately focused on him.

"We were able to find out that the Dungeons are acting as a Dimensional Gate. They

are currently acting as a bridge between earth and a planet called Alphen. The time difference between here and there is 4 times.”

Deacon took a short breath as he looked at the surrounding people. More than hundred people were focused on him. Moreover, the cameras, which will allow numerous more people to view him, were also on him.

“The monsters of the Planet Alphen are using the bridge called the Dungeon to invade earth. Humanity has to prevent this from happening.”

Someone yelled out with displeasure in his voice.

“Does this mean that you want to shut down the Dungeons?”

It was a man from the Daken Guild, who had flourished from the Dungeon Business.

“Even if we destroy the bridge, they will put down a new bridge. It is an impossible task. I invited all of you here to propose a single request.”

He paused before he continued speaking.

“Humanity has to cross the bridge first, and we have to wipe out the monsters.”

Pre-emptive strike.

“Instead of fighting on earth, let us take the fight to them.”

It was an idea quite typical of an American.

If the war happened on Alphen, then they would surely prevent the damage caused by the Dungeon Breaks on earth.

“You keep saying that the monsters are coming from a planet called Alphen. Is that credible?”

“Of course. We have a living witness, who could corroborate the fact.”

When the door to the conference hall were opened, the Holy Knights entered. Everyone turned their backs to the stage to look at the door.

“I would like to introduce the Holy Maiden of the Aria church. She came from the Planet Alphen to ask for earth's help.”

Every Roused knew who she was. However, there was different significance in viewing her in the flesh instead of a video.

More Holy Knights walked behind Melody.

She wore a plain nun's habit that was of a slightly different style than the ones on earth. Still, the plain clothes couldn't hide her elegance and beauty.

She slowly walked down the center aisle of the conference room towards the stage. Hamilton followed behind her.

“I am the Holy Maiden of the Aria church. My name is Melody.”

The people inside the conference room became restless once again when they heard her beautiful voice.

Melody hadn't slept at all yesterday night, but she was still beautiful and overflowing with life. If they accepted her speech, she would be able to save her allies suffering on Alphen.

She had put her life on the line to come here for that sole purpose.

“I am earnestly asking for your help to insure Earth's safety and peace. Please, help me free Alphen.”

Unlike her words, her attitude was dignified, and her expression was haughty. She had the goddess' protection, so an unknown air of dignity flowed off her entire body.

“Please give us some proof. You said you are a Holy Maiden from the Alphen Planet, but you are only a mere Roused on this planet.”

It was still the man from Japan's Daken Guild. It seemed that he didn't welcome the current status quo changing. It was understandable, since Japan boasted the most numerous number of subway stations.

There were a lot of casualties, but it was also a new business opportunity. The Dungeon Business was most active in Japan. The Mecca of Dungeon Business leading

the world was Japan.

Melody stepped forward on the stage.

A mere Roused?

She was of the 9th Circle. If she converted the term into Earth's Rank, she was a Rank SS Cleric.

Melody opened both of her arms wide. Light shone from her body, and it filled the conference room. The holy and warm light swept through the entire conference room, and it gave a buff to every single person in attendance.

The Roused clearly felt the change, and even the normal people's bodies were filled with vitality.

“Isn't that proof enough?”

She was haughty and dignified. Those words personified her. The person from the Daken Guild let out a moan, but he wasn't to be deterred. He continued to find fault with her words.

“You will have to clear my misgivings. Monsters crawl out of the Dungeons. However, a humans can only come back out when they enter a Dungeon.”

The Dimensional Fragment named the Return Stone was a key used to reach Earth. However, the Return Stones weren't the only Dimensional Fragments in existence. There were keys that allowed one to head to Alphen.

She had formed the Holy Knights to search for it.

“The way will be opened by the me and the Holy Knights. For the safety of earth, you all will have to head towards Alphen. If you hesitate, Earth will be turned in a desolate land like Alphen. It will happen in short order. This is a war to stop Earth's destruction.”

The heart of some people heated up at the Holy Maiden's words. Some started pounding on their calculators. Not everyone would join the war from a sense of duty. Those people moved only for money.

She didn't care what their reasons was.

Melody felt relieved as she looked over the people. Her goddess' words were right.

There were saviors here on earth. These people would once again regain the freedom of the Planet Alphen.

As the door to the conference room opened, a raucous sound leaked in from outside. Between the open door, an Asian man wearing a black sweat suit was standing there. One corner of his mouth lifted into a smirk, and he had a mischievous expression on his face.

“Stop spouting bullshit.”

He walked slowly into the conference room. He followed the center path to walk a straight line towards the stage.

He was slow, and very languid.

Everyone inside the conference room focused their gazes on the man.

Some were glad to see him. Some showed curiosity, and there were even some uncomfortable gazes pouring toward the sweat-suit wearing Kahng-woojin.

Melody stood atop the stage.

She was shaking like a leaf.

It worsened as Woojin approached her one step at a time.

It felt like Melody's heart was dropping step by step towards the floor.

“It is him.”

It felt as if she going crazy.

He was really on earth...

Woojin stopped in front of the stage. He looked up at Melody's face. She seemed to be in a state of panic.



“Isn't this quite awkward?”

“...”

She couldn't reply since she was too afraid. How many people were killed in front of that smiling face?

If he was one's ally, one felt anxiety. If one became his enemy, this man was a calamity.

“I would have never thought that I would have the occasion to look up at you.”

“...!”

The very surprised Holy Maiden Melody got off the stage. The haughty woman moved without any grace. She scrambled down the stage to stand in front of Woojin.

Then.

“!”

Melody started to slowly lower herself to the floor.

“The King, who rules over the Undead Army...”

Alphen's language flowed out from Melody's lips. One of her knees touched the floor.

“God of Destruction Thrash's Champion...”

Then her other knee touched the floor, and she knelt on the floor.

“Alandal's Monarch...”

She started to slowly bend her waist forward.

Her two trembling hands grabbed Woojin's sneakers.

“The Undying... Immortal...”

Her lips touched Woojin's shoes for a brief moment before her lips fell away.

“Aria's lowly servant...”

Melody retreated backwards as she walked on her knees. Then, she lowered herself forward as if she was giving a kowtow.

“...gives greetings to you.”

Woojin let out a bright smile as he looked down at her.

“It's been awhile. Right?”

This was the first meeting between him and his friend, who had come all the way from Alphen to earth.

# Chapter 76

## Mop Up (1)

Silence.

A pin could drop right now, and the sound would be heard loud and clear. The oppressive silence inside the conference hall stopped others from breathing.

Chal-kahk.

A reporter pressed the shutter of his camera by force of habit, and the sound was unusually loud.

As if they were frogs coming out of hibernation, people started to move when they heard the sound. However, no one dared to open their mouth.

“So our mutual non-aggression treaty is broken?”

“How can that be? It isn't anything like that. If I knew this place was Alandal, I would have never stepped a foot in this place.”

Woojin grinned.

Woojin was curious about one thing.

This was the reason why he had come to the US himself.

“Why are you here?”

“My goddess gave me a revelation. She wants me to guide the saviour.”

“Hmmm. This means Aria sent you here?”

Blasphemy.

However, Melody didn't show any signs of being angry or disgusted.

He couldn't be compared to someone like her, who was able to hear a goddess' voice.

However, he was someone who had already met face to face with a god.

She bowed her head more in front of him...

“Yes... I'm only a lowly servant. I came here as my goddess decreed...”

“Ah, it's all right.”

He already knew what she was going to say. Woojin waved his hand at her then he looked at Deacon.

“Let's have a little talk.”

Deacon couldn't understand Woojin's Korean words, so his secretary gave an immediate translation from his side.

“...mmmm. This location is unacceptable. Let's move to a different location.”

When Deacon started speaking to his secretary, Woojin finally had the chance to look at his surrounding. When he spotted a broadcasting camera, he walked towards it. The cameraman was taken aback, and he was besides himself when Woojin headed towards him. Woojin stood in front of him, and he asked a question.

“Is this being broadcasted live?”

At his unexpectedly sophisticated English, the shocked cameraman shook his head.

“No.”

“Turn it back into a live broadcast.”

Woojin's words flustered the cameraman even more.

When he turned to look at the executive from the broadcasting company, he also had a conflicted expression on his face. The content of the meeting was supposed to be kept a secret. The network made a deal with the Titan Guild to show only an edited version of the meeting at a later time. The guild had to give consent on what would be shown.

“It'll be like an year-end greeting. A year-end greeting.”

Woojin's words swayed the heart of the executive from the broadcasting company.

This man was a hero, who had saved US citizens from a terrorist attack. The executive thought he had a duty to deliver his voice to the world.

Americans had a large fear about terrorist attacks.

In response to the attack, Woojin had throw his body in the way to thwart the attack, so the public interest in him was tremendous.

“You can speak now.”

Woojin looked straight into the camera and he grinned.

"The bastard who shot a missile at me, the bastard who plotted against me as the middle man, the bastard pulling strings from behind..."

The cameraman didn't know Korean, but Minchan, who had come up from behind, covered his face with his palm.

President. Please speak a little bit more nicely...

“Soon, I will find and kill all of you. Wait for me.”

After Woojin ended his speech, he turned to look at the broadcasting executive.

“Thank you.”

From listening to his tone and inflection, the executive could tell Woojin was giving a speech that was far from an year-end greeting. However, it was being broadcasted live, so the executive couldn't do anything.

The cameraman turned his head, and he whispered to the executive.

“Should I continue to film this?”

The footage of the Holy Maiden kneeling in front of Woojin had been recorded. As he looked over the disordered conference hall, the executive nodded his head.

“Just record it.”

It would be unreasonable to send this through a live broadcast.

‘This Asian man is...’

In a short amount of time, the Holy Maiden Melody became the center of attention for every American. However, this woman had knelt in front of the Asian man. No matter how anyone saw it, she had shown him the utmost respect.

‘This is going to be fun.’

The world will now focus their attention on the man named Kahng-woojin.

After finishing what he had to say, Woojin walked back to the stage. In a flash, Minchan approached Woojin from behind, and he called out after Woojin.

“President.”

“Ah, Minchan.”

“.....”

Minchan looked at Woojin with a complicated gaze. Woojin had put his body in harm's way to protect him, and all the people inside the Hotel. Woojin probably didn't know if he would live or not, yet he had sacrificed himself.

“Thank you for saving me.”

Woojin smirked.

“It's fine. Follow me. I have to talk to those people.”

Titan Guild's guild master Deacon passed the duty of hosting the consortium to someone else. Then, he quickly disappeared towards the back with the Holy Maiden Melody. Minchan's face scrunched up when he saw the Holy Knights, who had recently begun to follow Melody.

“Didn't you say you were friend with her?”

“Uh, what? We are friends.”

“.....”

In what way?

No matter how he saw it, he couldn't see Melody as Woojin's friend.

“Just follow me.”

“.....”

When Woojin and Minchan followed Deacon, the conference hall started to come to life.

“Who's that Asian man?”

“Is he Ms. Melody's husband?”

“What kind of Holy Maiden had a husband?”

“You never know, since it's a different planet...”

Even amongst the uproar, Baek-dosong's face trembled a little bit.

“Senior vice president Jung.”

“Yes, president.”

“I, I...”

“Yes. Please speak.”

“It seems that I obtained a really interesting younger bro.”

Baek-jongdo's eyes were sparkling with curiosity and excitement. Jung-chansung grabbed his head.

How was he interesting? Woojin was obviously a dangerous person.

Jung-chansung let out a deep sigh.



The office of Titan Guild's Guild Master.

When Deacon sat down on the seat of honor at the conference table, Melody approached him and she spoke quietly.

“You should concede the seat to Alandal's Monarch...”

“What?”

Deacon was momentarily panicked. Woojin, who followed behind them, waved his hand.

“Ah, it's fine.”

“.....”

Woojin sat to the right of Deacon, and Minchan naturally took a seat next to him. Melody continued to stand by Deacon's side, so he turned to look at her.

“You should also sit, Holy Maiden.”

“I wouldn't dare...”

Woojin looked at the Holy Maiden.

[Just sit...]

[...Yes.]

[.....]

The two of them spoke in Alphen's language, and it irritated everyone else's ears. Deacon furrowed his brows as he looked at Woojin.

What kind of relationship did these two have?



When a translator, who was more proficient in Korean, arrived, Deacon's curiosity was answered.

“If you don't mind me asking, what kind of relationship do the two of you...?”

“Ah, she's a friend. A friend.”

Deacon's expression indicated that he didn't believe Woojin's words at all. Melody's face paled.

‘Oh, my goddess. Why would you send me such a tribulation?’

A friend of the Immortal...

Her body shook from just thinking about it.

“Mmm. We have something akin to an alliance.”

“An alliance?”

“We struck down Trahnet's army together.”

“.....”

The Holy Maiden didn't say anything.

He was fudging the truth when he said that they had struck down Trahnet's forces together.

Woojin had destroyed and killed anything that stepped on to Alandal.

The alliance sent an emissary to promise that they won't invade Alandal in the future, so there were little friction between them.

Trahnet still went after Alandal's land, and Woojin had hunted down Trahnet's army.

They fought together since they had a common enemy. However, her side hadn't closely cooperated with Woojin. So it was ambiguous to call it an alliance.

Everyone fought against Trahnet on their own, so to speak.

Woojin's action could be characterized as hunting Trahnet. It was quite generous to say the alliance just held on. Basically, they weren't the ones being hunted.

The translator passed on Deacon's words to Woojin once again.

"I know you are Korean. So how did you form a relationship with those on the Planet Alphen?"

"I was summoned there 5 years ago. I lived on Alphen for 20 years, and I have only recently returned. Are you trying to conduct a hearing?"

Woojin frowned when Deacon continued to ask questions. The nervous Holy Maiden spoke to Deacon.

"Please, don't irritate him. You are being rude to the Monarch."

"....."

The endlessly haughty and dignified Holy Maiden was a nervous wreck right now.

Deacon couldn't get used to it.

He didn't know Woojin's identity. In his perspective, Woojin looked more like a human, and the Holy Maiden was more like a god-like figure.

Anyways, he was very curious about this human named Kahng-woojin, but Deacon didn't need to get all the answered from Woojin.

It seemed that the Holy Maiden was well acquainted with Woojin, so he would get the information from her at a later time.

"Hmmm. Hmmm. Why did you want to see me?"

When their conversation returned to the main topic, Woojin opened his inventory, then he took out an item. He placed it on top of the table.

"Kyahhhk!"

The secretary screamed, and the translator quickly turned his head away. Even Minchan scrunched up his face as he looked away. Deacon's eyes hardened, but worry

started to fill his eyes.

‘What is the meaning behind this action?’

As the guild master of a large organization, his worries deepened. Surprisingly, the only one who didn't show any reaction was the Holy Maiden.

Her expression said everything that needed to be said.

‘Alandal's Monarch brought someone's severed head.’

That was the extent of her thoughts.

She wasn't surprised at all by his actions.

As Woojin received Deacon's gaze, which was filled with unasked questions, he spoke in a nonchalant manner.

“This is the bastard, who ambushed me yesterday. He led me into a Dungeon to kill me. I would like you to find out the identity of this man.”

The Holy Maiden's eyes widened in surprise.

Earth chose a different path to destruction to Trahnet... Someone on earth tried to assassinate the Monarch of Alandal...

Isn't that the absolute worst way to suicide?

In the past, kingdoms were destroyed for using such similar methods... Several kingdoms...

“Even if you come here to ask us, we didn't...”

“I'm not suspicious of you guys. I want you to find out this bastard's affiliation. There can't be many Rank AA Roused working as an assassin on earth.”

“Still...”

“We'll look into it.”

Deacon was going to negotiate with him, but the Holy Maiden quickly accepted the request.

'Titan Guild master. Thank you for all your cooperation up until now. If I'm to repay this debt, don't I have to be alive? I have to return to Alphen alive, so I can save countless number of people. Please don't agitate the Immortal any further.'

The Holy Maiden pleaded with her eyes as she looked at Deacon. He swallowed what he was about to say.

"I'm going to go after the helicopter that shot the missile. I'm hoping that the helicopter didn't originate from within the US. If it is, conflict is inevitable."

Woojin was not trying to foster a hostile relationship with the US government, but in the end, he didn't really care. He was sure that there were a couple of people in the government involved in the attack.

"The government is trying its best to locate the helicopter."

"They don't have to search any further. I already know where it is. I'll be leaving soon."

"....."

Melody, who had been standing still, suddenly stepped forward.

"I will go with you."

"Why do you want to follow me?"

At Woojin's dissatisfactory reply, Jung-minchan stepped forward.

"It would be better if you work with the Titan Guild."

He wasn't doing this to perform a meritorious deed. He also wasn't doing this to ferret out all the terrorists. Woojin just wanted to take his revenge.

Minchan wanted to lessen the chance that any misunderstanding would happen with the US government. Titan Guild maintained a close relationship with the US government, so there was a lot of advantage in having them along.

The US was much more sensitive to terrorist acts compared to other countries.

Woojin had stopped a terrorist attack from succeeding, so the US public was already treating him like a hero. Of course, it would be great if he was able to round up the terrorist at their base of operation. However, many US citizens would not like someone like Woojin carry out a hostile act inside their country, unless he was really some kind of a superhero.

It would be better to carry out this mission with the Titans.

“All right. When are we leaving?”

“Ggoo-hmmm. I'll scrap together a response team. Five hours should be enough.”

He wanted to ask why it would take so long, but he reminded himself that his enemies won't be running away anytime soon. Even if they did run away, it wasn't a problem. He had sent both Bibi and Ggaebi to keep surveillance on them.

“Then, shall we talk a little bit about your homeland?”

Woojin was curious as to how the situation on Alphen changed after he left.

There was a saying that said if one meets a person from the same country in a foreign land, then it would feel like the other person was from your homeland. She thought the saying was spot on. Still, the Holy Maiden couldn't get used to the unusually friendly actions of the Immortal.

“What would you like to know...?”

“What's Kyle doing these days?”

“Hero struggled with the injury he sustained 3 years ago. About a year ago, he passed away while fighting one of Trahnet's commanders.”

“Ah, so that fellow died. That friend did have a bum leg...”

Yes. The leg that bothered him was the leg he shattered, while fighting a Necromancer named Immortal. Even when holy water and the god's blessing was applied in bulk, his injury never healed completely.

“How about the wrinkly old man inside the forest?”

“The Gread Elder of the Elf is...”

Melody's words faded, and she looked at Woojin with trembling eyes...

Was he really asking, because he doesn't know?

“Why did you stop speaking?”

“.....”

Ha. He really is asking because he doesn't know.

So how should she phrase this?

‘You killed him when you stole the World Branch...’

No matter how hard she thought about it, she couldn't come up with an answer that wouldn't ruin the Immortal's mood.

‘Oh, my goddess. How can you give such an ordeal...’

Tears started to well in the Holy Maiden's eyes.

# Chapter 77

## Mop Up (2)

“It was when the Immortal visited the forest of the Elves...”

“Huh?”

“At that time... He was protecting the World Branch.....”

“Huh? He died because of me?”

“.....”

“Did I really do that?”

He propped his chin on one hand. The Holy Maiden tried to help him recall the memory.

“The Death Knight...”

“Ah, Kiba did it.”

Woojin vaguely remembered it. He needed a branch from the World Tree, so he had visited the forest of the elves. Anyways, he had opened up the way by using the Death Knight and his Undead army.

“Jeez. He could have just given me a branch.”

“...It's their mission...”

“What?”

“N... nothing.”

If he had only wanted a single branch from the World tree in the first place, the Elves would have given it to him. However, he had wanted to uproot the entire tree, so they

couldn't standby and allow him to do so.

“What about the Great Scholar? What was his name? Noting...”

“The Great Scholar Nauteus died from an old chronic disease...”

“.....”

Woojin decided he didn't need to ask what had caused the chronic disease. It would just make the situation needlessly more awkward.

“Ah, it's all right. Why are you looking at me like that?”

“.....”

Jung-minchan was looking at Woojin with glazed eyes, which drew some ire from Woojin. After giving a fake cough, Minchan carefully asked his question.

“Hmm. It seems that president had been a little bit rough?”

“Ah...”

The Holy Maiden let out an exclamation. How great would it have been if he was just a bit rough? This guy mildly characterized the Immortal's actions as just a little bit rough. This bastard was also part of Alandal.

He was tremendously evil. The Holy Melody decided to memorize Jung-minchan's face.

“I guess I was a little bit.”

“.....”

The Holy Maiden swallowed the words she was about to say when Woojin coolly acknowledged that fact. She didn't want to respond in vain.

“Still, you should at least remember the name of the deceased...”

There was a brittle atmosphere between the Holy Maiden and Woojin, so Minchan said it just for the sake of saying it. However, Woojin rebuked him in a serious manner.



“Hey, Minchan. Do you remember the English words you learned when you were in elementary school?”

“That's...”

How could he remember the several hundred to several thousand English vocabulary?  
No, in the first place...

“I learned it in middle school instead of elementary school. Also, I didn't learn any English at all...”

It felt as if they were getting off-topic...

“Yes. It would have been great if I hadn't have to do what I did.”

“.....”

Woojin spoke the truth.

In the beginning, he had killed in self-defense. Afterwards, he became desensitised to killing.

He didn't have some tremendous talent that allowed him to stand still like an idiot while his enemies aimed for his life.

He wasn't a pacifist like Ghandi.

“This topic is making my mood sour...”

Melody shook like a leaf at Woojin's words.

“Please calm your wrath...”

“Ah, no.”

Why did this woman keep shaking at every word he said? Maybe she thought he plan on killing her? It wasn't as if he had a reason to kill someone who hadn't meant him ill...

Woojin frowned.

“So what were you talking about before?”

“...what do you mean?”

“Weren't you inciting the guys into invading Alphen?”

“.....”

“Do want to die?”

The Holy Maiden's face turned white.

“If you took all the Roused on earth to Alphen, they will die a dog's death over there. Then what will happen to Earth? You should already know the Dungeons will Break eventually regardless of what we do. Who is going to defend earth at that time?”

This was the one piece of truth she hadn't revealed. It made the Holy Maiden's face turn pale. She couldn't underestimate Woojin just because he was laughing. She didn't know what that face was capable of doing.

“Are you declaring war against me?”

“Absolutely not!”

The Holy Maiden once again threw her body to the floor.

“Stop bowing your head and sit. Give me a proper explanation.”

“There is a way we can stop the Dungeon Breaks.”

“I'm liking the sound of this.”

If they could stop the Dungeon Break at the Source, then he didn't care if Alphen was used as the battlefield.

“Speak.”

“If you possessed a Dimensional Domain, you could take over the nearby Dungeons one by one. When you gain ownership of the Dungeons, the monsters won't be able to head outside without the express intent of the lord.”

“Mmmm? This is the first time I'm hearing about this.”

“Trahnet's seventy-two commanders are the Great Lords. There are also numerous lords underneath them.”

“Is that so?”

“...You didn't know about this?”

“Is it something I should have known about?”

The Holy Maiden made an expression as if someone had shit in her mouth. Why was it so hard for her to maintain her composure in front of the Immortal?

So why did Alandal fight Trahnet in the past? What had he been fighting for?

“I fought him because he stepped on my land.”

“.....”

When she looked back at her memories of the Immortal, he killed anyone who had invaded his territory. It didn't matter if the enemy was Trahnet or the alliance. He had invaded his opponents as a form of retaliation. However, he had never seized or occupied the other territories.

Quite literally, he only took his revenge. He only demolished and plundered them.

“Currently, earth only had empty Dungeons. The low rank Dungeons are farmlands. The lords would be tempted by the high rank Dungeons, but the Great Lords won't be satisfied with just the high rank Dungeons.”

The low rank Dungeons were 1~3 stars, and the high rank Dungeons were 4~6 stars.

“The moment when the highest Dungeon is formed, they will fix their eyes on earth.”

“Hmmm.”

Woojin tapped his fingers on the armrest of his chair.

It was as he had predicted. When the 7 star Dungeons starts to crop up, Trahnet's

commanders will show up.

The Holy Maiden knew much more about Trahnet than him. She also knew how the enemy's enormous forces were structured.

“So why do the Dungeon Breaks happen?”

“It is a process to synchronize with earth.”

“Synchronize?”

The Holy Maiden calmed her voice, then she explained patiently.

“For example, a Dungeon with 30,000 Dungeon Energy is reset. If the Dungeon isn't cleared within the thirty days it takes for the Dungeon to synchronize, it'll break. The monsters will run havoc on earth, and the mana equivalent of 30,000 Energy will be spread across earth.”

“So what happens when the Dungeon is cleared before the thirty days is up?”

“It turns into a well-behaved Mine to provide bloodstones. When the amount of bloodstones excavated reach the amount of 30,000 Energy, the Dungeon will reset. In the end, the excavated bloodstones will increase the mana on earth equivalent to 30,000 Energy.”

“So it is impossible to stop it. Eventually Earth will change into something akin to Alphen?”

“Yes...”

“And the Dungeon Break?”

“When there is enough mana on earth, and the synchronization process isn't needed, the thirty days become obsolete...”

“.....”

Basically, the monsters would come out immediately after the Dungeon is reset.

It would be devastating.

The time need to clear the Dungeon won't be there any more. The more serious problem would be the lack of time the locals would have to evacuate.

“Without a doubt, when the Dungeons are opened, there will be a mass confusion before everything collapses.”

“.....”

The entire earth will fall into a state of panic.

The Holy Maiden let out a secret sigh when she saw Woojin accepting her words. This was the information she had also given to the Titan Guild master.

“All right. Let's say we can block the Dungeon Break if we own the Dungeons. So why do we have to go to Alphen?”

The Holy Maiden swallowed her saliva. When the Dimensional Domain was established, earth's Dungeons could be placed within the Domain. The Dungeon Break won't happen since the Dungeons would follow the will of the being that owned them.

“The Dimensional Domain can be stolen once again.”

“Ho-oh?”

Woojin showed a reaction to those words.

“If one wants to keep it, one has to become stronger, and...”

The Holy Maiden's voice continued.

“Alphen will become the best hunting ground to do so.”

Earth will eventually be filled with Mana. Afterwards, where will earth procure the Energy?

Alphen could be the alternative.

“That's sound pretty reasonable.”

The Holy Maiden internally sighed at Woojin's reaction.

“If we steal all the Domains from Trahnet's underlings, they'll basically be unemployed?”

“.....”

As expected of the Immoral. He thought about taking instead of protecting first. His reputation was well deserved.

“Yes.”

Woojin grinned at the Holy Maiden's reply.

“If I steal all of them, then I'll finally be able to meet Trahnet, who has never shown himself before.”

“.....”

The Holy Maiden kept silent when she heard Woojin's vicious plan.

Lies and truth exist in one place, as they are two sides of the same coin.

“All right. Then tell me how I'll be able to acquire a Dimensional Domain...”

“You can steal it... Or you can personally declare one. Both options requires a gem called the Dimensional Fragment...”

Woojin took out a bright purple gem from his inventory.

“W... where did you get that?”

“I picked it up.”

“.....”

“What do I do with it?”

“Only one Dimensional Fragment is needed to steal a Dungeon. However, Immortal doesn't have a Dimensional Domain right now. You will need 3 Dimensional Fragment to declare your first Domain.”

“I can go to any Dungeon?”

“You have to be chosen by a Dungeon.”

“Why is the process so particular?”

The Holy Maiden bowed her head.

“There will be specific Dungeons that will react to each Dimensional Fragment.”

“Hmmm. So I need three of them?”

Woojin returned the Dimensional Fragment into his Inventory.

“Give me two.”

“.....”

The Holy Maiden's expression stiffened.

“Since you aren't saying anything, it seems you do have them.”

“.....”

The Holy Maiden couldn't lie. Woojin grinned as he put his hand out.

“I'll pay you back. Give it to me.”

“I'm only lending you one.”

The Holy Maiden was planning on using it to open a Dungeon on Earth. If Woojin snatched it away from her, she...

Still, it wasn't as if she had a choice in giving it to him or not.

The Holy Maiden took out a single Dimensional Fragment from her sub-dimension. Woojin suddenly made a grab for it.

“Let go of it.”

“...I really paid a lot to obtain this.”

How much blood had she spilled to earn this? The surviving people of Alphen was waiting for her...

She had to obtain a Dungeon on earth. Then through the Dimensional Domain, she was going to open a way to Alphen.

“I know. I'll pay it back. Give it.”

“You really have to return it to me.”

“Do you want it stolen? Or do you want to lend it to me?”

The Holy Maiden released her strength from her hand. Woojin quickly took the item, and he laughed as he put it away.

“So we just have to find a Dungeon that'll react to it?”

“.....”

How could he be so excited when this matter decided the life or death of an entire planet?

Woojin kept asking various questions about the Dimensional Domain. While he was asking his questions, a being slipped suddenly into his shadow. Woojin's body shuddered.

‘What is it?’

Woojin used his inner consciousness to ask the question. Ggaebi, who had returned to his shadow, spoke in a somber voice.

[Master... The Illusion Witch was captured.]

‘What? Bibi was captured?’

Woojin was surprised. His familiars in his summoning room shared his senses. Dolsae was summoned even though Woojin hadn't called for him.



“Aigo.”

Minchan was surprised when Dolsae suddenly appeared. There was a bright light, and numerous small lights like fireflies flew around it. Dolsae was letting out a magical glow.

The light, which was basically Dolsae's body, shook uncontrollably.

[Weeeeeng.]

Dolsae was very close to Bibi, so he shook from worry. Woojin felt the same way as him.

How dare someone capture his familiar?

‘Who did it?’

[Trahnet's underling... It was Rashmode. I escaped when the Illusion Witch was captured.]

‘You did well.’

Rashmode was one of the 72 commanders.

Woojin stood up abruptly from his seat.

“I'll have to go first...”

“The response team isn't ready yet.”

He didn't have the time to wait for them.

“Rashmode is here.”

The Holy Maiden's eyes twinkled at Woojin's words.

Rashmode was one of the 72 commanders. Finally, the highest ranked Dungeon had opened on earth. If she could take over the Dungeon to make it her own...

‘My Dimensional Fragment was taken from me.’

Even if an opportunity was revealed in front of her eyes, she couldn't do anything about it.

“Just gather the team as best as you can, then follow after me. The location.....”

Woojin started explaining the pertinent information he had received from Ggaebi. He suddenly paused.

“There aren't any subway stations near there?”

“.....”

Woojin looked at the Holy Maiden, and his gaze was asking for an explanation from her.

“The s... synchronization... is drawing near.”

Woojin's expression broke into frown.

“Follow me.”

“I do as the Monarch wishes...”

Woojin had a freezing atmosphere around him as if he was angry. The Holy Maiden carefully followed after him.

# Chapter 78

## Iron Golem

Too too too too too...

Three helicopters in Titan's possession rose into the air.

Kahng-woojin, the Holy Maiden, Titan's Guild master, and 10 Holy Knights were the only ones being sent on this operation.

Deacon still had a worried expression on his face.

“Will it be ok if we don't have any backup?”

He whispered towards the Holy Maiden.

“It doesn't matter.”

“Still, our fire power...”

The US Roused support team had a little bit of a different way of operating compared to the Korean teams. If observed in microcosm, the Korean support teams were like mercenary bands and a large guild like the Titans were like Army units.

Instead of a small number of Roused, the Titan's team relied on overwhelming firepower to deal with the Dungeon Breaks.

“If it's fire power, that man's familiars is all we need.”

The Holy Maiden still couldn't forget how Woojin used his familiar Lich and the force of Skeleton Magicians. She watched Flame magic fall from the sky like rain. The scene had been too terrible of a disaster to describe it as a spectacular sight.

“I can't call Janice yet.”

Woojin had been disinterestedly looking out the window when he said the words in

passing.

“What?”

“I also can't summon the Lich.”

“How...”

“They are sealed.”

“.....”

The Holy Maiden's eyes shook violently when she heard Woojin's words.

Sealed? The Immortal's power? That vast Necromancy magic?

“The Death Knights...”

“Soon, their seals will be released, but I can't call them out yet.”

The warriors that never shedded blood or tears.

The Commanders of the Skeleton Soldiers.

The spearhead of the Undead Army.

If they were still sealed, then the familiar he had next to him was.....

She was sure the ball of light that took up a seat inside the helicopter was the Titan of Destruction. There was the alien energy within the shadows, and the Illusion Witch captured by Rashmode...

‘If it's only them...’

Woojin grinned as if he could read the Holy Maiden's thoughts.

“What? You want to take a shot at me?”

The Holy Maiden was startled.

The image of him grinning made him look very dangerous.

“I don't know what you are talking about...”

“I can see your eyes rolling around trying to size me up.”

“.....”

“I'll be your opponent any time you want. However, even if you want to go against me, wait until a later time.”

He didn't care if the Holy Maiden wanted to turn hostile against him. He knew what he had done in the past, so it would be a joke to expect her to look at him in a better light. The only reason why the Holy Maiden was being careful was because of the fear that blanketed her memories.

If the Holy Maiden did attack him, it wasn't as if Woojin was helpless.

However, he had to rescue Bibi first.

Even if he weren't at Max Level, he could handle one Holy Maiden.

“I'm am merely observing the Monarch.”

“That's funny.”

Woojin grinned as he spoke.

“Their base is up ahead.”

“Huh?”

At the helicopter pilot's words, Deacon's eyes became round when he looked at what lay in front of them. The farmland was an empty plain. Still, how can a base like this be located so close to New York?

Deacon let out a sound of disbelief.

Woojin started to track the trace left by Bibi.

When he looked towards the demolished building, he felt Bibi's energy.

At the same time, he felt a sticky and unpleasant energy nearby.

“Rashmode.”

Woojin's gaze became cold.



The enormous farmstead held a helicopter, military vehicles, and even tanks.....

At a glance, it looked like a private collection of a rich military enthusiast. In truth, it was a warehouse with weapons procured by the Mafia.

From a room located inside the warehouse, a voice of a man swearing half the time was leaking out.

“Nyahhng.”

Bibi had been crouching within the darkness. She quietly approached the man and her ears twitched.

[Boss. He failed. The mark is still alive.]

“What? Say it again!”

[The target is alive. We are returning right now.]

“Hurry up and come back here soon.”

Jack was the boss of the River's organization. After ending the call with the scout he had sent into the city, he let out a string of swear words.

“Shit!”

“Boss. What's wrong.”

“Assad failed.”

“What?”

He never imagined such a thing could happen. Assad was the best assassin in the Middle East, yet he had failed.

“This means he isn't an average Necromancer.”

“What's the point of saying such an obvious statement?”

An ordinary Roused of the Magician class would have a very hard time killing Assad. The fact that the Necromancer came out of the Dungeon meant he had killed Assad himself.

“Do you think our base is compromised?”

“Eeek... I knew we shouldn't have worked with those Middle Eastern bastards.”

His stress continued to pile on as he thought about what could happen in the future. Since their target was still alive, a massive investigation would be under way soon.

“It's ok. We've already decided to abandon this base.”

“But we still have some research to do...”

“...We'll have to move up the timetable a little bit.”

Jack put on his vest. The tactical vest had two pistols holstered on it.

“I'll be back after I meet the professor. Beef up the security, then arrange it so that we can leave immediately.”

“Yes, boss. How much should we pack?”

“You idiot! We are throwing it all away. We will gather the research results, then we'll blow the base up.”

“...Yes, boss.”

They were outdated tanks, missiles, and military vehicles. It was still a huge loss, but they had no choice. If they ran away while they took everything, then it would be too

noticeable.

The members of the organized crime syndicate started to pack up in a hurry, then started to install explosives in various locations.

Jack exited the office building and then entered a small concrete building placed at the edge of the farm.

Ggi-reek, ggeek.

When the thick steel door opened, a stairway leading underground was revealed.

If the farmstead was the River organization's weapons warehouse, the underground bunker was the source of all their funds. It was the New Dungeon Research Facility.

The Rivers organization received backings from US defense industries to help in their research. They had found a suitable location for the research and they protected the research staff.

Rivers used to be a small-time organization. Their meteoric rise to becoming a large crime organization was mostly due to the strong backing they received from the defense industries.

Tuk, tuk.

Jack's footsteps rang out in the underground passageway. He stopped when he felt something amiss.

“Who is it!”

He quickly drew his pistol and aimed it towards his rear.

“Nyahng.”

Jack saw a cat tilting its head, stopping after coming down from the stairs.

“What? Fuck off.”

When he saw the stray cat, Jack lowered his guard and continued down the stairs. Jack tried to take loud steps to threaten the cat. The cat only paused for a moment before



it continued to follow behind him.

Jack ignored the cat as he descended the stairs to the research facility.



The research facility was deserted.

At the end of the stairway, there was a space where the research staff could sleep. There were only a couple of computers, as well as many strange looking machines.

The only thing remarkable about the space within the underground bunker was the fact that it had expanded in every direction like ant tunnels. Moreover, bloodstones were piled up inside the tunnels.

“Professor Riola! We have to move our base.”

Riola, the person in charge of the research, frowned at Jack's words.

“I'm at the cusp of finishing my research. I can't move right now.”

“There is a chance our base is compromised...”

“Didn't we plan on moving in two days?”

If their original plan had held up, then that would be the case. They had fired a missile within New York, so the US Department of Defense would be looking for the culprits as if they were combing for a tick. After a certain amount of time, they planned on letting the DOD find their base. However, their target was still alive, so they had to change the time table.

They could be caught much earlier.

Even their sponsors wouldn't be able to do anything if the US government retaliated. The government had the backing of the public, and they would be angered over the terrorist act.

They had to pull out as fast they were able to.

After a lengthy argument, Riola backed off.

The calculations were already all done. They just had to conduct their last experiment and collect the resultant data.

"All right. Just give me 3 hours. We'll leave after I attempt my last experiment."

Bibi quietly hid herself inside the darkness as she thoroughly explored the underground lair.

'Something's strange.'

She felt a strange sense of danger and it was getting on her nerves.

The research staff busily placed bloodstones in various locations. Professor Riola opened a black box and took out a bright purple gem.

'Dimensional Fragment!'

Bibi's eyes shown, since she had seen this item once before.

Professor Riola arranged the bloodstones like a magic circle. He placed the gem in the center, then he turned to look at the other researchers.

"We can head up now."

Jack's boring wait had come to an end. He went up the stairs with the researchers. When everyone disappeared, the Dimensional Fragment rose into the empty air.

"Nyahng. Something very grave is happening here-ahong."

Bibi was the only one left inside the bunker. She had an uneasy feeling as magical energy swirled around the Dimensional Fragment.

The bloodstones placed around the surrounding let out a hum. One after another, the bloodstones rose into the air as it emitted Mana.

"Ooh-ook. Something bad is going to happen if this continues-ahong."

Bibi felt something was wrong, so she started running up the stairs. Before Bibi could clear the stairs, the pillar of light shot out from the underground bunker and into the sky.

Pah-pah-paht!

When the amazing spectacle receded, the entrance of the underground bunker returned to its original appearance.

“Hurry up and bring it over here.”

With a pounding heart, Professor Riola activated the instrument that measured the Dungeon Energy. A fellow researcher was operating the machine and his eyes turned round when he saw the rising value.

“Uh uh? It seems we've succeeded.”

“What's the measured value?”

“

It's about 5 stars. Uh... It... it went past 6 stars.”

“Great!”

Rioloa made a fist. He will overtake Toppler and be known as the world's top authority on Dungeons.

He accomplished something no one else had ever done.

He was able to create a new Dungeon that wasn't located inside a subway.

“Uh uh? The value is rising sharply. This value is... It's a 7 star Dungeon...”

“What?”

Riola was surprised as he looked over the numbers given by the measuring instrument. This was a value never before seen.

Pah-paht!

A powerful shock wave came out of the Dungeon. The measuring equipment and the poorlu built ceiling of the farmstead collapsed. The shock wave pushed back the tanks within the warehouse, and the other vehicles were thrown backwards as if a tornado

had descended.

Riola and Jack, who were near the Dungeon, was thrown to the floor and sent rolling away. Several unlucky people died immediately. The other, more unlucky people were at death's door, letting out ragged breaths.

"Koo-hahahah. Which human summoned me, Rashmode?"

A bizarre phlegm-filled voice was heard as Rashmode squeezed through the narrow door to the Dungeon. His eyes twinkled as he looked at the cat within his grasp. Her hackles were raised.

"Ho-oh. It's a succubus with a very familiar energy signature..."

"Nyahhng."

Bibi glared at Rashmode, but she couldn't do anything. Ggaebi, who was in the shadows of the reconnaissance team inside the office, slipped out.



The helicopter landed near the farm.

Woojin walked without any hesitation and a worried Dolsae followed behind him.

Deacon, the Holy Maiden, and the nervous Holy Knights brought up the rear. His eyes traveled up the rough unpaved road as he headed towards the collapsed farmstead.

Woojin saw the poorly equipped humans, who couldn't run away, looking towards Rashmode.

"Hahahaha. It really was the Immortal's succubus."

Rashmode held the limp Bibi in one hand, and he roared with laughter. Woojin narrowed his eyes.

"I guess it isn't synchronized yet."

"Koo-kook. Earth is still unripe. I came out of curiosity. I wanted to see who had formed the summoning magic circle. I would have never guess it was the Immortal!"

Rashmode seemed to be genuinely delighted by the current situation.

“The Immortal ran away and hid on earth?”

“Return Bibi to me.”

“Ah ha. This little missy?”

Rashmode shook the limp cat in his grasp.

“I know the Immortal's familiars can't be truly killed. They are similar to us in that aspect.”

Yes. Trahnet's commanders were like leeches.

“Koo-kook. I know, better than others, the pain and despair of death.”

When one is revived, it doesn't undo the death one experiences. The memory of going through death was truly frightening. As one remembered the experience, the fear one felt increased. Woojin didn't want Bibi to experience the pain and despair caused by death.

“I guess dementia has finally come to you? Didn't you die around five times by my hands?”

“Ah, that's right. That did happen.”

Rashmode let out a cheerful laugh.

“However, it was the version of you that hadn't been initialized.”

“.....”

Rashmode looked as if he was trying to see through Woojin. Woojin's face had already hardened.

“Let's see if you are confident enough to challenge me once again. Koo-kook.”

Rashmode glanced at the Holy Maiden and headed towards the underground Dungeon.

“Let's leave our minions out of this. Come at me. Let's have a fair fight.”

Rashmode let out an unpleasant laugh then he headed inside the Dungeon.

Before Woojin could walk forward, the Holy Maiden grabbed him.

“It's a trap.”

“It always is.”

“.....”

“There's no trap that I can't overcome.”

The Immortal's track record bore this out.

Woojin was about to head into the Dungeon when the monsters rushed out.

“Koo-rah-rahk!”

The members of the Rivers organization ran away from the Dungeon when they saw the endless flow of monsters. Woojin laughed when he saw the monsters pour out.

“Leave all our minions?”

Rashmode was sending all the monsters out from inside the Dungeon. The Dungeon Break couldn't happen without the express consent of the Dungeon's owner. Basically, the owner could create a Dungeon Break any time the owner wanted.

All the monsters from within the Dungeon was sent out. The Holy Maiden had a frightened expression when several hundred monsters came out.

This was Rashmode's choice.

Rashmode didn't want to give Woojin any corpses, so he was giving up his underlings.

“Dolsae.”

Weeeeeeeeeng.

It seemed Dolsae's vibration was more intense, since he was worried about Bibi.

“I’ll rescue her.”

Weeeeng.

He felt Dolsae's sadness, worry, and anger.

“These trashes...”

Woojin extracted all his magical energy, and he gave it to Dolsae.

“You sweep them up as you like.”

Weeeeng.

Woojin opened his Inventory. He took out a magic potion and drank it. Then, he started walking towards the monsters. As if they were trained dogs, the monsters held firm without making any moves towards Woojin as he walked past them. The monsters kept order as they unleashed a killing intent. It was like watching a horde before their charge.

He felt a familiar feeling.

‘This is it.’

Woojin laughed at this nonsense. He had fought Trahnet's army ad nauseam, and now he’d have to fight them once again. So why was his heart beating faster?

When Woojin entered the Dungeon, the monsters immediately went into a frenzy.

“Kwahhhhhh!”

“W... what should we do? We should have brought backup...”

Deacon began to have late regrets about everything when a storm started to form around Dolsae.

Gi-gi-gi-geek.

The tanks scattered around the surrounding was pulled towards Dolsae. The helicopters, vehicles, and missiles was also dragged along. Even the steel framework of the barn and the thick steel doors flew towards Dolsae.

Goo-goo-gook.

The helicopters were crushed and the tanks were being disassembled. The pieces then started to reassemble themselves. The missiles attached themselves to Dolsae's shoulder and the blades of the helicopters were attached onto his arms.

“Goo-ohhhhhhh!”

The Steel Titan let out a roar and the monsters flinched back in surprise.

The Holy Maiden swallowed drily.

“The Titan of Destruction...”

This summoned being was rumored to be the most ruthless being amongst the Immortal's familiars.

The Steel Golem started running rampant.



# Chapter 79

## Rashmode (1)

His rage was expressed as a catastrophe. He swept across the area.

Too too too too!

The propeller spinning on Dolsae's left arm cut a wolf-like monster in half. The propeller was strengthened with magic, so it was akin to spinning blades.

When the blood of the wolf flew everywhere, it signalled the beginning of the battle.

“Koo-ohhhh!”

Dolsae let out a roar and headed towards the monsters.

Kwahng, kwahng!

Every time the steel giant took a step, a large crater was formed on the ground. The vibration caused the bolts on his body to fall off in droves.

“Kwahhhhk!”

Dolsae was unreserved even as several hundred monsters all ran at him.

Kwahng! Kwah-jeek!

Every time Dolsae swung his fist, a monster's head exploded. Moreover, the rotating blades broke the formation of the monsters as it cut apart their bodies.

Pshooooong!

The Missile attached to his back shot high into the sky. It fell and exploded near the rear of the group, the most dense spot of monsters. The members of the Rivers organization, who hadn't had the time to run away, were swept up in the explosion, but Dolsae couldn't stop his destructive instinct.

The Holy Knights looked on dumbly at the sight. Dolsae was going nuts in the midst of the monsters, like a crazy bull.

“Wow. Is he a transformer?”

“What a cool ability!”

Jimmy would throw away his Flight and Quick Sword abilities if he could have such an ability.

They said he was a Steel Golem...

Isn't he just a robot?

“Look at his cannons.”

The cannons mounted on Dolsae's shoulders fired as it shot down a flying monster that was far distance away. Some Holy Knights even started to clap as Dolsae sniped his enemies.

However, not all of the Holy Knights were robot enthusiast.

“Why are you standing here like idiots? Go hunt the monsters!”

James, the leader of the Holy Knight, angrily scolded his men. The Holy Knights quickly readied themselves for battle. When two of the monsters headed towards them, all the Holy Knights unsheathed their weapons.

“May the goddess' blessing be with you.”

Pah-pah-paht.

When the goddess Aria's blessing was cast, the Holy Knights' fighting power was increased significantly. If you were a B Rank Roused, Melody's buff would elevate you to Rank A. Moreover, there were those who could exhibited even more power than that.

“It's been awhile. Should we go hunt?”

The Holy Knights were about to step forward when the two monsters casted their

shadows over them. Then.....

Kooh-oong!

Both of Dolsae's feet fell from the sky and drove the two monsters deep into the ground. The monsters were probably crushed to death.

Hoooooooohng.

The shock wave caused dirt to fly everywhere. Naturally coarse words poured out of their mouths.

“Shit.”

“What the hell is this?”

After falling from the sky, Dolsae extended his hand towards the Holy Knights.

“What the hell? He doesn't want us to butt in?”

Ggi-gee-gee-geek.

The sound of metals grating against each other was heard every time Dolsae moved. He turned back to look at the monsters. The Holy Knights shook their head as they looked at Dolsae's large back. Then, they turned to the Holy Maiden.

“Aren't we allies?”

“.....”

“What should we do?”

“Please just wait.”

It was what the Titan of Destruction had wanted—to face the monsters by himself. She didn't know his reason, but she decided it would be best to let Dolsae do what he wanted.

If they unnecessarily butted in, then they might have to face the Titan of Destruction instead of the monsters.

Kwah-kwah-kwahng!

The Titan of Destruction charged towards the monster, while letting out a heavy sound with every step he took. Instead of being worried about the Dolsae, she was worried about Woojin, who had headed towards an unfavorable battlefield.

‘I worry about the Immortal.’

The Holy Maiden shook her head at her own absurd thoughts.

He could take care of himself.

He went by himself since he was confident in himself.

“Everyone please get ready.”

The Holy Knights were confused by the Holy Maiden's words.

“Mmm. Isn't our steel friend going to block our way?”

“He won't be able to regenerate after he uses up all of his magic.”

Magic was consumed when the body was first formed. Moreover, magic was consumed when Dolsae had to regenerate the broken pieces of his body. Woojin had transferred all of his magic to Dolsae, but it will eventually run out.

Even now, he was regenerating his armor that had been torn away by a monster. He pulled the roof of a new vehicle to repair himself. His magic was being consumed incrementally, but there were still couple hundred monsters left.

“If the Titan of Destruction falls, then I have no idea where the monsters will head towards.”

Currently, the monsters were acting like trained pack of hunting dogs. The monsters converged and attacked a single target. This was possible since the monsters had yielded to the authority of commander Rashmode.

After the monsters took down their target, they'd be released from Rashmode's control. They would return to being wild and violent monsters.

This situation would basically turn into something akin to a normal Dungeon Break.

Even if a single monster escaped, it would be disastrous.

“That Steel Golem has to last as long as he can.”

Guild master Deacon let out a moan.

His support team should be on their way here now. He had been worried that he would have to buy time with only the Holy Knights by his side, so her words were a welcome sound.

He wished for the Steel Golem to last until his support team arrived.

“So who was the person Mr. Kahng-woojin followed after?”

“Person?”

The Holy Maiden furrowed her brows. She could see how Rashmode could be seen as a person through human eyes. However, he was a terrible demon.

“He is one of Trahnet's 72 commanders.....”

That was his real identity.

“Black Magician Rahsmode.”

Melody's worried eyes moved towards the entrance of the underground Dungeon.



Woojin slowly descended the Dungeon's underground stairway.

There weren't that many stairs, and at the end of the tight space existed a red portal.

It was structured the same as a high rank Dungeon.

Woojin didn't hesitate and passed through the portal.

Pah-paht.

When the light disappeared, a large underground cavern was revealed. It was like a Dragon's lair. It was twice as large as a soccer stadium.

<You've entered Rahsmode's Research Lab.>

<You are attempting 'Assault' mode.>

"What the hell is this?"

The sound of the Dungeon Entrance Announcement was a bit different. He guessed it had meant that he entered a Dimensional Domain possessed by someone else.

"Koo-hahah. You dumb bastard. You really followed after me."

Rashmode let out a cheerful laugh.

He had known that the impatient Necromancer was very spontaneous and random in his actions. However, he had never expected the Necromancer to fall so easily to his vulgar provocation.

He had sent sent out all of his underlings to fill up the Dungeon. Even if he had tried to hold a numerical advantage, the Necromancer would use them as mediums to make his Skeleton Soldiers.

"You are only a Necromancer. What can you do without corpses?"

"At the very least, I'll be able to kill a bastard like you."

"Koo-haha. Your bravado is still the same even though you've gone through Initialization."

"Aren't you too confident as well, even though you don't have your Chimeras?"

Rashmode used to be a very famous Black Magician on Alphen.

He received immortality after he submitted to Trahnet. After numerous experimentations, he was able to make his body a Chimera. He no longer had the weak body of a magician.

If both their summons were taken out of the picture, Rashmode held a large advantage

over the Immortal.

“Hoo hoo hoo. I'll finally be able to see you die.”

“I guess you are quite confident. Why don't we fight after you return Bibi?”

“Huh? Koo-hahaha.”

Rashmode's face lit up. It felt as if he had seen a new and different side to the Immortal.

If someone found out that their arrogant idol was a simpleton, would they feel what he was feeling right now?

“You're friends with your familiars? Koo-hahaha.”

After laughing for a long while, Rashmode suddenly ended his laughter. He raised the cat in his grasp forward.

“She is only a disposable item. Who cares what happens to her? She exists only to be dominated.”

Rashmode tightened his grip and tore apart the cat, Bibi.

Puh-uhk!

Woojin's eyebrows twitched when he saw Rashmode pluck the cat's head off her body.

<Succubus Bibi was killed. The Succubus' level will decrease by 1.>

<Re-summon is impossible for 32 days.>

Familiars can experience death, but they won't disappear. The familiar stayed dead for a time in correspondence to the familiar's level. Afterwards, the familiar once again appeared in the Summoning room.

“Koo-haha. What? Are you perhaps going to get angry at me?”

“No way.”

Woojin headed towards Rashmode with heavy eyes.

“Do you think me getting angry could properly express my rage?”

“Kooh-haha. Impudent bastard.”

He didn't like this bastard.

When would he be able to change his confidence and arrogance turn into abject cowardice?

Rashmode wanted to see it happen today.

He dashed towards Woojin.

There wasn't a single body part on his body he hadn't Chimerified. His two legs that kicked off the ground was as strong and fast as a Centaur's kick. His two arms exceeded the gripping strength an ogre.

Hwa-roo-rook.

A glowing black sword appeared in Rashmode's hand. On top of his strengthened body, he still had the speciality black magic that he could use without limitation.

After being Initialized, he wasn't an opponent that a Necromancer barely over level 70 could handle.

“Crawl underneath my feet!”

Beg for your life. Struggle beneath me.

Crawl on the ground in obsequiousness.

Well, he wouldn't mind if the Necromancer died immediately.

Hwa-roo-rook!

Rahsmode swung his black sword with the intent of splitting him into two pieces.

Ggahng!

Woojin had taken out his Steel Staff, and he had blocked Rashmode's black sword.



Rashmode's eyebrows lifted.

“Ho-oh! Is it Necromancy?”

The Immortal had used this technique occasionally.

In the past, he had showed battle capability that was almost inconceivable for a magician.

Woojin let out a cold laugh.

“Not at all.”

The Steel Staff changed into a Great Sword and Woojin attacked Rashmode with it.

Hooohng.

Rashmode had stepped out of the way to avoid the blow, but the weapon had already changed into a spear that was thrust towards him.

‘What a troublesome weapon.’

Was it an Epic Item? The free-changing form of the item was quite similar to a Warrior's Weapon.

“N... no way!”

Rashmode was surprised at what he had considered to be a ridiculous notion.

Come to think of it, the Immortal was keeping up with his fortified body. Moreover, the Immortal had strength that matched his speed and reaction.

“You bastard! You became a Warrior?”

Woojin laughed instead of answering him.

<The time remaining on Warrior's Wrath 77, 76, 75... >

His extreme anger could be maintained much longer as his level increased. However, he was running out of time. Woojin swung his weapon, which had turned into an axe.

Then he quickly changed it back into a great sword to execute a stab.

With his unconventional attack and strength, Rashmode was being pushed back more and more. He couldn't help but be taken aback.

‘He threw away the Undead Army to become a common Warrior.’

He was having a hard time believing it, but the evidence was right in front of his eyes. As they exchanged a flurry of blows, Rashmode was gradually being undone. It was a fight between a Warrior, and a magician with fortified strength and quickness.

In a hand-to-hand fight like this, the Warrior would inevitably hold the advantage.

Poo-oohk!

When he saw the blade of the spear embed itself deep into his abdomen, Rashmode's pale expression hardened. He immediately leaped backwards and widened the distance between his enemy.

Poo-hwahk!

When the blade of the spear was extracted, a fountain of blood flew out of the hole in his abdomen, but the blood flow stopped after couple seconds. Then, the wound started to heal. He hadn't used healing magic. It was an effect of his Chimera body. He had a much better version of a Troll's regeneration ability.

“Stupid bastard. You ran away to earth, then threw away your Necromancy to train in Warrior techniques?”

“This is fun in its own way.”

“Stupid bastard.”

He acknowledged it. The potential of Woojin's combat ability was incredible. If he reached Max Level as a Warrior class, he would most definitely be stronger than any of the heroes in the alliance.

However, that would be it.

Rashmode consumed the Dungeon Energy to quickly regenerate the monsters.

“Koo-roo-roo-roo.”

He relaxed a little bit as he saw the monsters appearing, one or two at a time in the air.

The Immortal had been problematic because of the Undead Army he controlled. The Undead Army had been able to contend with Trahnet's army.

However, he had given up that army so Rashmode didn't have to be afraid of it any more.

When Rashmode surrendered to Trahnet, he was given power.

The summoned monsters ran towards Woojin.

“Koo-koo. Let's see how long you can last...”

The bastard will eventually tire out, and he will take credit for the victory. As befitting his position as commander, he'll just watch the bastard's tenacious resistance at his leisure. Then he'll enjoy his moment of victory.

Woojin used his various skills to fight the monsters. After the kill count exceeded a hundred, one could notice he was tiring. There were wounds all over his body, and he looked like a bloody mess.

“Koo-hahaha. Naive bastard. This is the price of throwing away your power of control for a bloody sword. How does it feel?”

“Who...”

Woojin laughed as he was drenched in blood.

“Who said I threw it away?”

“What?”

He had only been using his Energy to attack. His Mana had been slowly replenishing and was almost ninety full. Woojin stretched out both of his arms.

Puh-puh-puh-puhk!

The corpses that were littered all about in his surrounding exploded. Then the Skeleton Soldiers and Magicians started to rise.

“Kee-kee-kee-keek.”

The underground cavern was filled with Skeletons, their voices terrifying.

When a friendly force was killed, it didn't end at -1. The dead ally was turned into an enemy, so the score would become a -2. This was why the Immortal had been troublesome to deal with. When several hundred skeletons looked back at him, Rashmode's face turned white.

# Chapter 80

## Rashmode (2)

There were only 72 commanders in existence and, as his title implied, Rashmode wasn't an easy opponent. He continuously used Demon Summons to get rid of Woojin's Skeleton army while simultaneously performing dangerous black magic.

"I guess you are getting tired now?"

"Koo koo kook. You shouldn't compare me to you."

Rashmode snorted in derision. He was tired, but Woojin was in the same boat.

Woojin was drenched in blood, and a haze of heat was rising up from his body. Woojin grinned.

"I'm sure now."

"Are you trying to bluff me again?"

"You can't use your full power either."

"....."

Rashmode stayed silent as if Woojin's words had hit the mark. Moreover, he realized he had made a mistake. His silence had basically confirmed his opponent's words.

"Koo-kook. Clearly the Link is unstable right now."

Rashmode acknowledged the point. Woojin frowned.

Link? What was he talking about.

"Still, you also lost your power, the same as me."

The Immortal had been Initialized.

He could tell that Woojin wasn't the Immortal of the past. The Immortal was barely able to fight off his weakened self. Moreover, Rashmode was slowly gaining the upper-hand.

Woojin's surrounding was filled with broken Skeletons.

"I'm quickly regaining what I have lost."

"What?"

Woojin smirked as he looked at the face of Rashmode, who made a retort.

Woojin felt as if the pinnacle of power he had reached on Alphen wasn't far from his grasp. He was close. Moreover, even if he wasn't hunting right now, his level up was currently progressing.

He had gained a good amount of EXP hunting the monsters that were summoned by Rashmode. Moreover, Dolsae was fighting outside and the EXP he was sending Woojin's way was pushing him very close to a level up.

Woojin lifted his great sword, then clashed with Rashmode.

Kwahng, kwah-kwahng.!

Woojin attacked with all he had, but Rashmode blocked all his attacks. Woojin was too tired to face off against a monster like Rashmode, who had turned himself into a Chimera.

His Magic had bottomed out and his Energy was almost all used up.

Pah-paht!

At that moment, a light exploded forth from Woojin's body.

Woojin's body was filled with energy and he smiled.

This sensation always made Woojin feel giddy.

"Your condition doesn't look too good."

Rashmode made a face as if he chewed on something sour.

“Go and get some rest.”

Woojin's hammer came down on Rashmode's head.

Puhhhhk!

His swing that was filled with Energy crushed Rashmode's head in an instant.

Black bubbles started forming as Rashmode's head was quickly regenerating. Woin quickly changed his hammer into an axe and brought it down on Rashmode's neck.

Kahng, kwah-jee.

He didn't know what Rashmode had done to his cervical vertebrae. It was like trying to sever a steel chain. The black magician's head was separated from the body, and it came to a stop after rolling several times. His head was boiling as if he had received a severe burn. It was a sickening sight.

Rashmode's one eye barely moved as he glared at Woojin.

“Koo-koo-koo. The Link is starting soon. Why don't you run away again? Which dimension are you going to run away to?”

Woojin's foot crushed Rashmode's head.

Kwah-jeek.

“I'm not going to run away! You son of a bitch.”

<Level Up.>

Fucking bastard.

At least, he gave Woojin a lot of EXP.

As if he was trying to get rid of his leery feeling, Woojin started to scrape Rashmode's brain matter off of his shoe by scuffing it against the floor.

Woojin started walking, heading towards the corpse of a cat that was sprawled out on the floor.

“Hoo-oooh.”

His heart was heavy. Until she was revived, she would have to roam through the deep emptiness. He knew how scary and horrible such an experience could be.

“Rest, Bibi.”

When Woojin touched the corpse of the cat, it turned into black smoke and it was absorbed back into Woojin's body.

She would wait in the Summoning room for her revival.

“Where's the Return Stone?”

Woojin used his Search Magic, and he couldn't find anything on Rashmode's body. There were a lot of doors on every wall he faced. He headed towards the door that was giving off the most magical energy.

When he opened the door, he saw a stone stairway leading up to an altar. There was a red gem as large as his body.

“Dragon's Heart?”

The magical energy it held couldn't even be compared to the bloodstones. This was a treasure Woojin had only seen a few times before.

Woojin looked around the lab as he put away the item inside his Inventory. There were various body parts and bones of monsters mounted all around the lab, and they gave off a creepy vibe.

“What had he been trying to make?”

He didn't know what great Chimera Rashmode was trying to make, but it had required the use of a Dragon's Heart. However, Woojin didn't really need to know that information now.

“I'll use it well.”



Woojin's hand touched the gem.

<You have obtained Dragon's Heart.>

“Maybe I should make RyongRyong a friend.”

Woojin searched the lab in a good mood, since he had made an unexpected profit. There were high quality monster ingredients piled everywhere. He also found several black magic tomes. He put it all away into his Inventory, then used the Return Stone to cross the portal.

When Woojin exited the stairway, he saw the large figure made out of scrap metals. He looked like a pile one could find at a junk yard.

Gee-gee-geek.

When Woojin spotted him, the Steel Giant stood up. His entire body was drenched with the blood of the monsters. Instead of an Iron Golem, he looked like a Blood Golem.

“Goo-uhhh.”

“.....”

Dolsae asked if Woojin had rescued Bibi. Even amongst his familiars, those two were unusually close...

“Come here.”

At Woojin's words, the pieces of tanks and helicopters that made up Dolsae's body fell to to floor.

Weeeeeng.

Golem's Heart, the ball of light that was the size of a person's head, approached Woojin and Dolsae wept in sadness.

Woojin felt complicated emotions as he stroked Dolsae once.

“Good job. Go back in to look after Bibi.

Weeeeeng.

Dolsae vibrated in mid-air, then he disappeared as if he had just melted away.

He probably shouldn't summon Dolsae for awhile.

At least, Bibi won't be lonely as she waited to be reborn in the Summoning room. Dolsae would be waiting night and day for her return.

Woojin looked around his surrounding and saw armed men taking care of the monsters' corpses.

The Holy Maiden approached Woojin and bowed her head.

She made the right choice in not attacking him. He didn't have his Death Knights, yet he was able to defeat Trahnet's commander...

His reputation as being the God of Destruction's Champion was warranted.

"Do you know what happened here?"

Melody immediately knew what Woojin was talking about.

"Earth isn't synchronized fully yet. This was the work of a summoning circle."

"Give me a more detailed explanation."

"....."

The Holy Maiden was silent for a moment as she chose what she would say.

"Dungeon... This magic circle can summon a waypoint."

"A waypoint?"

"It is a tunnel capable of connecting to the Dimensional Domain. People of earth call it a Dungeon. It is called a Gate on Alphen."

"....."

Woojin pressed firmly on his temple.

They were having a hard time defending against the existing Dungeons, yet people were trying to create new Dungeons?

Why were there so many crazy people on earth?

“Melody.”

“Yes...”

“Cooperate with me.”

“What are...”

“I don't want to see Trahnet's forces tread on Earth.”

“.....”

“Give me your full cooperation. If I am able to earn my Dimensional Domain, I'll actively help you reclaim Alphen.”

“...!”

Melody's eyes opened wide all of a sudden.

She gave a shiver of disbelief, her entire body trembling.

How could those words have come out of the Immortal's mouth?

It was so shocking that tears threatened to form in her eyes.

How great would it have been if the Immortal had been as concerned and took active interest when he was on Alphen? Maybe they have been able to protect their planet?

‘Oh, my goddess...’

Maybe goddess Aria wanted her to bring back the Immortal, who had crossed back to earth. Maybe this was why she had guided Melody here.

“I'll move heaven and earth to help you...”

By protecting Earth, she would be able to regain Alphen.

The Holy Maiden bowed deeply towards Woojin to express her thanks.



Woojin was provided a room in a hotel owned by the Titan Guild. Only the VIPs was allowed to use this hotel. However, Woojin only stayed there for 5 minutes.

With the help of the Titan Guild, Woojin spent all of his time mainly clearing the 6 star Dungeons nearby, as well as leveling up. He had also been lucky. He had come across a 6 star Dungeon when it was Reset, and he was able to clear it.

The hotel was mainly used by Jung-minchan.

Even if he had stayed in the hotel, it wasn't as if he would be able to kick back and relax.

At the Holy Maiden's strong suggestion, Titan Guild and Alandal Guild created a powerful new alliance. They were busy making detailed plans on Earth's defense, and the expedition they will send to Planet Alphen.

The consortium had ended with a troubled atmosphere in the air. The information about Trahnet's conquest forces, the state of Alphen, the reason why Dungeons were forming, and the structure of the Dungeons were all revealed. It caused widespread chaos.

There was a dilemma.

If they excavated and used the bloodstones, Earth would fall faster into danger. However, the bloodstones could also be used as a weapon in protecting earth from danger.

On one side, there were people who wanted to stop clearing Dungeons immediately. On the other, people wanted to aggressively clear the Dungeons to strengthen earth's defense. A fierce debate had erupted.

During all of this, everyone agreed the world needed to mount a unified defense. There

were some talk of creating a command group able to direct the effort of all Roused on this world.

There were too many Roused from too many countries gathered at the consortium, so no one could come up with a consensus. It seemed that it would take a long time to come to an agreement.

It was the thirty-second day since he had defeated Rashmode.

It was the day Bibi would be revived. It was also the day Woojin would be returning to Korea. Titan prepared their private plane for Woojin's return journey.

Woojin shook hands with the Titan Guild master Deacon, who had footed all the expense relating to using the 6 star Dungeons.

“Thank you for everything.”

“No. We should be the one thanking you. I've never witnessed a Roused clear a Dungeon as fast as you, Mr Kahng-woojin.”

Deacon was astonished at the speed, in which Woojin cleared the vaunted Dungeons. Even after clearing a vast number of Dungeons, Woojin still hadn't been able to reach level 70. He needed 10% more EXP to reach level 70.

It wasn't as if Korea didn't have Dungeons. He could take care of leveling in Korea.

The only regret he felt was not being able to find a Dimensional Fragment in the newly Reset 6 Star Dungeon after he cleared it.

“Please travel safely.”

“I'll see you again at a later date.”

Woojin looked at the Holy Maiden. She was still careful around Woojin, but she wasn't always in a state of panic any more.

“Let's go together when we raid Alphen.”

“There's no doubt I'll be there.”

Woojin put on a mischievous smile when the Holy Maiden lowered her head.

“You must feel relieved since you don't have to see me any more.”

“.....”

She was as thankful as she could be for his promise of regaining Alphen. The problem was she still had a lot of fear and discomfort leftover for Woojin from the past. Whenever she was next to Woojin, she always felt anxious. So, the fact that he would be gone made Melody feel much more relieved.

“Huh? Since you aren't answering, it must be true.”

“...It isn't like that.”

“It's all right. Take care of yourself.”

“Please be safe on your travels, Monarch.”

She would have never thought she would develop a relationship with the Immortal, one in which they would exchange greetings...

After Melody saw Woojin's plane disappear into the sky, she left the airport.

The shadow from her face disappeared, and a sense of peace came over her.

The haughty and dignified air that had been missing for a brief amount of time returned.

When she returned to the temple located inside the Guild's headquarters, Melody prayed in front of the goddess' statue.

“Oh goddess... Let the day when we return to Alphen come as soon as possible...”

[.....]

“Ah!”

The Holy Maiden had her eyes closed as she prayed. She was surprised when there was a buzz around her. She calmed her heart then she sat up straight. This was her

goddess's divine message. Even she had only experienced this a few times in her life.

Her forehead, palms, knees and toes touched the ground in front of the goddess' statue. Her holy and kind voice rang in Melody's ears.

[...Follow him.]

She said to follow him. Who...

[Go after him.]

“.....”

The Holy Maiden fervently wished the person, who the goddess referred to, wasn't the one that came unbidden to her mind. As if the goddess had read her thought, her brilliant voice rang once again in the Holy Maiden's heart.

[You will stay by his side.]

“...Oh goddess.”

She wanted to act as if she hadn't hadn't heard her goddess. Did her goddess want to strengthen her weak heart by putting her next to him?

[Stay next to Kahng-woojin.]

The divine message was unusually long today.

I've already understood what you meant, goddess.

I just don't want to believe it.

She didn't feel this wretched even when the goddess had told her she would have to sacrifice her body for the salvation of Alphen by crossing the dimension...

Oh, my goddess. Why would you give me such a tribulation...

# Chapter 81

## Return (1)

Titan Guild's Private Plane.

When he saw the grandly prepared in-flight meal, Woojin spoke.

“This one is better than Jongdo-hyung's plane.”

Minchan tilted his head in confusion.

Jongdo? Ah... President Baek-jongdo.

Minchan suddenly felt awkward in the current situation.

When they traveled to the US, they had used the KH Guild's private plane. And when they had to return to Korea, the Titan Guild let them borrow their private plane.

They had participated in the consortium, but they had received special treatments. They also made a separate treaty with the Titan Guild.

Their guild were on equal footing... No, Alandal was in the dominant position against America's top guild.

Everything arose with Woojin at the root of it all.

“When I finally think I know you, I find out that I really didn't.”

“What?”

Woojin dipped a piece of bread into honey, and ate it in one bite.

Even his action right now was incredible to Minchan.

Minchan thought about it, never having witnessed such luxuries. They were given the the use of chartered airplanes, the best hotels, translators...



Even after given all these luxuries, Woojin took it in stride, in a cool manner. It would be strange not to look at him as if he were amazing.

“President. I honestly feel that you are a really amazing person. It still feel like I'm in a fleeting dream.”

He used to be a team leader in the Hammer Guild, yet he had just negotiated with the the Titan Guild's most important figures on equal footing. They were the number one guild in the US.

Just this fact boosted Minchan's self-confidence.

“What nonsense are you spouting now.”

Woojin had lived in much more luxury and public interest in the past. He was apathetic to such things. Truthfully, this kind of thing didn't matter much to Woojin. He had thrown away that lifestyle, one an emperor would have envied, to come back to earth.

“Haha. I think I'm slowly getting used to it.”

Jung-minchan let out an embarrassed laugh.

He joined when he saw Woojin and Alandal's growth potential. However he had made a wrong assessment. Alandal was like a high speed train that was already in motion. He had been lucky. He had gotten on the train before it had started to move.

Alandal's growth was so fast that their guild moved past the boundaries of Korea. Now they were establishing their name across the world. Even if he was the general director, he would be left behind on the curbside if he wasn't on his game.

“Yes. You have to get used to everything... Bibi.”

“Yes? What the heck is a Bibi?”

Black smoke coalesced on the table in front of Woojin, and a cat suddenly popped into existence.

Bibi looked at Minchan, then she tilted her head in confusion in a very cute manner.

“Nyahh.”

“You don't have to pretend to be a cat anymore.”

“Ha-ah. Understood-ahong.”

Minchan stood up from his seat in fright as human words suddenly came out of the cat's mouth.

“W... what the hell is th... this cat?”

“Why are you so surprised? This is a world where monsters pop out of Dungeons.”

When he put it that way, it did make sense.

Minchan sat in his chair again.

“She is my familiar.”

“I'm Bibi-ahong.”

“I'm Jung-minchan...”

Minchan felt endlessly awkward exchanging a conversation with a cat. Bibi turned her head towards Woojin.

“Why did you call me-ahong?”

“I wanted you to eat some food.”

“I have no appetite-ahong...”

“.....”

Bibi had been revived from death not too long ago. Woojin knew Bibi liked sampling earth's food, so he had purposefully summoned her...

“Just call me later when you are going to sleep-ahong.”

“Uh. All right.”

Bibi disappeared as she turned into black smoke. As if his appetite had been chased

away, he put down the bread he had been eating.

“Did something happen?”

Minchan didn't know the details, but he was quick to pick up on Woojin's mood. It made Minchan turn serious right alongside Woojin.

“It's nothing. I'm going to sleep, so don't wake me up.”

“Yes... Please rest.”

Woojin had cleared Dungeons for the past month without taking a single break. In real time, he had spent thirty days inside of the Dungeon, but what it felt like to Woojin was actually 120 days. It would be strange if he wasn't tired.

Minchan's heart became heavy as he saw Woojin walk into the bedroom.

‘President must be tired.’

He suddenly thought about all the things he took for granted with Woojin and reflected upon his thoughts. Woojin was still human, so of course he would be under a lot of stress.

‘It's the Support Division's job to properly assist him.’

Aiding the Roused; it was the main reason why guilds existed.

Even if everyone talked about guarding the world, it was Minchan's job to support Woojin in the end. Saving the world felt too far away, so he had decided to pay attention to Woojin, who was nearby. Minchan's job was to help Woojin.

Woojin was under much more strain than Minchan could imagine.

It was so bad that he had preferred hunting down monster in a pressured situation rather than going to sleep. He had held out until he reached the limit of his willpower, but he eventually had to sleep.

While Woojin's consciousness weakened, the evil spirits showed up to torment Woojin, but he couldn't do anything.

Bibi had still been dead...

Woojin laid down on a fancy bed one could find in a hotel room. Bibi curled up by his pillow. When he saw Bibi in low spirits, his anger towards Rashmode spiked.

"I'll never leave you behind when I go hunting from now on..."

"...Understood-ahong."

If only Bibi had been stronger... She might have been able to escape through her own power. With the purpose of protecting his family, he had left Bibi home too much.

Leveling up his familiars was as important as getting stronger to Woojin.

The Immortal's true power wasn't the power he wielded. It was his Undead Army, which was composed of his familiars.

It had been a really long time since Woojin fell deep into sleep.

He didn't have a sweet dream, but he didn't mind being accosted by nightmares.

The airplane with Woojin in it headed towards Korea.



The manager took out the bag from the compartment above the seat and looked at the singer sitting on the seat.

"Hey, Cindy. Let's get off."

"Oppa. Let's wait a little bit longer before we go."

"Huh? Aren't you tired?"

Cindy's manager, Moon-sahngchul, was worried as he saw her tired face. However, what could he do? One had to row when the tide came in. If they didn't take advantage of the current situation, they would never know when Cindy could still become popular as she was right now.

Her schedule was so tight that he hadn't been able to make the flight appointment

until it was too late. He couldn't book a first class seat, so he felt sorry towards her.

A woman sitting in a seat from across the aisle walked towards Cindy.

“Unni! Here are the items you are sponsoring.”

Cindy put on the shoes and sunglasses and was pushed towards by the stylist. Then, she picked up her bag.

The arrival of a star at an airport was a newsworthy event. The reporters took pictures of the outfit dubbed Airport Fashion. It was a fantastic way to advertise products.

From the tip of her toes to her head, sponsored items were worn by a popular entertainer like Cindy.

“If you're ready, let's go.”

“Whew. Let's head out.”

Cindy let out a short sigh as she trudged forward. It was uncomfortable to wear all these items, but she had been able to sleep a lot on the plane. She was in a pretty good condition.

After putting on a cheerful smile, she passed through the arrival gate.

Cindy, who had a bright smile on her face, couldn't help but be taken aback at the numerous reporters and broadcast cameras.

‘A... aren't there too many of them?’

It wasn't only Cindy who had been taken aback. Her stylist, as well as her manager Moon-sahngchul, had also stopped walking from the surprise.

“Oppa. What are you doing?”

“Oh yeah.”

Cindy was the first one to gather herself. Sahngchul also regained his senses as he looked around Cindy's surrounding. She started walking with a bright smile on her face. It was a familiar yet unfamiliar situation, so she felt really awkward in this

situation.

None of the several dozens of cameras let out a flash.

As she continued to walk, her patented smile slowly disappeared from her face. She quietly asked her manager.

“Oppa. Is someone else arriving here today?”

“I have no idea. It does seem someone is coming...”

He couldn't say 'someone who is more famous than you is coming... ', since it might hurt Cindy's pride.

“Isn't that Cindy over there?”

“I guess so. Just take several shots.”

“Eh. I guess we can somewhat salvage this situation with some pictures of her.”

What the hell? This felt worse than receiving no interest at all.

Cindy tried to hear the conversation between the reporters, who were still not showing any interest in her. Now that she had looked them over they weren't the usual reporters from the entertainment division she usually saw.

“When is Mr. Kahng-woojin arriving?”

“He's on a private plane, so we don't know the exact details.”

“Ha. Maybe he was already diverted to a different route?”

“Eh-ee. He has to pass through here no matter what.”

“You never know. Cheongwadae might have sent him an escort...”

At his words, all the waiting reporters turned to glare sharply at the reporter. If his words were true, then they had waited five hours for nothing.

Unexpectedly, Cindy was able to exit the airport without any fuss. When Cindy got in

the company van, she immediately took off the sunglasses.

“Huh. Jeez. It seems Kahng-woojin is quite an amazing person.”

“Uh-ooh. He's incredibly hot right now. It seems he's coming back from the US today. Hey, Hweesup. Let's go.”

“Yes, chief.”

The company's road manager put the van in motion. Moon-sahngchul opened his hand phone. He didn't even need to search for Kahng-woojin. His name was trending as the most real time searched word.

“Every time he does something, he is always the number one searched person.”

It pretty much indicated how explosive the interest that Kahng-woojin was currently receiving from the public was. He could now understand why several dozen reporters were looking for Kahng-woojin.

His every movement was considered to be a scoop in Korea.

“Ah. It seems he'll be meeting the President today. Those reporters have to completely write-off today.”

It meant Kahng-woojin had escaped the airport already in secret. In the real time search ranking, keywords such as 'Kahng-woojin meeting the President', 'Kahng-woojin and Cheongwae' was starting to pop up.

“Hey, Cindy.”

“Uh?”

“What are you looking at? Are you also looking for the articles?”

“It... it's nothing.”

When Cindy turned on her private handphone, she had read the message that had been sent to her.

[Notice for Mido High school's Alumni meeting. ○ ○ Restaurant 7 o'clock. Kahng-

woojin in attendance... This is the end to this week's mail. Please reply if attending.  
Chairman Nahm-jihyuhk.]

After she first debuted, she had gone to the alumni meeting several times.

After she became busy, however, she had never gone to one. It seemed that she needed to go this time.

Cindy turned over her hazy memories. There was this one student who had disappeared before the Dungeon Shock. It had caused a big ruckus.

“This Kahng-woojin is that guy?”

It had been a long time since Cindy's eyes shone with interest. Her finger immediately pressed reply on her handphone.



Inside the limousine sent by Cheongwadae's secretariat. (TLN:Cheongwadae is also called the Blue House. Korean equivalent of the White House.)

“Let me off here.”

“What?”

His days were filled with a lot of surprises, but a situation like this had always surprised him in a new way.

Michan couldn't help but dumbly ask the question. Maybe he misheard?

“Let me off right over there. I'm riding a taxi back.”

“What are you going to do about the P... Ppresident and the dinner party?”

“I don't care about the dinner party. I'm full.”

No, a dinner party didn't really mean it was solely for eating food.

“Still, the President invited us...”



“I even skipped out on the Yankee President, so why should I care about this?”

“Still, this is the second time...”

“You can go in my place.”

Minchan let out a deep sigh.

“President has to go. Even if a general director attends...”

“Just remake your business card.”

“What?”

“You are vice-president from now on.”

“.....”

“Just tell them you are there instead of the president.”

“.....”

Minchan pinched the bridge of his nose.

Ha. He was in a tough position, yet he couldn't help but feel giddy.

“Just tell them I went home since I'm tired. You talk to them.”

“Still, this is...”

“Vice-president Jung-minchan. Fighting!”

“.....”

Ha, vice-president. Vice-president...

His eyes were troubled, but his lips kept stretching into a smile.

Woojin grinned, then he spoke to the driver in a clean suit.

“Please stop here.”

“But the President.....”

“Are you trying to take me somewhere when I don't want to go?”

“But...”

“Are you trying to kidnap me? Will you be able to bear the fallout?”

The driver was taken aback by Woojin's word, and he didn't know what to do. Minchan spoke to the driver in a reasonable manner.

“Please stop. Our president's condition isn't so good.”

“.....”

He didn't look like that at all, but... he was only the driver so he had no choice. He stopped his car by the road.

“I'll see you later president. When I go to the office later, I'll give you my business report after I organize it properly.”

They had made an alliance with the Titan guild, and there were the small deals they had made after finishing tasks given by the US government. There were a lot of things he had to report.

“All right. Go have a good meal, vice-president Jung.”

Ah, one doesn't go to dinner party just to eat. When Woojin spoke like that, it seemed as if he were saying that Minchan was going to a birthday party just to eat food.

Minchan gave his farewell to Woojin and rolled the window up.

He sneakily moved to the seat of honor where Woojin had been sitting.

“Huh huh, vice-president. Huh.”

Minchan kept shaking his head as he put his hands over his forehead. His half covered face was filled with a smile.

He was probably the first one?

He had risen from being a salaryman in a guild's Support Division to the position of vice president.

“Ha, vice-president... Huh huh.”

The driver kept glancing at his mirror as if Minchan was acting strange.

Both this guild's president and vice-president were all abnormal people.

The limousine slowly headed towards the Cheongwadae.

# Chapter 82

## Return (2)

Woojin got off at the shoulder of the road, then he caught a taxi.

“Where do you want to go?”

“Sadahng.”

After he spoke, Woojin sat still as he closed his eyes.

‘From now on...’

First, he would go to his house to see his mother and Sooah, then he would return to the Dungeons. He had to reach level 70. Only then would he be able to calm himself.

Afterwards, he would find a Reset Dungeon and obtain the Dimensional Fragment. He would find the Dungeon that reacted to him and form his Dimensional Domain. Then, he would drill a single entrance into Alphen. Ah, before he does all of that, he had to train Sunggoo. Would he also have to pick a new Roused to groom?

Woojin was in a state of meditation as he organized the thoughts that kept crowding his mind. Soon, the taxi arrived at the destination, which was in front of his house.

“It'll be \$25.”

“Huh-uh. That's quite high.”

“It's a service I am doing with my life on the line.”

Woojin got what he was saying, but wasn't everyone working near a subway station and putting their life on the line? Woojin started searching his pockets and, as if he had just thought about this, had an expression of embarrassment on his face.

Come to think of it, all his possession were inside his trunk, and it was with Minchan.

“I don't have my wallet.”

“...?”

For a brief moment, the taxi driver's eyelids fluttered. He looked at Woojin with worried eyes. Woojin let out a cheerful laugh.

“Huh huh. Don't worry about it. I'll ask someone to bring some money out.”

Minchan always carried around money so Woojin would always just have only his phone around. He was quite fortunate that he had brought his hand phone.

He called his mother.

Ddoo-roo-roo-roo.

It kept ringing and she wasn't picking up the phone. The taxi driver gave him a wary look.

For no reason, Woojin felt startled and anxious. After a long while, his mother answered the phone. When Woojin heard his mother's voice, it was welcoming, like the much-needed rain in a drought.

[Uh, son. You are back in Korea?]

“Yes. I'm in front of the house, but I don't have the taxi fare. Would you mind coming out for a little bit?”

[Huh? I'm not at home right now.]

“.....”

He hadn't considered such a scenario. It was still daytime, so Sooah should be at her kindergarten. Moreover, his mother seemed to have gone out...

[I think there is money inside the house... Why don't you look through the dresser?]

“No. It's all right. I'll just go to the office...”

He had planned on going to the office eventually after a brief break.

“Ahjuhshi. Turn the taxi around, then head towards the Sadahng station.”

“Why do you want to go there?”

“I can give you the money over there.”

“.....”

What was this? Is this some new way to rob a taxi?

The driver looked at Woojin with worry in his eyes. Woojin let out a laugh.

“Do you know who I am, ahjuhshi?”

“How would I know who you are?”

“Huh? People tell me I'm famous now...”

“.....”

The suspicion in the taxi driver's eyes increased significantly. Woojin scratched the back of his head. Well, it was an internet society now. If this guy didn't watch the TV or check the trending search words online, he wouldn't know about Woojin.

“Let's just get there first. I'll call someone I know.”

“Koo-hmmm.”

The taxi driver still looked at him with suspicion, but after he adjusted his rear-view mirror, he started his car. Woojin called Sunggoo's phone.

Ddo-roo-roo-roo-roo.

[Yes, president.]

“Uh? Is that Haemin? Why are you answering the phone?”

[Currently, director Hong is clearing the Dungeon, so I'm here to assist him.]

Even though Woojin was absent, Sunggoo must have been busily clearing the

## Dungeons.

“Where are you?”

[I'm at the entrance of Hongdae.]

“Chet. You traveled pretty far. What's Soonghoon doing?”

[Mr. Soong-hoon went to the market to buy the Reinforcement Stones.]

“Ughh. All right. I’ll see you later at the office.”

[Yes. I'll immediately return to the office after director Hong finishes clearing the Dungeon.]

“All right.”

How could he be put in such an awkward situation just because of a couple dozen dollar bills?

Woojin tried calling Jiwon.

Woojin ended the call, then he pressed his hand firmly against his temple.

So what if he had tens of millions in his account? He didn't have any money he could use right now. Woojin looked through his meager address book and he automatically smiled when he saw the name.

"It's been a long time since I've seen his face."

Woojin pressed the [Real Jaemin] entry in his address book.



'After reading the question, please find the value that doesn't fit.'

Jaemin was focused on reading his workbook when the vibration made his head turn to the side. The hand phone he had placed on the corner of his desk was vibrating.

Wooooong.

Jaemin's concentration was broken. He frowned as he looked at the number on the screen.

“Uh? It's Woojin-hyung.”

It had been awhile since Woojin had contacted him. He was pleased as he quickly picked up the call.

“Hyung.”

[Uh. Hey, Jaemin. Are you at your house?]

“Uh? How did you know?”

It was the day before his CSAT, so Jaemin had come home early.

[Oh, that 's great.]

Woojin had been guessing... Before Jaemin could ask how he was doing...

[I'm at the convenience store located at the intersection. Bring \$50 with you.]

...Woojin preemptively asked for a favor.

“Fifty dollars?”

[Uh. Just come out for a moment, and bring the money. I don't have any money for the taxi fare.]

“.....”

Why did this hyung never change?

He constantly came out on the news when he did something, and he was always the trending search word on the internet... He was a millionaire, who had traveled back and forth from the US on a private plane. So why was he trying to extort money from Jaemin once again?

[Hey, hey. I'll pay you back. Do you think I don't have the money?]



“.....”

If he had money, then why was he asking Jaemin to bring money?

“If you have money then you should pay the taxi fee with it...”

[I have money, but I don't have the taxi fee.]

“.....”

He didn't know if he was speaking or if he was farting. (TLN: idiom)

[Ah, I'll pay you back later. Just hurry up and bring it.]

“...Okay.”

[Oh. Jaemin is really the only one I can trust.]

This hyung never changes.

Jaemin closed the workbook he was working on and put on his outerwear. Jiwon, who was coming out from the restroom after a shower, looked at Jaemin with round eyes when he started heading out.

“I thought you were going to go through your mock test for the last time. Where are you going?”

“Woojin hyung wants to borrow some money for the taxi fare.”

“Huh?”

“I'll be back soon.”

“Hey. You will catch a cold. Your exam is tomorrow, so where do you think you're going? I can go instead. I've already been planning on going out tonight.”

“It's all right. It seems that he's in a hurry. Just go dry your hair.”

He'd be out for only a brief moment so he wouldn't catch a cold. His sister just took a shower and she hadn't dried her hair yet. She was more likely to catch a cold than him.

The November weather was chilly, and it was on the verge of coldness.

After coming outside, Woojin put his hands into his pockets and started to trot. There was a taxi parked in front of the convenience store he frequented. Jaemin approached the back window and knocked.

Jeeeeeng.

“Uh, are you here? Where's the money?”

“Here.”

Woojin took the \$50 from Jaemin and handed it over to the driver.

“Ahjushi, wasn't I right. I told you I wasn't lying.”

“Huh huh. Jeez.”

By listening to the conversation between the taxi driver and Woojin, there seemed to be some disagreement between the two of them. Woojin took the change and immediately gave it to Jaemin.

“I'll give you the rest later.”

What kind of person... no, this hyung was always like this.

“All right.”

“Why are you so down?”

“I'm taking the CSAT tomorrow.”

“Oh! Even I didn't do well on the CSAT.”

Woojin looked at Jaemin with wonder in his face. Jaemin looked back with a ridiculous expression on his face.

“What's your sister doing?”

“She was getting ready to head out.”

“Where?”

“I have no idea. Try calling her. She was taking a shower not too long ago, so that's probably why she couldn't take your call.”

“Is that so?”

“I'll be heading in now. I have to monitor my condition.”

“Uh, all right...”

When Woojin saw the worn out Jaemin, Woojin stopped him for a brief moment.

“Hey. Drink this and go.”

“What?”

Woojin held up a mysterious blue bottle.

“Say ahhh.”

“I'll drink it at home.”

“I have to feed it to you. Just say ahhh.”

Jaemin opened his mouth with a leery expression on his face. Woojin personally poured the liquid into his mouth.

“Ook. It's pretty tasty. What is it?”

“It's a medicine that'll clear your head. It'll help you a lot in your studies.”

“I... I think I feel it working?”

He felt a clear and cool feeling as if he had just chewed on a mint candy. He turned his head in confusion when his headache disappeared, and his head felt lighter.

He wouldn't feel this immediate effect even if he drank coffee and Bacchus. (TLN: korean energy drink)

“Thank you, hyung.”

“Haha, alright. Do well on the exam tomorrow. If I have some free time, then I'll go cheer for you.”

“Okay.”

After sending Jaemin back, he called Jiwon.

[Hey, Woojin. I was about to head out to meet you when I heard you were here.]

“Ah. Is that so?”

It seemed she didn't have any other business. She had been getting ready to come out and meet him. He planned on resting until his guild family gathered at the office. He decided to spend the time by going on a date with Jiwon.

Woojin entered the coffee shop then he sat down.

He didn't have any money, so he couldn't order anything. He was a regular customer, so the employees of the cafe didn't say anything to him. Instead, the surrounding customer started noticing who he was. They were amazed, but they didn't approach him. His bad temper was well known now, and he had an unapproachable aura around him. No one was brave enough to approach him.

They kept glancing at him as if he was a monkey inside a zoo.

Ddal-lahng.

When Jiwon appeared through the cafe's door, people let out exclamations.

‘Ooh-wahh. That person must be Do-jiwon.’

‘Kahng-woojin's girlfriend? She's really pretty.’

She was like an entertainer... No, Do-jiwon was more famous than most entertainers now. She had become famous after she was rumoured to be Kahng-woojin's woman on the internet. Her appearance only enhanced her popularity.

As a part time job, she did a photo shoot for a shopping centre's ad. This prompted

people to make a fansite for her.

“Heh heh. Did you wait long? Did you order some coffee?”

“No. I don't have any money.”

“Oh yeah. You said you don't have your wallet. What do you want to drink? I've made some money, so I'll buy.”

Jiwon ordered two cups of coffee. The two of them sat in front of each other, and they stared at each other's face. It had been exactly one month since he went to the US.

“It's been a while. Right?”

“I guess so. What did you do while I was gone?”

“Me? Oh this and that. Hoo hoo. I've received a lot of calls from the entertainment agencies asking me to become an entertainer.”

Woojin laughed when she spoke, as if she was boasting.

“You want to be an entertainer?”

“No. Heh heh. It's just pretty amazing. I still find it amazing that I can be in a crowded place without feeling fear.”

She had pretty much shrank away from how she lived her life before. Woojin shrugged his shoulders.

“Why don't you try becoming an entertainer? Did any good agencies contact you?”

“They did. All of them called. However, the call I've been waiting for hasn't come yet.”

“From where?”

“I'm not talking about an entertainment agency, but the publishing company...”

“Ah ah.”

He thought she was joking when she had said she wanted to write a romance novel. It

seemed she was serious. By looking at her reaction, it seemed she was quite passionate about it.

She suddenly let out a sigh.

“Uh whew. Maybe I'm not talented enough? The response from my readers aren't good either.”

“Huh? What do they say?”

“I get cussed out for the story being highly improbable.”

“Improbable?”

“They say the story doesn't make any sense...”

“What's it about?”

“You know. The story is about...”

Jiwon's eyes twinkled and she gave a rough outline of her novel.

A high school student was summoned to a different world, and he grew into a dominant master in that world. After he became a power in that world, he returned to earth. The main character returned to save the woman he had loved in the past as she was being attacked by a monster.

Woojin tilted his head in confusion when he heard the story.

“Isn't this about me?”

“Yes. I wrote it as I was thinking about you...”

As if she was embarrassed, Jiwon's cheeks reddened.

“It's very close to the truth, so how can they say it is improbable??”

Jiwon hesitated for a moment, then she spoke in a small voice.

“They said Ee-goggaengi's personality is too off on the deep ends.....”

“Huh? Ee-goggaeng?” (TLN: slang for those teens who get sent to other worlds)

“Ah, that basically means high school student from a different world...”

After hearing her explanation, Woojin's eyebrows furrowed.

“I don't get it. What doesn't make any sense?”

“Right?”

Jiwon nodded her head vigorously. How could it not make any sense? It was a story she wrote based on an actual individual.

“If a Ee-goggaengi comes back home, he is still a Ee-goggaengi. Do they think he'll mature and come back as an adult?”

“R... right? That's what I was trying to go for.”

“Moreover, the guy lived the life of a villain over there, so wouldn't it be more strange if he started acting like a hero?”

“Right? You thinks so too.”

Woojin spoke as Jiwon agreed enthusiastically with him.

“I want to read what you wrote.”

“Huh? It's a little bit e... embarrassing.”

Jiwon hesitated before she put in the address where she had uploaded her novel into his hand phone.

Woojin was impressed as he read her writing.

‘Isn't this me?’

The main character's personality was almost a carbon copy of Woojin's personality. When he reached the end of the novel, he could see the massive amount of creative insults directed towards the author.

It felt as if he was getting insulted, so Woojin frowned.

Amongst the creative and abusive comments, he highlighted a comment he didn't know what it meant.

“What is he trying to say?”

“Where?”

Jiwon looked at her hand phone.

[Spotted Dog] - I'm getting off at this chapter.

Jiwon let out an awkward laugh.

“This means...”



# Chapter 83

## Guild Expansion (1)

"Mmmm. It's something like a encouragement. It basically mean he's watching this and he wants me to do well?"

"Huh. He says he's dropping out, yet it's a word of encouragement?"

"Mmm. It's used like that now."

"Why are all the popular phrases so hard to understand these days?"

"Heh heh. People play like that on the internet."

Woojin started looking at all the comments after her chapters.

"This guy, Spotted Dog, must be a fan. He kept saying he is dropping out after every chapter."

"I... I guess so."

Jiwon let out an awkward laugh.

"This is quite fun. Should I start writing too?"

"Huh?"

"Haha. I'm joking. It's a joke. I should start studying the popular slangs."

Woojin smiled when he thought about Baek-jongdo. When meeting Baek-jongdo in the future, Woojin would be the one teaching him a popular catchphrase.

"Loot at the webtoons. There are a lot of fun stuff here. You'll be very surprised at how creative some of the netizens are."

"Oh. Really?"

Woojin and Jiwon put their heads together and had a fun time looking at their small smartphone.

'My memories keep popping up in my head. They are still publishing this series.'

They were still publishing the webtoon, 'Sound of the Body'. It was something he read before he had been summoned, and it had brought up old memories. Whenever he recalled his old memories, it would always give Woojin a distant thrill.

He remembered how everything used to be... He felt a feeling of regret.

After talking and playing for a long time with Jiwon, Woojin went to the office.

It was 5 PM.

When he opened the office door to enter, the gazes of several dozen employees fell on Woojin. While everyone else hung back, there was a single person who was approaching him with haste.

"President. You are here?"

"Uh. Sunngoo and Haemin isn't back yet?"

"They are organizing the loots. They should be heading back here by now."

"All right."

"Heh heh. Have you eaten?"

Woo-soonghoon let out smile as he sucked up to Woojin. Woojin felt a bit of sympathy for him. He wasn't a bad guy. It wasn't as if his soul was rotten...

Woojin's eyes landed on Soonghoon's name tag.

[Support Division, Acting Section Chief Woo-soonghoon]

"Are you acting like this, because you want a promotion?"

"Heh heh..."

Woo-soonghoon let out an awkward laugh. Even some of the new employees hired much later than him were assigned to other departments based on their abilities and experience. They were either given titles of section chief or department head. As a founding member, Woo-soonghoon was still stuck as an acting section chief.

As he slowly read the signs, Woo-soonghoon felt like he was walking on thin ice every day. Woojin patted Soonghoon's shoulder.

“Don't worry about it. I have my eyes on you.”

“Heh heh. Thank you.”

“You'll be able to drop off soon, so work hard.”

“.....”

Was Woojin pressuring him into a voluntary retirement?

When Soonghoon's face stiffened, Woojin laughed.

“Why are you freezing up for? It's an encouragement. An encouragement.”

“Ah, yes...”

“Then keep up the good work.”

“...Yes.”

He didn't know why, but his joke sapped more energy out of Soonghoon. Woojin headed towards the president's room.

“I guess I'll take some medicine.”

Woojin opened his inventory, and took out several Reinforcement Stones. He took the Reinforcement Stones for the Stats with no absorption wait time. When Sunggo returned, he would have to feed Sunggoo the Reinforcement Stones again.

Woojin was able to know his exact absorption time by looking at his Status Window. However, Sunggoo didn't have this advantage. Therefore if he repeatedly took Reinforcement Stones on Stats with a wait time, then he wouldn't get any benefit from

it and they would just take a loss when the Reinforcement Stones was used up.

Woojin had to pick every Reinforcement Stone taken by Sunggoo.

When he was about to take several more Reinforcement Stones to eat, he heard a knock at the door.

Ddok ddok.

“Uh. Come in.”

The person, who pushed her head through the door, was none other than Lieutenant Che-haesol.

“Oh! Lieutenant Che.”

“I'm in the reserves now.”

Haesol walked and stood in front of Woojin, then she stood straight in a disciplined manner.

“It seems it'll be awhile before you stop acting like a soldier. When did you get here?”

“I've been coming to work since yesterday.”

Woojin shook her hand as he smiled.

Guild Alandal's third Roused.

“We'll talk about the details when Minchan is here. Sit.”

“Yes, sir.”

Woojin looked hard at Haesol.

<Lv 14 Che-haesol>

Ability - Monster Taming, Stat - ...

He used several skills like Observation, Intuition, and Analysis in combination to bring

up Haesol's information.

“Ho. You are a Tamer?”

“Huk. How did you know?”

“I can see it.”

“.....”

“I'm sure you had a hard time developing yourself.”

“Haha. Yes.”

Were there any monsters left alive on earth?

When the Dungeon Break happened and the monsters poured out, the troops laid down concentrated fire to kill the monsters. It was their first priority.

There weren't that many opportunities to try out Taming.

If she wanted to, she could have endlessly repeated 1 star Dungeons to slowly advance her Taming skill. However, she had become a Roused when she was already enlisted.

If she requested it, she could have been transferred to the Roused units. However, she chose to stay in her old unit where she had been working.

Even if one were to become Roused, not everyone could live the life of a Roused.

Thus, she was given a choice without actually having a choice by Woojin. She had to quit her dream of being a soldier and then join the Alandal guild.

Woojin pushed forward several Reinforcement Stones.

“Absorb it.”

“What?”

“You don't know how to do it? You just have to eat this one. This one you just have to inject your magic into it.”

“Ah. I know all about that, but...”

Why was he giving her the expensive Reinforcement Stones so easily at their first meeting?

“You have to be tuned-up to be of any use. You are of no help to me right now.”

“.....”

She didn't like being called incompetent to her face, but it wasn't a bad thing. The other person wasn't some averagely strong person. He was a word-class Roused who was probably the best in this world. A person like that was trying to guide her right now.

“Then I'll take it with thanks.”

If one calculated the worth of these Reinforcement Stone, it would easily reach several hundred thousand dollars yet it disappeared in seconds. Che-haesol 's heart was beating faster each time a Reinforcement Stone disappeared. Woojin grinned when he saw this.

“Your growth will be fundamentally faster.”

As the mana increased, the Roused of earth was slowly getting stronger. Even though Haesol hadn't trained at all, she was level 14.

One was a normal human until level 9. Then, one would become a 1st Circle Roused after reaching level 10.

Her level had risen by 4 naturally, so it seemed Haesol's potential wasn't too bad.

It was actually on the good side.

“Your body is quite receptive to the drugs. Eat this too.”

There was no wait time after she absorbed the Reinforcement Stones, so Woojin handed her couple more Reinforcement Stones. Haesol felt burdened, but she kept absorbing the Reinforcement Stone in order, upon Woojin's insistence.

Woojin watched Haesol's Stats increase and thought hard about the Magic scrolls that would suit her. If he had it in his inventory then he would just give it to her right now

to learn. If he didn't have it, he'd tell his employees to go purchase one.

Woojin took out an appropriate Magic scroll.

“This is Telepathy.”

“Huk. Is it ok to just give it to me like this?”

He kept giving out items that were worth several hundred thousand dollars like candies. Haesol's sense of reality would grow dull if this continued.

“This is important. You have to keep practicing and growing your abilities.”

Telepathy was important. If one wanted to command one's troop in a chaotic battle, those with a Telepathic skill could be used as a great tool for communication.

Right now the communication network was fine, and many people assumed it would stay that way. However, when a simultaneous Dungeon Break happens, the cities would be the first places to be destroyed.

Infrastructures built by civilization—like the power lines that delivered electricity—would be destroyed.

She was ex-military had great potential. He couldn't say that she was loyal to him, but she was a trustworthy person. She would be the the right person to be put in command over the newly picked Roused.

The Telepathy Skill was an essential skill. Woojin didn't stop there. He gave her a Sword skill, Defensive magic, Wind magic, etc. He gave her all the low rank skills that weren't restricted by Class.

“I... I have to learn all of these?”

“Yes. Why?”

Woojin answered as if the answer was obvious. Haesol had a puzzled expression on her face.

Even though she had developed her own abilities, it wasn't as if she didn't have basic knowledge of the Roused. A Roused had to learn a single discipline, so the Roused's

growth would be stable...

"...Isn't that how it is?"

When Haesol started laying out her reasons, Woojin grinned.

"Do you play any games, Haesol?"

"What?"

"Do you have a game character you are growing?"

"....."

"If you don't want to be left behind, learn all of them. Stop talking as if you have a full stomach."

"...Yes."

Haesol couldn't even let out a squeak when Woojin spoke in a forceful manner. She had developed a somewhat of a stiffened-back in the military, but she became intimidated from a glimpse of Woojin's personality.

Without complaint, Haesol started learning each Magic scrolls given to her by Woojin.

Someone knocked on the door.

"Come in."

When the door opened, Kim-haemin and Hong-sunggoo entered the president's room with a bit of an urgent expression on their faces.

"Hyung-nim. Is it for real?"

"What are you talking about?"

This was the first time he had seen the president after returning from the US for a month, yet he gave such a greeting... Our Sunggoo had grown a lot.

"Ah... Look at this."



Sunggoo grabbed the remote on the table, then turned on the TV. After changing several channels, he stopped on a live press conference being broadcasted. There were three people seated in the press conference, and one of them was a familiar figure.

“Isn't that Minchan? He said was going to go eat some food, so what is he doing over there?”

“.....”

Sunggoo became speechless at Woojin's reaction. Woojin pointed his chin to the two people sitting next to Minchan.

“Who are they?”

“They are the Minister of Defense and the Army Chief of Staff.”

“What's Minchan doing with them?”

“.....”

By the looks of Woojin's reaction, he didn't understand what was transpiring. Kim-haemin swallowed his saliva once and then started to explain in a patient manner.

“Alandal guild just entered into an agreement with the government. This agreement gives us support almost similar to a state-owned company. They are making that announcement right now.”

“Is that so?”

“You shouldn't just be saying, 'Is that so?'”

The fine details of planning were all being taken care of by Minchan, so Woojin wasn't worried about it. At Woojin's cool reaction, Kim-haemin had a shocked expression on his face.

“President. This is the first time Korea has done this.”

“Why are you making such a big deal about this?”

“We are the guild in charge of the national defense... Eh. It basically means we will be

treated like one of our nation's forces.”

They’dl be a national security group acknowledged by the government, and they would be under the military.

“So what?”

“That is...”

Woojin frowned. Haemin was having a hard time speaking, so Sunggoo stepped forward.

“Our military life has been lengthened.”

This might be a permanent post in the military...

“Huh?”

That son of a bitch... I said go eat dinner at the Cheongwadae yet he did such an unnecessary.....

Woojin let out a sigh.

“After Minchan became the vice president, he did something this big.”

“.....”

It seemed that Woojin wasn't in a good mood, so everyone kept silent.

“When that bastard comes back, tell him to not come to work any more.”

“Where are you going, president?”

“I'm returning to the Dungeon...”

“What?”

“Sunggoo and Haesol will be following me.”

After he finished speaking, Woojin stepped out of the president's room. Haemin

quickly followed after him to ready the car.

Sunggoo's eyes turned round as he looked at Che-haesol.

Then his eyes became crescent shaped as he laughed.

Haesol smiled as she faced Sunggoo. Then, she put her hand out for a handshake.

"I look forward..."

Sunggoo refused Haesol's handshake and suddenly hugged her.

"Ooh-uhng. Let's suffer together from now on."

"Yes..."

Haesol, who was the 3rd Roused to join this guild, felt an uneasy feeling when she saw Sunggoo's reaction. Sunggoo gave a fierce hug as he laughed.

He won't be lonely anymore.

He had a comrade now.

"Let's go before we are late."

"Yes... So which Dungeon are we going to?"

"I'm not sure. At the very least, it'll be 4 stars. Maybe we'll go to a 5 star today."

The Dungeons they could use were limited if they didn't have an appointment. Also, they didn't own many Dungeons. Haemin would have prepared everything. Haesol's face stiffened when she heard she was going to the high rank Dungeons.

"Did I mishear you?"

"What?"

"W... we are immediately going to the high rank Dungeons?"

"Probably."

“I'm only Rank F, so why would I go the high rank Dungeons... Doesn't the lessons usually start from the 1 star Dungeons?”

What kind of a guild would instruct a new Roused in a high rank Dungeon? When Sunggoo saw Haesol's natural reaction, it was funny, sad, and welcoming.

‘Yes. Her response is normal. That's normal.’

Of course, a normal person should think that way.

Until now, he had grown through an abnormal route. Yes, indeed.

“Haha. You will feel like you are dying but in the end, he doesn't let you die.”

Huh? Did her ears hear wrong? She thought she heard some strange words from the cheerful director Hong-sunggoo...

“Hahaha. Let us both come back alive.”

“.....”

Wasn't he too cheerful for a resolutely determined Roused?

The director of miscellaneous work was too happy at the thought of having a comrade even if it was a confused newcomer.

# Chapter 84

## Guild Expansion (2)

An employee from the Secretariat opened the door to a black vehicle.

"I'm here to escort you."

"Yes. Thank you."

After exchanging formalities, Minchan entered the car. The man closed the door and got in the driver's seat on the other side.

"Should I take you to your place of residence?"

"No. Please take me to my office."

"I guess you'll have to move your office soon."

"Haha. Not yet."

"You just have to select a site for us."

"I'll have to listen to the the president's opinion on this matter. Moreover, the contract hasn't been finalized yet."

"....."

Minchan looked at the employee from the Secretariat who had suddenly gone silent. He didn't give it much thought as he looked out the window.

He had negotiated a lot of the agreement at his own discretion. However, he needed Woojin's input on several issues.

If the government announced Alandal as Korea's official Defense guild, he would be promised enormous benefits.

One of the benefits discussed was support and assistance in building the guild. This was only one out of the vast benefits that they would receive. Minchan couldn't help but smile.

“The president will like it. If we receive this much, he'll accept the proposal.”

As if the Cheongwadae had planned this, they had been ready to give the proposal. They promised to give Alandal vast benefits if Alandal could be counted as an organization that defended the nation. The guild would be placed at an unprecedented position in Korea.

He wanted to tell others this great news as soon as possible.

Ddoo-roo-roo-roo.

Minchan called Woojin's phone.

[Hello?]

“Uh? Why are you answering his phone, Haemin?”

[The president went into the Dungeon with Director Hong and Ms. Che-haesol.]

“Ah. Is that so?”

[What the hell did you do, director?]

“Huh huh. You called me director. I'm the vice president now.”

[It isn't the time to make a joke right now. Korea's Defense guild? What's going on with that?]

“Huh? How do you know about that?”

[Hah. What do you mean how do I know it? They cancelled the daily dramas to send out the breaking news.]

“Huh?”

Minchan finally realized something was very wrong. He turned to ask the Secretariat

employee a question.

“Did the press conference from before go out on a live broadcast?”

“That didn't happen.”

He responded with a calm voice, but Minchan could tell his voice was slightly different from before. Minchan put on a dismayed expression.

“I'll head to the office right now.”

[Yes. Please don't sidetrack and go anywhere else. The President seemed to be in a pretty foul mood. How could you commit to such a big deal with only your authority?]

“Do you think I'm crazy? I would never finalize such a large deal without the approval of the president.”

[What? What are you saying?]

Minchan grabbed his forehead.

“I'll talk to you when I get there.”

The press conference was a problem.

No wonder the Cheongwadae had rushed him.

‘This isn't good.’

Minchan was present at the dinner that the President and several high ranking officials had attended. He had to apologize several times for his president's absence.

Alandal was marked as a guild to be watched by the world. No, it seemed they made such an incredible offer to keep Roused Kahng-woojin in Korea.

Alandal guild would be under the army and would be officially acknowledged as the nation's guard guild. The incredible benefits would come hand in hand.

After the dinner was over, he started discussing the various conditions, benefits, obligations, and welfare regarding the deal. Minchan was tired, but he also felt a thrill.

He was taking the lead on putting the framework around an incredibly big deal.

The government reacted in a friendly way, and the people involved were also cooperative. The deal presented to them favored Alandal so much that the actual negotiation didn't take too long. The only thing left was to wait for Woojin's decision.

At the heart of this deal, it wasn't really about Alandal guild. It was about stopping Kahng-woojin from immigrating to a foreign power.

Minchan thought Woojin would accept it if he received such overwhelming benefits from the deal. When Woojin had accepted the deal, they wanted a pre-recorded press conference to immediately send out to the media. He willingly obliged. When the contract was signed, most of the media organizations would immediately publicize the deal.

However, it was already broadcasted?

'They are intentionally trying to take the lead.'

What the hell were they thinking?

Did they think Woojin would have no choice but to accept the deal if they made it look like the deal had been finalized? Or were they being pressured by the neighboring countries?

'This has no chance of succeeding considering president's personality.'

Why did the government have to create such a crude plan? Were they worried so much about Woojin immigrating to another country? Minchan had a headache, so he rubbed at his forehead.

'I have to convince him.'

He had to find a way.

Woojin lived by a code. He gave back whatever he received with interest. Minchan had to work to avoid triggering this rule. If not, it was obvious what Woojin would do considering his personality. He'll probably ransack the Cheongwadae.

If he wanted to continue to live in Korea, then he had to stop such an event from



happening. Minchan's worries deepened.

‘Those mother-fucking government employees.’

Those, who had always shat their pants, shat their pants.

Minchan suppressed his anger. He started stoking his patriotism, so Korea would be at peace.

‘I hope president is in a good mood.’

At a glance, Woojin looked like someone who acted based on his feelings, but Minchan knew Woojin had a cold-blooded personality. If he was in a good mood, Minchan would at least be able to broach a subject. Whenever he wasn't in a good mood, Minchan was barely sneak a word in.

Even Woojin's dispassionate expression gave off a scary vibe. If he was angry, Minchan would be nervous to even speak to him.

‘Hoo. I must convince him.’

The government had made a mess and Minchan had to salvage the situation.

Minchan wanted to live in Korea for a long time.



Gangnam Statin's 9th Exit.

It was a 6 star Dungeon run by a mid-sized guild named Abyss' Magician aka the Abyss guild.

Kim-haemin had worked quickly to guide the group to a high rank Dungeon with an empty spot in their schedule.

When Che-haesol stood in front of the Dungeon, she swallowed her saliva.

“Let's go in.”

With those words, Woojin was the first to enter the Dungeon. Sunggoo followed

brimming with energy. Why was Sunggoo so excited at the thought of someone succeeding his post?

“Please go in.”

“I really have to go in?”

Haemin put on an incredulous expression at Che-haesol's response.

“Please hurry up and go in. At this rate, the barrier will form.”

At Haemin's insistence, Che-haesol closed her eyes tight and ran down the stairs leading to the entrance.

‘Mother, father, I'll definitely come back alive.’

Her first Dungeon experience in Alandal would be a 6 star Dungeon.

Haesol entered the Dungeon with a stiff expression of nervousness and soon, the barrier formed.

“Iyap!”

Haesol balled her hands into tight fists, then looked at her surrounding with her guard up.

“What are you doing?”

“What?”

At Sunggoo's question, Haesol finally came to her senses. When she responded, Woojin was nowhere to be found and only Sunggoo was left. She felt embarrassed. She awkwardly asked a question.

“W... where's the president?”

“He's already gone.”

“What?”

Didn't they come in here for a lesson? So why did he suddenly leave Director Hong and her behind?

"We have to move fast if we don't want to be left behind."

Sunggoo dug through his belongings. He took out a sharp short sword and gave it to her. It was sharp enough to pierce through clothing at even the slightest pressure.

Haesol's heart quickened when she held the dangerous weapon.

"You are proficient with the sword?"

"I'm more used to a gun than a sword..."

"Ah, Lieutenant! You are misunderstanding."

Sunggoo let out a bright smile as he spoke.

"If we push forward in a 6 star Dungeon, we will die. Even I can barely face off against couple of the monsters in here. We aren't here to take the lead in the hunt. We'd die in a flash. In a flash."

"....."

He is talking about his death, yet he didn't seem nervous at all?

"Then why are you giving me the sword..."

If they weren't going to participate in the hunt, and this wasn't some kind of lesson then why did they follow Woojin in here? Why did he give her a sword?

Sunggoo laughed as he asked her a question.

"You ever gut a fish?"

"I like fishing, so I've done it several..."

"Oh oh! An ace has entered our guild."

The favorable gaze Sunggoo had been giving Che-haesol intensified.

“.....”

After a brief moment, Haesol understood Sunggoo's reaction.

Ssskuk, ggahng.

She sliced, then sliced, and sliced once more.

When she sliced and cut, the point of the sword would catch on something. It was a bloodstone.

‘Where is...’

At the repetitive work, Haesol was confused as to whether she got a job in a guild or a construction site.

‘Why am I...’

Her sore arms were moving almost mechanically now. It seemed like Director Hong-sunggoo was used to extracting the bloodstones. He was disassembling the monsters twice as fast as her.

He was quick and accurate.

“Let's speed this up. At this pace, we'll meet up with hyung-nim before we can reach the bottom floor.”

They had just entered the second floor.

She had no idea where Woojin went. He had disappeared without a trace. She only saw the monster corpses filling up the subway station. During all of this, Sunggoo disassembled the corpses marked with magic, and he took out the bloodstones.

‘What method did the president use to hunt? Why is he so fast?’

It was rumored Woojin cleared the Dungeons at an amazing pace. If he wanted to, he could clear a 6 star Dungeon in couple hours. He was a monster-like Roused.

“Director Hong. Where is the president...”

“Now, now. We don't have time for idle chats. Let's hurry up.”

“.....”

Pook, sskuhk!

Sunggoo was able to unbend his back only once as he tapped at it. Then he went back to busily disassembling the corpses of monsters. Somehow, she felt pity as she looked at Sunggoo's figure. No, it felt as if she was watching her future self. That must be she felt sad and a little bit bitter in her heart.

Before Haesol could pump herself up at excavating the bloodstones, the sound of footsteps rang throughout the underground space. Haesol was very nervous as she gripped her short sword. Haesol had been graded pretty high in her individual combat skill and techniques in the army.

“Oh no. Hyung-nim is already coming up.”

“What?”

Even when she heard Sunggoo's words, Haesol still felt a little bit nervous. She fixed her eyes towards the bottom of the stairs.

As if he was dissatisfied, Woojin had an ill-natured expression on his face as several dozen Skeletons followed behind him.....

“Kee kee keek.”

The several dozen Skeletons all spat out a distinctive sound, a sound that caused goosebumps to form all over Haesol. Even though she knew these Skeletons were Woojin's summons, she froze in place.

“Hyung-nim. I'll quickly gather everything.”

“It's all right. It isn't worth much. Just follow after me.”

There was still one more floor below them, and it was filled with monster corpses. If they excavated every one of them, their profit would increase by several hundred thousand dollars. It wasn't a pittance. However, Woojin decided to choose time over money.

‘Even if I kill all the monsters, I think it'll be impossible to level up?’

He calculated how much of his Achievement Points and EXP rose as he cleared the Dungeon, and it wouldn't be possible for him to reach level 70. If he couldn't reach it in one run, then he had to clear the Dungeon again.

As Woojin quickly headed towards the Dungeon entrance, Sunggoo tapped Haesol on the shoulder.

“What are you doing? Let's hurry up and follow after him.”

“

What? Yes, sir.”

Haesol couldn't help but be shocked at the sight of all the Skeletons following after Woojin.

‘The number of summoned beings controlled by a single person...’

She gave a quick count, and she came up with a rough figure of 100.

She would have to take a look at the fighting capability of each Skeleton, but there were so many of them.....

‘He hadn't been hunting alone.’

It felt as if she had snuck a peek at the secret of Woojin's amazing Dungeon clear time.

When they arrived at the entrance, Woojin was placing his hand phone and any modern items to one side. As if Sunggoo was used to this, he took out his handphone, wallet, and car key. His personal items were gathered into a pile.

Haesol looked on with a confused expression. Sunggoo spoke as he laughed.

“The clothes Ms. Haesol is wearing isn't made out of Dungeon ingredients?”

“Yes. They are regular clothes.”

“Then it won't be able to pass through the portal. Only your naked body would be

transferred.”

“T... Then...”

Haesol recalled the information regarding the high rank Dungeons. Only the other world's items were able to pass through the portal.

“Wear this.”

Woojin purchased the cheapest clothes in his Point Store and tossed it to Haesol. She had seen a similar robe in a movie. Woojin spoke as she changed into the outfit.

“Sunggoo, you should capture several suitable monsters and help Haesol practice her Taming skill.”

“Heh heh. Yes.”

It would be great to check on the result of Sunggoo's training, and Woojin would have liked to hunt with him. However, Woojin had to reach level 70 as soon as possible. It would be best to monopolize most of the prey to himself.

“Let's go. Let's go fill our stomach over there.”

“Yes, sir.”

Woojin didn't hesitate as he passed through the portal.

Haesol had ears, and so she heard what Woojin had said. Her education would be finally starting.

The high rank Dungeon started for real when one crossed the portal.

Haesol swallowed her saliva.

“So we are going to start in earnest?”

“Heh...”

Start in earnest my ass.

Even if they go over to the other side, they'll be excavating bloodstones.

Why should he repeat his words a hundred times? She'd know when she experiences it.

"I'm hungry. Let's hurry up and go."

Sunggoo passed through the portal and Haesol followed after him.

The feeling of passing through the twisted crack in the dimension gave her a fresh shock. Her head was dizzy and she felt nauseous. It induced a typical reaction.

"Ooh-wehhhhhk."

"Jeez. Please follow us when you've calmed down."

Sunggoo quickly jumped back since he was worried the vomit would splash on him. He quickly ran towards Woojin. Haesol continued to throw up several times, then wiped her mouth after spitting.

"Ooh ooh ooh ooh."

After her insides calmed down a little, her headache cleared a little bit. She looked around her surrounding as she came back to her senses.

'Heeyah.'

She was in a forest. It was something she would have never seen in Seoul, Korea. It felt as if she was dropped in the middle of the a nature preserve.

The high rank Dungeons were connected to a different world and she was there. She couldn't believe it. While she was reveling in this new experience, she saw something unimaginable unfold in front of her.

"Uh? If you've calmed down a little bit, hurry up and come over here."

Haesol looked at Sunggoo, who was urging her forward, and rubbed both her eyes.

Was she seeing things?



They were camping at a Dungeon...

A mystery meat was being cooked over the campfire, the smell of which made Haesol's mouth water.

# Chapter 85

## Guild Expansion (3)

Didn't someone say humans were animals that adapted?

Che-haesol proficiently cut open a goblin that had been burnt to death. She pulled out the bloodstone.

"Aigo. I've excavated them all."

Haesol put the bloodstone inside the bag, then stretched her back.

"Isn't it hard?"

"No."

Haesol drank the water bottle that was handed to her by Sunggoo. Woojin had taken the water out from his amazing sub-dimension. It was clean water. She didn't have to worry about contamination. She knew they could get sick if they dared to eat and drink anything inside the Dungeon.

"Hoo. Still, the Reinforcement Stones I ate before I came here helped a lot."

"Haha. Keep taking whatever he gives you immediately."

It was Sunggoo's absolute ironclad rule.

Never turn down anything given by Woojin.

You do what he asks, and you don't do anything when he says no.

If one followed this rule, at the very least, one wouldn't lose one's life.

Not long ago, Sunggoo was able to solo clear a 5 star Dungeon.

The stress and nervousness he had felt that time couldn't be compared to what he felt

right now. He felt secure, and it was as if he had come to a picnic with Woojin to this Dungeon.

Still, he wasn't just playing around. He was letting out sweat as he gathered the bloodstones.

Thus, this couldn't be compared to a picnic. He guessed it was akin to digging for spring herbs?

Anyways, he knew for sure his life wasn't in danger.

This was also true for Haesol.

"I was very surprised. I didn't realized that the president could control so many Undead..."

The Summoning Type Roused could Summon or Tame. Moreover, the quality and quantity of one's summon varied based on one's ability. Even if each one of Woojin's Skeleton Warriors and Skeleton Magicians were Rank C, he could control over a hundred of them.

"Right now I think he is summoning only half of what he could actually summon. I've never seen him summon up to his limit yet. Haha."

"....."

"Just stop trying to make sense of him."

"Ha. The world still doesn't know even half of our president's true abilities."

That's right. This was also true for Sunggoo, who raided the Dungeons with Woojin. Sunggoo had always watched Woojin from the side and had never seen his limit.

Woojin was continuously getting stronger.

"He's coming here right now."

Woojin travelled up the destroyed path in the forest, leading his Skeleton Army. She knew they were her allies, yet her heart automatically beat faster when she saw the nefarious group of Skeletons. There were several hundreds of them.

Woojin walked in front of the group, but there was nothing extraordinary about his posture.

“Goo-uhhhh.”

Between the Skeleton Army, she saw a peerless being.

A Golem made out of boulders was walking forward with something in his hand.

“Haesol.”

“Yes, sir!”

When Woojin called her name, Haesol quickly ran towards him.

“Try taming this one.”

“T... that one?”

There was a white tiger struggling in Dolsae's hand.

No. If one compared it to a creature on earth, the monster was like the extinct sabre-toothed tiger.

Pah-paht.

Woojin summoned several bone spears and stuck them into the ground. When he injected his magical energy, they formed into a Bone Prison. Dolsae threw the sabre-toothed tiger inside.

Puh-uhk!

“Koo-roo-roo-roo-roo.”

The saber-toothed tiger was thrown roughly onto the floor. It soon crouched in a low posture, growling.

From across the bars made out of bones, she could feel an incredible pressure emanating from the saber-toothed tiger as she faced it. The tiger was so large that it would be apt to describe it as a house-sized tiger.

“Y... you want me to enter there?”

Woojin grinned at Haesol's words.

He had captured it easily, but the saber-toothed tiger was level 57.

If Haesol entered the cage, she wouldn't even last three seconds before she was ripped into pieces.

“You want to die already?”

“.....”

“Hey, Sunggoo.”

"Yes, hyung-nim."

"Work it over so it'll be obedient."

"Yes, sir."

Sunggoo bravely jumped over the bars made out of bones.

Haesol's eyes turned round at his decisiveness. Sunggoo was Alandal's second Roused, and he had just reached Rank B a month ago.

He was Kahng-Woojin's man.

“Heh heh. Hello.”

“Koo-roo-roo-rook.”

Sunggoo grinned as he looked at the saber-toothed tiger.

“Kwahhhhhhhng!”

The saber-toothed tiger opened its mouth wide, then let out a roar. It couldn't affect an ogre, but the Fear was deadly enough to freeze small animals.

Haesol's body froze and she felt as if her legs were rooted to the floor. Sunggoo rubbed

his ears.

“Well, I'm sorry about this.”

After he gave an apology, Sunggoo ran towards the saber-toothed tiger. The Bone Prison was about 5 meters in radius. There weren't that much space where one could dodge, but the saber-toothed tiger had no intention of dodging.

The saber-toothed tiger lowered its posture and waited for an opportunity to attack Sunggoo.

“Iron Skin.”

Sunggoo activated his Iron Skin to make his entire body hard. Then he started beating on the sabertooth tiger.

Puh-uhk, Puhk!

“Kwahhng.”

Puh-uhk, Puhk! Ggwahng!

Once in awhile, Sunggoo missed with his stomp and his foot would get stuck in the ground. However, this rarely happened. The saber-toothed tiger was too big and there were too many places to hit it.

The saber-toothed tiger's agility was useless.

It wasn't only because it was in a small cage.

Hoooong, puh-uhk, puhk!

Sunggoo recurrently took the Reinforcement Stones, therefore his Stats had already passed the realm of human limitation. He rivaled the saber-toothed tiger... No, he was better than it.

Sunggoo let out flashy strikes with his fists. He was like a professional boxer, attacking in a simple, but effective manner. With a minimum amount of movement, he dodged a swipe by the saber-toothed tiger's claw and continued his ruthless beating.

‘Director Hong was that strong?’

After she sent in her letter of application to the Alandal guild, Che-haesol had researched the guild thoroughly. She knew Director Sunggoo had started out as a Rank F and received a Rank B last month.

In her mind, she knew a Rank B would be somewhat strong. However, there was a world of differences between imagining it and actually seeing it with one's eyes.

Even amongst the Rank B Roused, he would be considered to be in the top tier of the physical-based Roused.

He was such a cheerful guy... She had gathered bloodstones with this young man. Haesol was shocked when she saw this unexpected side of Sunggoo.

She wasn't shocked by Sunggoo's fast movements.

He had on a cheerful face as he moved in a leisurely manner.

The relaxed manner Sunggoo was exhibiting confused Haesol.

When Haesol entered the Bone Prison, the saber-toothed tiger was barely holding on to its life. It had been worked over very thoroughly. It looked as if the saber-toothed tiger was exhausted, and one weak blow might send it to its death.

Haesol put her hand on the sabre-toothed tiger's head as she initiated her Taming Skill.

Pah-pah-paht.

The light gathered in her hand as it encased the saber-toothed tiger and Haesol before it disappeared. Haesol turned to look at Woojin with a dark expression.

“It failed.”

Woojin shrugged his shoulder.

Considering their discrepancy in level, it was quite unlikely that the Taming would succeed.

“Keep doing it until you succeed...”

“...Understood.”

Afterwards, Haesol tried twelve more times, and she failed every single one of them. Her body was soaked with sweat as she plopped down onto the floor.

“I... I don't have any more magic. It's depleted.”

Woojin sent a single soul towards her to fill up her energy.

An unknown energy was absorbed by her body, and she felt her magic fill up. Haesol looked towards Woojin with a confused expression.

“Keep at it...”

“...Yes.”

Haesol continued to use her Taming Skill, and kept failing. Sunggoo couldn't take it anymore, so he tried to give some advice.

“Try wishing for it in earnest as you use your skill. Maybe the universe might give you a helping hand.”

“.....”

Did he really think Taming would work if she did such a thing?

“Hey, Sunggoo. That bastard is eyeing Haesol's neck. Beat him a little bit more.”

“Uh? It recovered a little bit.”

Puh-puh-puhk.

The saber-toothed tiger, who had been on its last breath, had recovered some of its strength as it laid on the ground. It was waiting for an opportunity to attack Haesol, but Sunggoo immediately started beating up the saber-toothed tiger.

“Ggeeeng, ggaeng.”



Woojin gave a single advice to Haesol, who had retreated backwards.

“Don't be too impatient. Considering the level difference, this is a tough task.”

It would have been better if it was a lower rank monster. However, they were in a high rank Dungeon. There were goblins here, but it was harder to Tame a monster living in a tribal society. It was easier to Tame a wild animal like the saber-toothed tiger.

“There are two ways to Tame a monster. You have to feel a sense of closeness, and you have to become its friend. The other method is to dominate the monster into submission. What method do you think you are using right now?”

She watched as Sunggoo ruthlessly beat up the saber-toothed tiger. Haesol spoke in a careful manner.

“Aren't we trying to dominate the monster?”

“Neither. Are you dominating the monster right now?”

As a Necromancer, Woojin had a Stat named 'Control.' Tamers had a Stat called 'Intimacy'. This Stat has to be high for the Tamer to have a higher probability of Taming a high rank monster.

Woojin pointed towards Sunggoo, who was beating up the saber-toothed tiger.

“He is the villain.”

“.....”

Woojin pointed his finger towards the saber-toothed tiger that was being beaten.

“That bastard being beaten is your friend.”

“.....”

Woojin grabbed Haesol's shoulder with his hand.

“You want to become friend with that bastard, who is getting beaten.”

Woojin and Haesol looked at each other's face.

“What should you do?”

“I... I should stop it?”

“No. You have to protect him from the villain. ”

“.....”

What kind of situation was this? Did he expect her to perform in a skit?

“So you want me to act...”

“No. You have to act as if you mean it. You are protecting the cat from the villainous director of miscellaneous work. Go fight him. Defeat the villain.”

“.....”

Woojin yelled towards Sunggoo.

“Did you hear what I said?”

“Yes, hyung-nim.”

“Just put on an adequate acting performance.”

“Yes!”

Woojin patted Haesol's back.

“Go save it. Then become friends with it.”

“...yes.”

Sunggoo yelled out when Haesol ran in.

“Ooh-heh heh. A person like you can't block me.”

It seemed Sunggoo watched some anime. Haesol wondered if she should say something back for the benefit of the saber-toothed tiger. However, Sunggoo's fist flew in towards her.

Haesol, unconsciously, brought her guard up to block the blow.

Puhk!

‘Uh?’

Sunggoo swung his fist in a slow motion, but the impact on her arm bones weren't light.

“Huh-ook!”

The pain was focused into a single moment, and she couldn't even scream. She let out a gasp. She spoke as she felt the pain coming from her fractured bones.

“D... director Hong. Y... you broke my arm.”

“Ooh-heh heh. You are so weak.”

“...D... director Hong.”

He was still laughing in a cheerful manner as he let out a kick. Haesol felt true fear when she saw the kick coming. She rolled on the ground to avoid the blow, feeling that her life was being threatened.

“You should quickly attack him, then try using Taming again.”

At Woojin's voice, Haesol approached Sunggoo and punched him in the chest. Sunggoo could have easily avoided it, but he flew backward from the blow... he jumped backwards.

Kwah-jeek!

Sunggoo flew backwards as he broke through the Bone bars. Sunggoo fell to the ground and he writhed on the ground.

“.....”

She knew she hadn't done it, but she still looked between her fist, and at Sunggoo who had been blown away.

“Hurry up and Tame it.”

“Yes, sir.”

Could such a dumb acting job be effective? Haesol turned back to looked at the saber-toothed tiger. It was beaten so badly that it could barely roll its eyes to look at her.

The eyes were filled with tears.

She could feel it even before she started taming it.

‘I... it's deeply moved by my gesture?’

Haesol approached the saber-toothed tiger, and she put her hand over its head. Light burst from her hand and a pillar of light surround both of them as the light made a strong connection between them.

“Koo-roong.”

The saber-toothed tiger let out a purr of pleasure, and its feelings were transferred directly to Haesol.

‘It was deeply moved. It was thankful. It wanted to repay her.’

It had been captured and beaten by the humans. It felt grateful towards the human who had stood up to the other humans to save him.

“You earned one guardian.”

Wooji grinned as he took out a soul stored in the Soul Armor. He immediately healed Haesol's broken arm and the saber-toothed tiger.

“Koo-roo-roo-rook.”

The recovered saber-toothed tiger showed its teeth towards Woojin and Sunggoo. However, it did not show any hostility towards Haesol, who had been by his side.

“That bastard should be enough to protect you from threats.”

“Thank you.”

"All right. Follow me as you excavate the bloodstones."

"...Yes."

"Also, train the Skills you learned today."

"Yes, sir."

Woojin worked Haesol hard to complete the Taming of the saber-toothed tiger, because he wanted to freely use Sunggoo. If Sunggoo was left behind as Haesol's bodyguard, he could excavate the bloodstones but their overall efficiency would suffer.

"Heh heh. How was my acting skills, hyung-nim?"

"You could win the award for best actor."

"Ooh-heh heh heh."

Even at Woojin's faint praise, Sunggoo was very much pleased.

Haesol shook her head from side to side. She looked at Sunggoo as she exaggerated her hardship.

"Hoo. Director Hong was quite scary before."

"Heh heh. I hit you softly, since I was afraid you would die."

"....."

Maybe Director Hong was more dangerous than the president.

Sunggoo hadn't had a big presence inside Haesol's head. She didn't think too much of him. However, she quickly upgraded Sunggoo as a main player inside her head.

There were two other Roused in Alandal excluding her. She couldn't even fathom the level of power possessed by the first Roused. The other one was also quite excellent.

"Even in the Roused Division, it is rare to see a physical Roused of your caliber. Soon, you'll be able to receive your Rank A."

Sunggoo frowned at the compliment given by Haesol.

“But I'm a Mage?”

“.....”

What kind of a strange guild was this?

# Chapter 86

## Guild Expansion (4)

Woojin headed towards the part of the forest that hadn't been destroyed with Sunggoo. Sunggoo's pouting lip was a foot long as he sulked.

"Hyung-nim."

"What?"

"Why don't you teach me any magic?"

Woojin smirked when he saw Sunggoo sulking.

"You didn't have to have the ability to be able to learn it."

"...I don't mind attending hyung-nim for the rest of my life. I'll run small errands and excavate all the bloodstone."

"But?"

"Please teach me one Fire-type magic. You know about my dream."

Flame Magician.

When he had become a Roused, this had been his objective and greatest desire. He had learned several flame-based magic, but he hadn't learned anything that would be considered a high rank magic.

"Can't you just buy a magic scroll and learn it yourself?"

"Ah-ha!"

Why didn't he ever think of that?

Sunggoo had become too used to doing everything with his body, so he had only done

what he had been ordered to do. When Sungoo realized this, he was surprised, and depressed.

Woojin patted Sunggoo's shoulder.

“Hong-sunggoo. You are our director of miscellaneous work.”

“...Yes.”

“What do you think the role of director of miscellaneous work is?”

What else was it? He was basically an errand boy receiving a high salary.

“I'm in charge of the tedious chores.”

“Do you really think that?”

“Yes?”

“Why do you think you are in charge of doing all the small tasks?”

Well... He was in charge of the miscellaneous works. Usually, the youngest in the company did those work.

“If I'm absent from my seat, I need someone to fill my role. Who do you think will do that??”

“P... perhaps.”

Woojin looked Sunggoo straight in the face.

“You are our guild's #2.”

“H... hyung-nim.”

He was unaware of this fact, and he had complained.....

“I've already acquired several magic for you, but you weren't able to learn it.”

Currently, Sunggoo was level 61.



If Sunggoo had his energy checked right now, he would easily be able to get Rank A. This was the result of his training. He had diligently went around the Dungeons when Woojin had traveled to the US.

Woojin took 3 magic scrolls out of his Inventory.

“Now you can learn it.”

“Hyung-nim...”

Sunggoo became teary-eyed as he looked at the magic scrolls.

Hyung-nim's thoughts were so deep, yet he had kept complaining.....

Now it felt as if he had been committing a sin when he felt disappointed before...

“Hyung-nim. Did you give me minor tasks so I can grow my versatility?”

“No. Those were just minor tasks.”

“.....”

Ah, the tears that were about to come out had dried up.

“You are number two... As for being versatile...”

Woojin grinned. What was the point of Sunggoo becoming versatile? If Woojin needed someone like that, he'll just grab someone who was capable in that facet.

“We have Minchan for that, so why would you want that role? You are number two.”

Woojin smiled as he looked at Sunggoo.

“You just have to be the strongest after me.”

“.....”

“I'll make you a human flame.”

“Oh oh!”

Sunggoo couldn't hold himself back, so he let out an exclamation. He started learning the magic scroll that was handed over to him by Woojin.



Sunggoo learned the three magic and he was smiling from ear to ear.

Each of the magic scrolls given by Woojin produced incredible power.

After using it repeatedly, Sunggoo was able to use the magic proficiently.

Skill Tree.

To learn some of the high rank skills, he had been required to learn a couple low rank skills. The skill Sunggoo had learned before were the precursor to learning the high rank magic.

“All right. Let's try this out in a live battle!”

“Yes, hyung-nim.”

Sunggoo put on a determined expression, as if he was confident.

He immediately used Iron Skin to harden his skin like steel. Then, he coated himself with a magical barrier. On top of this, he added the Acceleration magic and the Flame magic he had learned today.

“Blaze!”

Hwah-roo-roo-rook.

Sunggoo's body started to burn up.

Sunggoo started running in that state, and a trail of fire was left behind him.

Hwah-roo-roo-rook.

Every step caused flames to erupt, and while he was running through the forest, Sunggoo broke off a branch from a tree.

He had used the barrier magic countless of times, so he had attained mastery over it. He could even send text messages when it was activated. He covered the branch with the magical barrier to prevent it from burning, then applied another new Flame magic that he had learned on top of it.

“Enchant Fire!”

When the ‘Enchant Fire’ magic was added, the flames surged forward around the magical barrier to form a flame sword.

Hooooong, hooooong!

Everytime he swung his flame sword, the trees caught fire and the forest was set further ablaze. Every place he passed was set on fire. He rushed about furiously, and the monsters of the forest became agitated. They started to act out violently.

“President. I've excavated all the bloodstones.”

“Koo-roo-roo-roong.”

It seemed her Intimacy with the saber-toothed tiger had risen already. Che-haesol approached Woojin on the back of the saber-toothed tiger. Her eyes turned round as she caught an occasional sight of Sunggoo.

“H... he really was a mage, Director Hong.”

“Koo-kook.”

Woojin laughed as he pointed at Honggoo, who was running buck wild.

“How is that a magician? He's just a warrior holding a flaming stick.”

“.....”

He proclaimed himself a magician...

“Just stay back a little bit. Even if he looks like that, a spark from him could kill you.”

“Yes.”

Haesol softly touched the neck of the sabre-toothed tiger she was riding.

“Jackson. Let's go!”

“...You named him Jackson?”

“Yes. Our army based had a tomcat named Jackson. That name came to mind...”

Woojin shook his and then gestured for her to move back.

“Hey, Sunggoo! Now gather them!”

“Yes, hyung-nim!”

From afar, Sunggoo's voice was heard as an echo. Soon, the ground started to vibrate a little bit.

Ooh-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo.

After a moment, car-sized, monsters-like boars, tigers, and bears began to appear out of the burning forest. They were all chasing a single being.

“Heh heh heh. I'm coming towards you, hyung-nim. I'm coming.”

Sunggoo, who was being chased by the wild animals, was running as he was emitting fire. The damage from the flame agitated the wild animals further, causing them to chase after Sunggoo.

Woojin grinned when he saw Sunggoo gathering all the monsters.

It was just as he planned.

It was inefficient for him to hunt the monsters by letting his Undead Army ransack the forest. The wild animals had outstanding instincts for monsters. There were a lot of monsters that would hide themselves when facing a strong organized force, and it took too long to chase after every single one of them.

He needed a good bait, and Sunggoo perfectly fit the bill.

Sunggoo ran as if he would overshoot Woojin, but he stopped on a dime besides

Woojin.

“Well done.”

“Heh heh.”

Sunggoo had done a marvelous job in fulfilling his role. Woojin had hidden all of his Skeleton Magicians in the surrounding. All at once, the Skeleton Magicians showed themselves. Then, they started shooting their magic towards the gathered monsters.

When his EXP started to surge upward, Woojin let out a small smile.

He might be able to finish clearing the Dungeon faster than he anticipated.



Haemin had called him saying that they were almost at the office. Minchan nervously waited for them.

‘I have to convince him no matter what.’

Minchan had to convince him before Woojin did anything. Minchan kept repeating the words he had prepared in his head.

The door to the office was thrown open. Woojin entered. A tired Haesol and a giddy Sunggoo followed in after him.

“Minchan. Come in for a moment.”

When Woojin entered the president's room, Haemin approached Minchan and whispered in his ear.

“Reporters are camped out below the office, so the president isn't in a good mood right now.”

Everything had been quiet for awhile, but this was a very big deal. The reporters were rushing in for the chance to get even one word from them.

“Ughh.”

Minchan swallowed his moan as he opened the door to the president's room.

“Sit.”

Minchan sat across Woojin. He parked his butt on the sofa, then he surveyed Woojin's face. His brows were slightly furrowed, so it meant he wasn't in a particularly good mood.

He felt the inside of his head turn white.

“What was up with the news?”

“Those are false reports. The footage had been filmed to be sent out after president made the final decision.”

“So they just spread it on their own volition?”

“I think there was a mix-up with the press.”

Woojin grinned.

“They probably told them to make the mistake.”

“.....”

Minchan had also thought on the same line, so he didn't have anything to say.

“The deal isn't bad. No, it is a really good deal. Currently, the government is doing everything to stop you from going to a foreign country. It seems several countries are putting some pressure on the Korean government.”

The US was included in this group. Wasn't this the reason why the Korean government acted irrationally? They told everyone Kahng-woojin won't be leaving Korea, so they wanted everyone to stop fucking with them.

“Minchan.”

“Yes.”

“The problem isn't whether the deal is good or bad.”

“Then what...”

“Did you forget why I made this guild?”

“.....”

He made it, since he didn't want to enter the army. It was a roundabout way to resolve his mandatory military service.

Minchan had an expression that said, 'So what?', so Woojin threw in an additional question.

“Why did I make this guild and not go to the Hammer guild?”

“That is... Huk!”

Minchan's face became rigid.

Minchan had tried his best to scout Woojin to the Hammer guild, but he decided to make a new guild. Woojin had become independent, since he didn't want to work under someone.

So did this hold true for a country as well as a company?

Still, he had lived as a Korean citizen up until now, so why...

“They are trying to put a collar around my neck, so why should I stay put?”

Benefits were just sweet words. It was nothing more than that.

He didn't want to become a leashed dog even if they gave him tasty food.

Woojin's voice was calm, and that's what made it scary.

“P... please be patient.”

Woojin put on a bitter expression at Minchan's panic.

“What?”

“Please don't commit mutiny!”

If Woojin charged into the Cheongwadae, he would overturn the country. Minchan's face turned pale, and it wasn't without reasons.

“What? Do you think I'm that unreasonable?”

“.....”

He couldn't say no to that question.

When Minchan was hesitating to answer him, Woojin leaned back to bury his body into the sofa.

“An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.”

“.....”

“Let's give back as much as we've received.”

“How...?”

“Call in all the reporters camping outside.”

“.....”

This was trouble.

Minchan didn't have the time to stop Woojin, who was about to create a big issue once again. He had no idea what the result of this situation would be, so Minchan became gloomy at the prospect of doing the damage-control.



The reporters rushed into Alandal's office, which had been shrouded in secret thus far. As if they would find a scandal at every corner of the office, the reporters tirelessly pressed the shutters of their cameras.

Each media company were limited to two reporters, and all the reporters gathered to for the simple press conference.



The reporters caught a special opportunity, so they had an excited expression on their faces. They opened their laptops, and notebooks.

Several dozen recording devices were placed on top of the desk.

Woojin stepped forward with a single piece of paper in hand, and he sat behind the desk that had been prepared.

Woojin frowned when he looked at the paper, which held the statement written by Minchan.

[First, there were false reports sent out by the media. The guardian guild negotiation hasn't been resolved yet. I am very sorry to say...]

Woojin crumpled the paper, then he looked at the seats crowded with reporters. When their eyes met, several reporters raised their hand. Woojin laughed as he started to speak.

“Well, I'll answer your questions later. As Alandal's president, I'm here to reveal my position.”

The reporters stopped breathing as they strained their ears to listen to Woojin's words.

“I believe the government was in league with the media companies, and they leaked a deal that hadn't been finalized.”

Someone said, 'This is a scoop!', in a small voice then the sound of rapid typing could be heard.

“The way they act really stinks. I don't feel good about this. Please tell them I won't renegotiate with them. Please tell them not to even try to contact me.”

“Huk.”

Several reporters let out the breath they had been holding, then they started writing the official stance of Alandal.

“They are overly worried about me leaving. If they pull anything behind my back again, then tell them I'll be leaving immediately. The end.”

How many men could boldly threaten a government?

When one reporter quickly raised his hand, Woojin pointed at him.

“We know you've received offers from multiple countries. Are you thinking about immigrating now?”

Woojin shrugged his shoulder.

“I'm not going to any country that'll annoy me. Then that'll be the end of me answering questions.”

Woojin turned his head to look at Jung-minchan.

Woojin laughed as he looked at Minchan, who had a 'We are doomed' expression on his face. He should have just obediently come back after eating dinner. He did such unnecessary things...

“Please ask any questions you have left to our vice president.”

“W... wait a moment...”

Even at the reporter's entreaty, Woojin left his seat. So the reporters turned their gazes towards Minchan.

“I have a question for the vice president.”

“I'm JS Media's Kim-shingyoung. Alandal's future.....”

Previously, they were intimidated by Woojin, so only a few brave souls barely raised their hands. Now the reporters started throwing out questions without permission, and Minchan was already sick of the reporters.

Minchan's gaze settled on Woojin's back as he was leaving the room.

‘He's fighting media manipulation with media manipulation.’

This was rather a relief. If he had rushed the Cheongwadae instead... It was too horrifying to think such thoughts.

# Chapter 87

## Guild Expansion (5)

Minchan was very busy.

As if Woojin felt a little bit sorry for Minchan, he promoted Haemin to director. Then, Haemin was tasked to help Minchan with his work.

The internet, TV news, and newspapers were in an uproar.

The fact that the negotiation hadn't been finalized wasn't a big deal, but the deal was revealed to the public ahead of time at the guidance of the government. Only after couple hours, Alandal had denied agreeing to the deal and caused a huge ripple.

[Kahng-woojin Already in Negotiations to Immigrate to the US?]

[Korean Government Rejected.]

[Korea Lost an AA Rank Roused.]

[Hwarang Guild Master. The 3 Great Guild is Enough to Defend Korea.]

[Japan and China keeping an eye on the situation. The need to find a new AA Roused.]

New articles kept pouring out within several minutes of each other, and it was almost impossible to sort through them all. Minchan didn't respond to any new articles published by the media. He only responded to his new contact from the government.

“No. Our president is resolute in his intentions. There is nothing to reconsider.”

They thought this was a negotiation tactic to draw out more favorable terms. However, Alandal's intention was firm. Woojin would never consummate a defense contract with the government. The only thing Minchan could do was deliver their intention of refusal.

It would have been great if the government just took the hint. However, every time he

refused their offer, they kept coming back with better offers.

“Ha. This is crazy.”

The benefits were so good that he wanted to accept the deal on the spot. However, what could he do when the president said no?

Minchan was really busy, but his dealings with the government weren't the cause. The endless Alandal articles and interview requests weren't the cause either.

“It's already up to 1200 people today.”

“Ha. It keeps coming in. I don't have any time to rest.”

This was the number of resumes they received after sending out an official recruitment notice today. If Woojin had given them a guideline, then this would have been easy. However, anyone was able to apply, even the Rank F Roused.

Realistically, those who had already distinguished themselves was already scouted by the other guilds even if they were of low rank. Most of the unattached Roused were mostly Rank F and Rank E.

The Rank C and above Roused, who weren't associated with a guild, didn't want to join a guild. So there weren't many applicants in the higher ranks.

Most of the applicants were Rank F.

Kim-haemin, who had been promoted to Director, couldn't hide his astonishment.

“It'll be a pain to set up the schedule for the interviews.”

“We still have to do it. How many applied to the Support Division?”

“It's worse. There are 3200 people.”

“...mmmm.”

Minchan was astonished.

Woojin had to make the final decision on the Roused, so Minchan only had to set the

schedule and clear a room for the interview. That would be the end of it. It wouldn't be so easy for the Support Division. He had to be very careful in picking his applicants, so he had to thoroughly review the applicants starting from their resumes.

The real work would start now.

“Hoo. It isn't as if we can abstain from picking them. ”

Alandal had over 100 employees, but thinking about the number of Roused they will be adding soon, he would still be short on employees even if there were 10 times more the number of employees. A single normal Roused needed at least 10 Support members.

Haemin laughed even though he was buried under a pile of documents.

.

“Ha ha. Still, aren't you overflowing with energy? Vice president Jung.”

“That is true, director Kim.”

“Ha ha ha.”

They had left the Hammer guild only a month ago yet they were rapidly promoted to the position of vice president, and director.

Recently, his old comrades from the Hammer guild called him quite often. They said they would change jobs if Minchan gave them a spot...

There was a massive size difference compared to the Hammer guild, but Alandal was much more prestigious.

“If we consider the president's cultivation ability, we will probably surpass everyone in terms of quantity also.”

“Hoo. Of course.”

Sungoo had been Rank F, and Haesol was as well.

Before they went to the US, Sungoo had already become rank B. Haesol's rank hadn't

been measured yet, but Minchan breathed more easily when he saw the car-sized saber-toothed tiger she brought yesterday.

The president only picked Roused with great potential.

This was probably why the president wanted to interview all of the applicants himself.

“Still, I feel a little bit worried about Mr. Soonghoon.”

“He is pretty quick on the uptake, so he'll do well.”

If viewed in a certain way, Soonghoon would be taking on the most important role. In the end, new Roused and the Support Division didn't matter too much. The main goal was for Kahng-woojin to keep clearing the Dungeons, and Soonghoon had to support him.

This was why a room for a personal assistant was made next to Kahng-woojin's room, and Woo-soonghoon occupied this space. He took care of Woojin's schedule. He also took care of the small tasks, such as driving around Woojin.

There were 20 employees assigned to the personal assistant. This made Woo-soonghoon smile from ear to ear as he happily focused on his work.

“Well, let's work hard.”

“Yes, sir. Vice president.”

“Huh huh huh. Quite, Director Kim.”

“Ha ha ha.”

The relationship between the vice president and the director was amicable, so the mood inside the office was good. However, employees moved busily as mails kept coming in, and they answered phones that were soundlessly ringing.



The 5 star Dungeon of Leeso station's 2nd exit.

Was it because the monster's levels were too low? Woojin finally filled the minuscule

amount of EXP he had to raise, having to kill two thirds of the monsters in the field to accomplish this.

<Level Up!>

Woojin's nervousness dissipated when his level reached 70.

He learned the skills that had been sealed.

<Death Knight Summon>

One can establish a master and servant contract with a Death Knight's(at least lvl 70) soul. It allows the Death Knight to be summoned.

They have to accept the role of commander. They have to be treated right for one to earn their loyalty and obedience.

They can level up through training and hunting. There was a difference in skills depending on the familiar's level.

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Shared Skills

Phantom Steed Summon - Phantom Steed will charge into battle with the Knight after being summoned.

Organize Army - Each level allows control over 10 Skeletons

Command Troops - Excluding the Skeletons under the Knight's command, the Knight can command the Summoner's troops.

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They were the driving force behind why Woojin was able to command a large army numbering in the couple hundred thousands.

Necromancer's Control stat was the main reason why one could control the undead, who were basically monsters, as subordinates.

Death Knights were commanders, and they were able to organize the Skeletons. He didn't need to waste any Control stats regarding them.

His troops wouldn't be controlled by Woojin now. They would be under the control of the commanders, the Death Knights. Woojin only had to manage the Death Knights. He didn't have to waste any brain cells in managing a large army.

<Lv 1 Kiba>

<Lv 1 Rakto>

<Lv 1 Viere>

<Lv 1 Ramson>

<Lv 1..... >

Fifty two of Woojin's reliable Death Knights were unsealed, and they took their place within the Summon Room. Woojin was connect to them telepathically, so when he felt their consciousness, he smiled.

The only thing lacking was their levels, which had been initialized, but he didn't care. It wasn't too hard to level up.

This war wasn't ending anytime soon, and the enemies he had to kill were overflowing.

It felt as if he had met his reliable friends once again.

At that point, Woojin decided to end his hunt for the day. He yelled towards Sunggoo, who was gathering the monsters at a distance.

“Sunggoo! I don't care if they all burn. Catch them all.”

“Yes, hyung-nim.!”

Sunggoo had been swing his Flame sword to lure the monsters, but now he started slaughtering the monsters. Woojin looked on with satisfaction as flames exploded from various locations.

“He's grown a lot. Sunggoo.”



While Sunggoo hunted down the rest of the monsters inside the Dungeon, he took out the Sealed Stone stored inside his Inventory.

“Al Assad.”

He had been lucky. The first level 70 soul he acquired on earth was a Warrior Type Roused.

It was the exact ingredient he needed to to make a Death Knight.

He took out the corpse with its head separated from the body. Then he broke the Soul Stone to call Al Assad's soul.

[Annihilate the target!]

Al Assad's soul rushed forward when he saw Woojin. However, it was in vain, since his fist passed through Woojin. As if he didn't comprehend his situation, Assad's soul was trying every method he could think of to harm Woojin.

Woojin grinned. If the several hundred thousand evil souls acted in such a cute manner as Assad, then how great would it be?

“Stop it.”

Woojin gave a quiet command, which acted as an activation word.

Assad's soul stopped in place, and Woojin stood in front of it. The soul struggled as if it was in pain. It could only glance towards Woojin as if it was bound.

“Become my slave.”

[What a preposterous demand!]

“Submit to me.”

[No way...]

“Kneel.”

[Ooh...]

However, unlike his spirit full of defiance, Assad's soul got on his knees in front of Woojin.

He was the god of Destruction Thrash's Champion, and he had been given authority over the dead as the Immortal. He was the King of the Dead!

Assad's eyes rolled around in its socket. Woojin used the Death Knight Summon skill as he looked at the soul.

A black energy coalesced in Woojin's hand, and it formed into a twin swords.

It was the weapon used by Al Assad.

It was the weapon the soul wanted.

Woojin grabbed the twin swords and raised it slightly towards Assad's shoulder.

“Surrender.”

[I s... suren... der.]

If he cut Assad's throat using the authority given to him by the god of Destruction, his soul would cease to exist. It basically was the end.

“Follow me.”

[I... I will f... fo... llow you.]

Woojin pushed the twin swords toward Al Assad. The soul used both his hand to grab the twin swords.

“Unleash your rage towards my enemies.”

[As my master wishes...]

Assad gripped his twin swords.

His soul started swirling in a whirlwind, and it started soaking into the lifeless body. The decapitated head reattached itself. The flesh started to rot away as it fell away, a skull dyed in black appearing in its place. Black smoke coalesced to form armor and a

black cloth wrapped his head to form a keffiyeh.

The twin swords formed as it was mounted on his hips. A new Death Knight was born.

“You really look like an Arab assassin.”

[.....]

He became subservient to become a Death Knight, but he didn't completely trust Woojin. One could feel something was off as his loyalty was absent.

He was being obedient, since he was being pressed by Woojin's power and authority.

<Lv 1 Al Assad>

Immortal Kahng-woojin's 53rd Knight.

He was still rebellious. To keep him as a familiar, a considerable amount of Control was being consumed.

Shared Skill - Phantom Steed, Organize Army, Command Troops

Innate Skill - Stealth, Ghost Walk, Sword of Death, God's Wrath (Berserk)

Command Troop - 0/10

Needed Control - 312 (Affected by Trust, Loyalty and Obedience.)

Each Death Knights were unique, as they had their own preference for the weapons they used and they each possessed their own unique skills. Woojin let out a satisfied laugh as he checked his Death Knight's info. This was the first time he had seen a Assassin Type Death Knight.

The one complaint was the 312 Control Stat.

He had to use Control Stat equivalent to commanding 312 Skeleton Soldiers to maintain his summon over Al Assad. It was an unreasonable number.

As time passes, it would decrease. However, if he wanted to use Al Assad in battle, Woojin had to lower the Control Stat to a manageable level.

Moreover, he knew of a very good method to lower the Control Stat.

“Come here.”

[.....]

He moved according to Woojin's order, but he didn't answer Woojin.

Well, he won't act like this for long.

He called out his most loyal knight, and the comrade he had spent the most time on the battlefield with. He called out his friend.

“Kiba.”

Hwee-ri-ri-reek.

A black smoke was starting to coalesce next to Al Assad. His body was too big to call him a human.

He wore a crude armor with a large axe secured on his back. His helmet had a menacing horn on it.

After several dozen years on the battlefield, the crimson haze around him had turned much more ferocious.

Goo-roo-roo-roo.

Without realizing it, his breath leaked out, and it was as if a wild animal was breathing.

Koong!

When the large body hit the floor, Kiba saw the new Death Knight standing around being insolent. So he kicked Al Assad's knees.

Hwahng!

It would be fine if his knees had buckled, but Kiba's enormous strength separated the leg from the body!

Kwah-jeek!

Kiba's rough hand pressed down on top of Al Assad's keffiyeh.

[Koo-oohk.]

Al Assad fell flat on his face as if his body had been driven into the floor. Then his forehead and palms touched the ground.

At the same time, Kiba bent one knee and pounded a fist on the floor.

Kwahhhng.

[My lord, Immortal!]

Amongst the orcs, he was famed for being the bravest. He was the Great Chief of the Gray Wings Tribe.

The orc lord Kiba had no sense of time passing inside the sealed room. He was reunited with his master, Immortal Kahng-woojin, after he was unsealed.

Woojin automatically let out a bright laugh when he saw Kiba, tough as ever.

“It's been awhile.”

After returning to earth, Kahng-woojin regained his most hard and sturdy sword of death.



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